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EDITED BY CHARLES SEDGWICK AIKEN
CHARLES K. FIELD, ASSOCIATE EDITOR

VOLUME TWENTY-FIVE

JULY—DECEMBER

1910

SAN FRANCISCO
SOUTHERN PACIFIC COMPANY
PUBLISHERS

Sunset Magazine is published monthly. Subscriptions $1.50 a year; advertising rates on application. Address Sunset Magazine, 313 Battery Street, San Francisco, California

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The Need of To-day

By David Leslie Brown

IT IS THE CONCRETE THAT IMPRESSES, THAT IMPORTUNATES UNTIL IT INFLUENCES—IN WRITING AS IN EVERYTHING ELSE.

THE ESSAY WITH THE CLEARLY DEFINED OPINION, THE NOVEL WITH THE STRIKING PLOT, THE SERMON WITH THE VITAL MESSAGE, THE ADVERTISEMENT WITH THE CRISP STATEMENT OF FACTS—THESE ARE THE THINGS MEN LOOK FOR NOWADAYS WHEN THEY READ WHAT OTHERS WRITE. THE "FINE WRITING" THAT WAS ONCE THE ROUNDABOUT WAY TO THE HEART OF A MATTER IS NO LONGER POPULAR.

IT ISN'T THAT WE ARE BECOMING LESS EARNEST, BUT MORE SO. THINGS MOVE SWIFTLY NOWADAYS—HISTORY ITSELF IS BOILING IN THE POT. AND AS WE QUICKLY ROUND OUT OUR INDIVIDUAL LIVES, CONSCIOUSLY OR UNCONSCIOUSLY FITTING OURSELVES INTO THE LIVES OF OTHERS AND INTO THE PURPOSE OF THE NATION, WE HAVE NEED OF FUNDAMENTALS—FACTS—REALITIES—THE TRUTH.

IF A MAN HAS NO CLEAR CONCEPTION OF THE TREND OF MODERN MOVEMENTS—POLITICS, RELIGION, SCIENCE, ECONOMICS OR PHILOSOPHY—HE HAD BETTER FAR KEEP STILL THAN BLATANTLY SPEAK OR WRITE OF THEM. TOO MANY THERE ARE WHO CRY "LET US REFORM!"—FOR MONEY. THEIR REFORM CRY LEADS TO THE RIOT CALL.

MEN WHO WOULD BE BUILDERS OF OUR THOUGHT MUST HAVE A GREAT MISSION IN THEIR SOULS WHEN THEY WRITE FOR US OR SPEAK TO US. THEY MUST HAVE A FIRM FAITH IN THE GOODNESS OF HUMANITY. TRUTH IS IN TOO GREAT DEMAND TO MAKE ANYTHING JUSTIFIABLE SHORT OF AN HONEST ATTEMPT AT A FULL REVELATION OF THE VISION CAUGHT OF HER. REAL PHILANTHROPY DEMANDS THAT THE BIOGRAPHER OR CRITIC OF OUR NATIONAL LIFE WRITE NOT FOR MONEY OR A TAWDRY FAME, BUT FROM HONEST MOTIVES TO POINT OUT AN ERROR OR CORRECT A FAULT. OTHERWISE HIS NAME WILL DECORATE THE FLY-LEAF OF A BOOK OR TWO OR THE COVER OF A MAGAZINE FOR A WHILE, BUT IT WILL NEVER BE WRIT ON THE HISTORIC PAGE OF THE NATION'S PROGRESS.

THINK IT OVER, YOU WHO WRITE OR SPEAK—AND YOU WHO READ OR LISTEN.

VOLUME XXV NUMBER 1

JULY, 1910

Cloud-of-Butterflies

By LLOYD OSBOURNE

Author of THE MOTORMANIACS; BABY BULLET; THE WRECKER (*with Robert Louis Stevenson*)

DRAWINGS BY MAYNARD DIXON

BEHIND Apia, on the edge of the Taufusi swamp, was a small collection of huts, jumbled together in squalor and dirt, with pigs dozing in the ooze and slatternly women beating out *siapo* in the shade. It was a dunghill of out-islanders, Nieues, Uveans, Tongans, Tapatueans, banded together in a common poverty—landless people of other archipelagoes, despised of the Samoans, and paying tribute to the lord of the soil—a few men in war, a grudged hog in times of peace.

Here lived O'olo, a boy of twenty, whose chief-like face and fine, manly bearing marked him as one apart in that nest of outcasts. He was of Tongan blood, though all he knew of his parents was that they had escaped from Nukualofa at the time of the Persecution, and had died in Samoa when he was a child. Old Siosi, who had adopted him, could tell him no more than that; not that O'olo asked many questions, being content to drift on the ocean of life, and careless of anything save what belon[g] to the day. He weeded taro, occasion[ally] worked for thirty-five cents a day at unloading of ships, stole bread-fruit bananas up the mountain, and slept peacefully at night on the stones of Siosi's floor.

If ever he envied the Samoans, the mood was brief, and seldom darkened his spirits for long. To him the Samoans were a race above, with splendid houses and spacious lands, and a haughty contempt for such an eat-bush as O'olo, the Tongan; and O'olo looked up at them mightily, and respected them as a dog does a man, though sometimes he said. "I wish God had made *me* a Samoan"; and then the swamp appeared very dismal to O'olo, and the huts mean and noisome, and the mallets seemed to be pounding on his heart instead of the suddy bark.

Now, it happened that a new native minister came to the coral church on the other side of the cocoanut grove, and what was more important to O'olo, brought with him a lovely daughter. O'olo did not know how important it was till he first met Evanitalina in the path, and was so suddenly stricken with her beauty that he had hardly [pre]se to make way for her to pass. Slim [and] eful, with her glossy hair gathered [up] with a ribbon, and her bright [skirt] ted to the knee, she gave O'olo

a glance as sparkling as moonlight on a pool, all her young womanhood alive to his confusion, and quick to divine its cause. Though her eyes had scarcely dwelt on him an instant, she had seen enough for her heart to say: "*Panga!* What a handsome youth"; and was filled with a strange elation in which there was a dart of pain.

On her return O'olo was still where she had left him, though in his hand was a crimson *aute* blossom that had not been there before, and when she drew close he held it out, saying: "Oh, lady, here is a little, worthless gift!" She took it smiling, and put it behind her ear, and had it been a pig or a fine mat no sweeter could have been her words of gratitude, for Evanitalina had been well brought up, and courtesy was as natural to her as breathing.

"I am named O'olo," said the young man, "and if you like *aute* blossoms, every day shall I bring you some."

"I am Evanitalina, the daughter of Samuelu, the minister," she returned, "and I shall be glad of the blossoms, for as yet, thy father has tabooed no lands for our garden."

Then O'olo realized she had mistaken him for the son of Amatuanai, the chief, and while flattered he was also much cast down.

"I am only a Tongan," he said deprecatorially, shame halting his tongue, "and I live yonder where you see that nameless animal rooting in the slough—though to God a Tongan is every bit as good as a Samoan, and the only chiefs are those who are strong in faith."

Evanitalina hastened to agree with him, though she was very disappointed just the same, for he was so handsome, and had such pleasant manners, and an air so noble and winning that she had never doubted he was of rank. She herself was of the exalted I'i family, of Safotulafai, and her grandfather was Tu'imaleali'ifano, and her great-grandfather had been Tu'ia'ana. Yet, as she went on, the memory of O'olo stayed with her like the scent of frangipani, and for all he was a Tongan, and without land or position, she felt a great tenderness for him, and taking the crimson flower she pressed it to her bosom, trembling with joy as she did so, and saying to herself: "I love thee, I love thee, I love thee!"

The next day they met again, and the next after that, and soon the village gossips were all of a chatter, though not a word of it reached the Reverend Samuelu or his wife. But if Evanitalina dared not tell her parents of O'olo, in her conduct, at least, she was as good as gold, and every time she held a tryst with her sweetheart, she took her little brother with her as convention demands, and Polo, bribed with sugar-cane, sucked and chewed at the pieces O'olo peeled for him, his shaven head untroubled by the woes of his elders. They, alas, were very wretched, for O'olo had saved up two dollars, which was what it cost to get married, and was urging Evanitalina to run away with him to Atua; while she, with superior wisdom, called his proposal that of a delirious person, for how were they to live afterwards except slave-like on the bounty of others? When he answered they could return to Siosi and the swamp, her lip curled scornfully, and she reminded him she was of the renowned I'i family, accustomed to dignity and ease, to whom the settlement of out-islanders was hardly better than a wallow of nameless animals.

Now, however true this might be, it was hurtful to O'olo's pride, and he was often goaded into sharp retorts which invited others even sharper, so that their passion might be compared to a mountain, up one side of which they climbed in joy and gladness, to descend on the other in alienation. Not that they loved each other any less—that, indeed, was the most cruel part of it—and when at last they separated, it was with breaking hearts.

The days that followed were heavy with sorrow, for each strove ardently to pain the other, and with every stab thus inflicted there were two wounds, one in the giver and one in the stricken person. O'olo spent his two dollars in riot and debauchery, and when released from prison, fell into even greater evil, so that his communion-ticket was withdrawn, and those who missed taro, or chickens, or run-wild daughters used to say darkeningly: "Lo, it is that Taufusi Tongan," and sought to waylay him with an ax.

Evanitalina, in her turn, encouraged the wooing of Viliamu, a highly-connected young man, whose father was a member of parliament, and who earned a dollar and a half a day in the explosion-water manufactory. In this profession he was wondrous skilful, and could be seen daily under a shed directing the apparatus and giving

orders to his helpers like a white man. A bottle of explosion-water held no more than half a cocoanut, yet it was sold for ten cents, and it was a perplexity that anybody liked it, for it shot up your nose like the rush of a bat, and made you choke and sneeze, as Evanitalina discovered when once Viliamu brought her some. But it was a fine thing to be able to make it, and earn a dollar and a half a day, and dress magnificently, and give costly presents, and though Evanitalina did not love Viliamu she admired him and accepted his gifts, and thought wickedly how it must afflict O'olo to see her and Viliamu seated on the same mat, or with their heads side by side on the same bamboo pillow.

Nor was Viliamu her only suitor, for there was also Carl, the German half-caste, who was captain of a schooner, and wore trousers and a black sash, and owned valuable property in Savalolo; Carl, who called for her almost every Sunday in a buggy, and took her driving like a white lady, to Vailele or Vaitele or Utumapu; Carl, of the ringing laugh and jolly, smiling face, and tattooed girl-fish on his arm, who could sing and do tricks with cards, and invent the funniest forfeits when they all played games, and yet who at leave-time never failed to say with seriousness: "Oh, my pigeon, am I to love uselessly forever?"

Again and again was Evanitalina drawn to take Viliamu, and then to take Captain Carl, for Samuelu was always urging that a final decision be come to, knowing the folly of maids and the lack and fewness of worthy men for husbands. But as she was on the brink, like a diver pausing before the plunge, her eyes would alight on O'olo, smolderingly regarding her from afar, and then her whole strength would turn to water, and not for anything would she have married Carl, though all Savalolo belonged to him, and all the ships of the sea; nor, likewise, would she have married Viliamu, even had he owned the explosion-water manufactory and been himself a member of parliament, for of her heart there was but one master, and that was the Tongan.

But, alas, there was no coming together, for O'olo, in his despair, had put himself beyond all intercourse with those of honor, becoming a terror and a scourge, and inhabiting the jail more frequently than Siosi's roof-tree, and nightly, when he was free, he caroused with low companions, drinking gin, and cooking stolen pigs, and eating stolen taro, and saying in his infamy: "Why should I work for thirty-five cents a day when all the Tuamasanga is mine!"

Yet the rich food had no flavor in his mouth, and though the gin maddened his spirit, it could not drown his wretchedness, for deep within him, like a maggot in a bread-fruit, was the torment of love. Sometimes in prison he would lower his head like a cow and run at the wall, exclaiming: "I will die, I will die!" And then he would fall, with his beautiful hair all matted with blood, and his beautiful body next to lifeless, though with his purpose unattained, owing to the thickness of his skull. Surely no person in hell was ever more unhappy than O'olo, and it is with grief one tells of him, for he was like a child who, on being refused a mango, throws away his banana in wilfulness—and with him his banana was right conduct and the respect of others and the laws of God, leaving him nothing save an aching spirit.

Then the war came with the Tuamasanga in an uproar from end to end, every young man being called to arms, and troops pouring in from Tutuila and the westward to join in the onslaught against Mataafa. The Taufusi people, as foreigners, were not liable to the levy except for two striplings by way of rent, both of whom were subscribed with unwillingness, though neither was O'olo. This Evanitalina learned with joy, for death was in the air and bloody fighting nigh at hand, and her tenderness for O'olo, lying secret in her bosom, like a red-hot coal, was fanned to the flame of agony. But no, he was fortunately in the lock-up, and it was reported he had said scornfully of the war: "A Tongan gentleman has no concern with the squabbles of dogs," which, if insulting, was not without the balm of reassurance to Evanitalina, greatly dreading.

One drowsy afternoon, however, as she was sewing under the eaves, alone except for Polo, who had made a Mataafa soldier of the dog, and was pretending, victoriously, to cut the animal's head off with a piece of wood, as so soon, in reality, would be happening to living men, pierced with wounds, and lying in their blood—one hot

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of steps, and looking up, beheld a warrior advancing toward the house. His face was blackened with charcoal, as is the custom, and about his hair was the scarlet scarf of the Government, and against his skin glistened a belt of cartridges, and his walk was fearless and proud as befitted so handsome a man and one of such noble mien.

"*Talofa*," he said, and then Evanitalina gave a cry, for it was O'olo, and with that cry every thought vanished except her love, which rose tumultuously within her like a wave bursting between rocks and foaming white over them, so that she could answer not a word to his greeting, but stared uselessly at him like a dead person.

"I am going to the war," explained O'olo, bending down on his beautiful legs, and bringing his face so close to hers that his breath was on her cheek. "Doubtless, I shall die, for with many so brave it will be difficult for me to excel them, though that is my intention at whatever cost."

"But how is it you are not in the lock-up?" inquired Evanitalina, recovering her voice, and speaking in a tremble. "The judge cast you in for two months, and lo, here you are with only sixteen days of it expended."

At this O'olo's heart warmed, for it showed him how assiduous had been Evanitalina's counting of his imprisonment, for it was exactly sixteen days, even as she said, she tallying it every morning with a little stone, and it spoke to him better than words of the endurance and strength of her love, which, like his own, was as fathomless as the sea.

"I was made free on this condition," he said, touching his rifle, "and though to me the Government is nothing, nor the King, nor the quarrel more than that of gulls on a rock, or the squeals of nameless animals over carrion, yet I consented for thy sake, Evanitalina."

"My sake!" she exclaimed, astonished. "Were it to please me I would implore thee to remain behind, though I thought my name had long ceased to be anything to thee, and that I was utterly forgotten and cast aside."

"So did I try to make it," he said, "for no shark could have been more cruel than thou to me, nor any bat more blind to worth, and because I had neither lands nor family thou drovest me forth with contempt."

"It was the insufficiency of the two dollars, O'olo," she protested, "and not that of my love, which was unbounded. and if I merited punishment for what seemed right to me, have I not received it, and atoned a thousand times over for my fault? Did Viliamu gain me for all his wealth or position, or did Carl the half-caste take me to wife? I was truer to thee than ever thou wast to me, and nightly I wept, and held the memory of thee in my arms like a mother whose babe is dead. And this I will do, if thou wilt return to jail, and break the covenant of thy freedom: I will marry thee, and go live with thee in Siosi's house, and forfeit rank and honor and the regard of all, reckoning them as naught in the comparison of thy love."

At this O'olo could hardly keep back his tears, so greatly was he overcome, and his hand met Evanitalina's and clasped on hers, and his chest shook like one grief-stricken at the death of a near relation. He had learned many things since he had become bad, and knew better than before the gulf that lay between an eat-bush and a member of the renowned I'i family. Our Lord was not more tempted by the kingdoms of the world than he at that moment by Evanitalina, who was offering herself in all her young beauty for his delight.

But resolutely he put the devil behind him, saying: "I will not have thee stoop to me, so that persons shall mock at thy choice, and the parable of the pearl and the nameless animal shall be repeated in the Taufusi swamp. No! I shall make of this war a ladder, and reach glory or die, and to that I am determined as never was a man before. If I come back it shall be as one famous for prowess, bearing heads that I have taken, and with chiefs eager to adopt me. Thus shall I return, an eat-bush no longer, nor despised, but a David who has slain his Goliath, with the multitude applauding, and the greatest of the Tuamasanga vying to give me the title of their son. Or, if not that, then shall I claim the land God withholds not from every man, nay, not from the poorest or the lowest, and the name of that land is the grave."

At this Evanitalina sobbed, and clung pitifully to O'olo, and pressed his head to her bosom, unmindful of decorum, and so consumed by misery she was like a person in a fit. O'olo too, was suffocated with sadness, for it seemed a dreadful thing to die and be cast blood-stained into a pit, he that was so handsome, and in the flood of

his youth, with perhaps his dissevered head tossing in the air amid shouts and triumph. Indeed, so lost was he in wretchedness, that he was taken unawares by Samuelu on his way inland from a deacon's meeting, who, convulsed, seized a cocoanut branch, and ran at him, crying: "Let there be a going, thou worthless one! Fly, thou of the Belial family, and be quick with it, else I shall whip thee hence like a cur!" And with that he whipped and whipped at O'olo, departing, for the Tongan was too mannerly to strike a minister, and one so greatly his senior, though h
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monotony also, was unendurable, especially when the tobacco was gone, and one was forbidden to move, being condemned to sit hungry and distressed for a whole day at a time, sucking a white stone by way of alleviation. To O'olo a white stone was very insufficient for nourishment, and so he tried grass and weeds like Nebuchadnezzar, to the undoing of his stomach, which, dissatisfied, was afflicted with cramps, so that he rolled and rolled in pain, and

At this O'ol

plantation, with no time to look back or wave a last greeting.

He marched the same day with the Vaiala contingent under the High-chief Asi, and that night shivering on the wet ground, O'olo had his first taste of war. As to it he had many misconceptions, not reckoning on the severity of the rule, or the trifling importance attached to a Tongan, however lion-like his heart. He saw that he was one of the many, a grain in a heap of sand, who might at an order be kept in the rear and never hear the whistle of a bullet or earn the chance of distinction. In the army, too, little thought was taken of food, so that one banana was given for breakfast and for dinner a cocoanut, which O'olo found hard, he having always been a hearty eater and accustomed to *palusami* and luxuries. The

lamented loudly, till Asi cried out: "Make that Tongan to cease from bellowing, or else the enemy will surely discover us!"

But let it not be said that O'olo was womanish or afraid, for on the contrary, he thirsted for battle like King David, whom he took for his example, and his repining was due to the backwardness of his rulers and the tightness of their leash. When at last the advance was ordered on the Mataafa stronghold, he was noticeable for his leaps of joy, and while others wore an anxious appearance and showed uncertainty in their walk, O'olo sang with exultation, and stepped out as though on his way to a feast.

The stronghold was of stone, and had been used by the Germans for the retaining of cattle, and stood solit with the land falling away or s it

flashed and sparkled with the Mataafa fire it was seen by O'olo to be a place not easy to capture, with much loss to be experienced before ax could cross ax and knife meet knife in the final charge, so that, with wisdom, he shot little in order not to tire himself, and hugged the ground in a manner suggestive of terror rather than boldness, for to be killed here was useless and foreign to his purpose, fame resting in the fort and there the heads to be taken. Thus, when at the call they rose like plover, he was unfatigued, with cartridges still in his gun and wind in his body, and up the hill he raced with swiftness, so that scarcely two of his companions matched pace with him, and those who had cried: "Coward, coward!" panted in his rear and perceived it was a hero they had mocked.

Nor at the gateway was there any slackening of Tongan valor, and over it O'olo scrambled, undeterred by rifle and ax, so that it was a miracle that he stayed alive as he dropped within, even as Daniel into the lions' den, beset by twenty, and he alone. It was like a tempest and he in the center, and for lightning was the flame of the guns, and for thunder the roar of their explosion, and for the raging sea the crash of blows, given and taken, and the sobbing breath of men. Here the Tongan rock withheld the enemy, while the army of the Government rolled over the wall in a resistless torrent, and with tumult and fury beset the Mataafas until they fled. Now, O'olo, with coolness, had already marked an old chief of towering stature and magnificent appearance as the one whose head he would take, unwishful of a boy's or that of a person of no importance, and him he pressed hard in the rout and at last laid low with the butt of his weapon, straddling his body and prepared to hack at his throat with his knife.

The old chief, whose hurt had not bereft him of his senses, begged deliriously for his life in a voice choked by the weight of O'olo on his chest and troubled by the imminence of death, offering first ten cans of biscuit, and then twenty, and then property and fine mats in quantities unstinted. But O'olo, although it was like a beautiful dream come true, dallied with the killing, being squeamish in regard to it, and needing a space to confirm his resolution, he saying with derision:

"Thou pig-faced person, thou hast not the property thou namest, and even were thou the lord of the earth, yet still would I take thy head!"

To which the fallen warrior made answer: "I am Tangaloa, the high-chief of Leatatafili, in Savai'i, and the property I speak of is no myth, and all of it thine if thou wilt spare me."

To which O'olo replied: "And when I should claim it, verily thou wouldst forget thy covenant and order thy young men to chastise me forth, they laughing at the cheat, and I with neither head nor property, and the back of me lacerated with blows!"

Then the old chief fell into a great tremble, repeating: "No, no," his flesh shrinking on his bones and horror in his face, and as O'olo looked down at him, making motions with his knife, the Tongan's thought was suddenly moved into a new direction, and lo, it was like a burning torch in a cavern, so bright it was in the darkness of his previous purpose, he saying:

"Oh, Tangaloa, there is a price, and that is my adoption as thy son, and to that wilt thou pledge thyself in an oath before God?"

To which, overjoyed, the venerable warrior consented with impetuosity, crying out that he would do so, and seeing in the proposal the high-chief-hand of God, for had not his own son lately died?

"And cherish me, and love me?" demanded O'olo, with renewed motions of his knife, he undesirous of showing too great a willingness and pretending indecision besides doubting the chief's integrity.

"As God sees me that I will perform," said Tangaloa, "and now in my extremity I perceive the worth of true dealing with every man, for all my past years stand in witness to my honor, and he who trusted me has never been deceived."

At this O'olo was reassured, and he repeated the oath for Tangaloa to say after him, making it very full and exact, with nothing omitted, and then he kissed the old man, beginning to feel for him the tenderness of a son—he that had never had a father until this moment, and now having gained one of the loftiest rank—and he raised him lovingly and bound his wound with a strip of cloth and be-darlinged him, Tangaloa returning his love, and saying again and again: "Blessed be God that He has sent me a son for my protection."

Nor were these words of empty import for others of the victorious army were m

displeased at O'olo's clemency and would have torn away Tangaloa and killed him had not O'olo resisted with lowered gun and a threatening expression, so that he dared not leave his father for an instant, so greedy were the warriors for his head. All that day he crouched beside him, with neither water to drink nor food to eat, guarding Tangaloa preciously, and had it not been for the confusion that attends the finish of a battle, and the lessening of authority that follows, he would have been overpowered by a multitude and all his bravery wasted. But those who assailed him were without cohesion or settled plan, and they were as dogs rushing up to affright and then losing courage at O'olo's demeanor, which was fierce and unshaken, with his rifle at the cock.

It was a day terrible to remember in its heat and hunger and unbearable thirst, with about them the headless dead, festering in the sun and blackening, and over them the sky without a cloud, and always at their hearts the dread of Asi and the chiefs returning to kill them both. At dusk it seemed as though O'olo could never get his father to his feet, so destroyed was the old man by weakness and disinclination, and he was as a sinking canoe or a sting-ray flopping on the reef and abandoned by the tide. But O'olo persevered, dragging and supporting until cocoanuts were reached, where he climbed a tree and threw down *nui* in abundance, and as they drank the water they were greatly refreshed, and with every bite of the rind vigor returned, and with vigor, boldness. Then Tangaloa said: "Let us pray," and with that they both went down on their knees, the old chief beseeching God for deliverance, and repeating again and again his thankfulness for O'olo, and for the nuts.

But all was far from finished, and there was much for God to do yet if ever He destined them to gain the security of Savai'i, and O'olo proclaimed his intention of hiding in the mountains and going eastward circuitously, and making no sign or stir until the close of the war and the withdrawal of the Tuamasanga from A'ana. To this Tangaloa agreed without argument, resigning himself like a little child to O'olo's guidance, and making no demur when the Tongan said: "Let us rise and go, for by dawn we must [illegible] the heights and beyond pursuit."

Thus determined, they took the plantation road upward, assisted by the moon which was near its full, and toilsomely attaining the limits of the cultivated land, buried themselves in the tomb of the forest. Here, with groping and hurt, and frequent misdirection, they struggled on and on, making of a watercourse their path, and at times so hidden in the defile of rocks that it was as though the earth had closed over them. In this manner were many hours spent until at last Tangaloa fell exhausted on a bank of ferns, saying: "More I cannot do."

Then O'olo built a fire to warm his parent who was perishing of cold, and rubbed his legs, and shaped a bough for his pillow, and kissed him lovingly; and when the old man said: "I am convinced we shall die," he answered stoutly: "No, we shall live, for God has not brought us thus far to desert us now," at which Tangaloa was comforted and went to sleep, while O'olo watched and watched beside him, his heart much troubled by the evil of their situation and the frailty of the old chief and the assailing doubts as to whether, after all, they should ever escape.

The news of O'olo's desertion was variously twisted by the returning troops, so that to Evanitalina, inquiring in anguish, there were as many tales as men. Some would have it that they had seen him die, giving details; others that he had run away before the battle, in wildness and panic; others praised him truthfully for a hero, and as the first to leap the fort. Of these there was a fewness, for the most preferred to laud themselves or their relations rather than another, and accordingly most of the chatter was scornful of O'olo and to his discredit. But Evanitalina knew that O'olo was no coward, and her misgiving was that he was dead, which deepened with the passing of months and no sign nor token coming to prove the contrary. Viliamu, too, was assiduous in declaring it, which he did with artfulness and pretended sorrow, urging all the while his own suit, like a squid of apparent harmlessness on the surface, but with its suckers enfolding venomously below.

Never was a maid in sadder straits, widowed before she was a wife and unceasingly plagued by Samuelu to marry either Viliamu or Carl. She grew thin, and when she walked it was like a sick person,

staggeringly, and once of so passionate a temper she changed to a gentleness that nothing could disturb. The compassion of the other maids lavished itself upon her, for they saw that she was dying of grief for her beloved, and at night when wooed under the stars, they spoke with tenderness of O'olo and Evanitalina, and of their love so cruelly ruptured, so that everyone wept, even young men who previously had had neither consideration nor sense, to whom a maid was a maid were only she pretty, and who would have hastened for another had the first died, which shows that true love is like a seed, growing and becoming a tree from which others eat the fruit to their own improvement and increased understanding.

Every day Evanitalina grew more weak, yet unlike most sick persons, she was without fear at her condition, even welcoming it, and saying: "Soon I shall pass beyond the skies on my last *malanga*," and once when she saw a wilted *aute* she said: "Such am I, once blooming, now a-droop," and with that she plucked fiercely at the petals and crushed them in her hand as though she were hastening her own extinction.

One morning, shortly after prayers, as she reclined on a mat, with her eyes raised to that far-away country of which she often spoke, while Samuelu sat at the table writing his sermon, there appeared on the village green three old gentlemen of stately and impressive appearance, bearing staves, who, stopping at that distance, inquired loudly whether this was the house of Samuelu, the clergyman? Then being greeted, and answered "Yes," the three old gentlemen ceremoniously advanced and ranged themselves within the eaves, saying that they had come on a wooing-party of sixty boats with Cloud-of-Butterflies, the young chief of Leatatafili, who was seeking a wife. At this, marveling greatly, Samuelu informed them they were mistaken as to the house, since his highness Cloud-of-Butterflies was unknown to him, and he surely unknown to Cloud-of-Butterflies. But the old orators replied, no, they were not mistaken, and asked had he not a daughter named the Lady Evanitalina, for it was for her that Cloud-of-Butterflies in sixty boats was at hand to offer marriage.

Then Samuelu's amazement redoubled, and even Evanitalina, previously languid, looked up surprised, and in her face was a strange expression like that of a startled pigeon, and on being asked in a becoming speech whether she would condescend to receive the visitor and his gifts, she answered with bewilderment that it was as her father wished, at which Samuelu said, "Yes," with no great willingness, desiring to continue his sermon and dreading the outlay in *'ava* for the reception of so vast a company. Then the three old gentlemen excused themselves in polished phrases, full of beauty and eloquence and retired to inform Cloud-of-Butterflies that the Lady Evanitalina was desirous that he should come.

Shortly afterwards there was the beat of drums, and the tramp of multitudes, and the screaming of innumerable pigs borne on poles, and a sound like that of an advancing army, thunderous and roaring. The eaves of every house were black with onlookers, and there were white people, galloping up on horses, astounded, and many others on foot, running. Then, shaking the ground with its progress, the procession marched into view, and of pigs there seemed two hundred, and of men a number beyond counting, and at the head were youths throwing their rifles in the air as they sang and danced. But of these things Evanitalina was scarcely heedful, for with breathless body and quivering heart her whole attention was on Cloud-of-Butterflies in the center of the pageant, who, girded in a priceless mat and wearing at his throat a whale-tooth necklace, and surrounded with deference and honor, was not to her Cloud-of-Butterflies at all, but O'olo, arisen from the grave, and hastening to claim her for his bride.

The Great Cartwright Grubstake

By HENRY M. HYDE
Author of THE BUCCANEERS; THE UPSTART

ONCE upon a time—for this is a modern fairy story—a boy baby was born in the Episcopal rectory at Wilmington, Delaware. That was just fifty years ago. Back of the baby, in the ancestral line, were a number of Episcopal priests and in the far background of the family picture loomed the shadowy figures of a bishop in his white lawn sleeves and of a white-haired, smiling old man, who founded one of the great fortunes of the country. At the christening of the baby—he was named Alexander Dupont Parker—an invisible fairy godmother was present, as will presently be demonstrated.

From the beginning the boy was destined for the Episcopal ministry. At the age of twenty he was graduated from Racine college, Wisconsin, an institution closely following the English model and under the control of the Episcopal church. Straight from the commencement platform he went to New York and there entered the great theological training school of the church. And here, for the first time, the fairy godmother made her influence felt. She put into the mind of her godson a perverse idea. He decided that he would not enter the ministry. That was, of course, a keen and bitter disappointment to his father and family. It made utter ruin of their plans and burst the bubble of their dearest hopes. But the boy was stubborn. Rather than take holy orders he left home and family, and under the leading of the froward crone struck out for himself, almost penniless, into what was then the wilderness of Colorado. There he casually met a man named Cartwright, and these two—the rough, uneducated mining prospector and the young theological student—formed a strange copartnership. Surely that was a part of the plan of the fairy, for it was destined, after many curious and painful years, to bring the wonderful story to its climax.

Cartwright and Parker bought a burro, packed their outfit on its back and started out into the mountains to look for gold. They kept up the vain search until their supplies were gone and the financial resources of the party were reduced to the proverbial thirty cents. Now Cartwright was a born mining prospector. He was so thoroughly inoculated with the virus that, in spite of hunger, poverty and ridicule he was bound to follow the lure of gold no matter where it led. The high mountains, the waterless desert were all the same to him, so long as he could follow the visionary figure that was always beckoning just ahead. So when the two struck financial hardpan, Cartwright waved an airy good-by to his partner and drove the patient burro round the shoulder of the hill. Parker went to work. He got his first job as a track-laborer, swinging the pick and lifting the shovel on the line of the Denver & Rio Grande Railroad. How the perverse fairy godmother must have laughed!

After a few months Parker got his first little step as a machinist's helper in the shops of the same road. One morning a couple of minor officials walked through the shops. As they passed the bench where Parker was working one of them said, casually: "I hear the storekeeper is looking for a clerk." At noon, hardly waiting to wash his hands, young Parker hurried up to the storekeeper's office and applied for the job. That official glanced contemptuously at the unshaven face and greasy jumper of the applicant. "I'm looking for a clerk," he said. "I don't want to hire a chambermaid for a boiler-foundry."

"Please let me have a sheet of paper," said Parker in his best oratorical manner. Picking up a pen he wrote, in his beautiful copperplate hand, a formal and well-worded application for the desired position.

"There," he said, handing the paper back to the storekeeper, "I'll just leave that with you," and went out.

The storekeeper read the application with some astonishment. He grinned broadly when he came to the signature, A. Dupont Parker, written in a flowing and impressive style. Altogether it struck him as such a good joke that, during the afternoon, he carried the paper upstairs to show to General Manager Dodge.

"Say," said the storekeeper, "a fellow who looked like a tramp came in this noon and applied for the job as my clerk. When I gave him the laugh he took a piece of paper and wrote this. Look at the signature, will you? There's some class to that for a section hand!"

The general manager glanced over the application. He read the signature aloud with a derisive chuckle. Now the fairy godmother had arranged that the young son of Mr. Dodge should be working just then in the next office and that he should happen to overhear the name as it was read.

"What's that about 'Pont Parker?" he asked, sticking his head inside the door of his father's private room. "He was in college with me."

So Parker got his job in the storekeeper's office and took off his overalls for good. About this time Cartwright showed up again, his belt pulled a trifle tighter about his lean belly. He was still unsuccessful, still broke, still as hopeful as ever, still certain that the end of the rainbow was only a few miles ahead. Parker had been out on the hunt for the golden fleece just long enough to be touched with the same madness. He agreed to grubstake Cartwright on the instalment plan, paying over each month a considerable share of his wages toward the necessary expenses of that professional argonaut.

Meanwhile, Parker's college education was making itself felt in the office of the storekeeper. He had always been clever in mathematics and a good hand at figures is always useful about the general offices of a railroad company. Also he had what might be described as a pull in the presence as general manager of the father of one of his old college chums. So, presently, he was transferred as a clerk to the office of the general auditor of the Denver & Rio Grande Railroad. There he spent nine long years, climbing up step by step, until in 1891 he was made chief clerk and the second in command. One day, after he had served two years in that capacity, the receiver for the Union Pacific, Denver & Gulf Railroad came into the general offices of the Denver & Rio Grande and asked the officials if they could recommend someone to act as his auditor.

"My chief clerk is the best man for the job that I know of," answered the general auditor. "I hate to lose him, but I don't want to stand in the way of his promotion."

Parker took the new job and for six years helped the receivers straighten out the many and tight tangles of a couple of bankrupt Western railroad companies. Finally, just ten years ago, he was chosen general auditor of the Colorado & Southern Railroad Company. His whole training was along the line of figures; he was a master at tracing down small leaks and losses, in cutting off unnecessary expenses, in enforcing economy all along the line of a sprawling railroad system. Naturally such a man would be an expert in looking after his own personal finances!

Meantime, Mr. Parker had married a charming young woman of Maryland descent, and a little family of daughters was growing up about them. Also, let it be carefully remembered, he was paying all this time a considerable share of his salary over to that insatiable cormorant, Cartwright. Every year, fifteen or sixteen—twenty—and a dozen times each year, a good sized check was invested in thin air. And when even the general auditor—let alone a chief clerk—on a small road gets no more than four or five thousand dollars a year, six hundred dollars makes a big hole in the total, particularly when a man has a growing family to look after and provide for.

Everybody felt sorry for Parker's infatuation. Some of them laughed at him. Some were angry and with good reason. It was certainly foolish, after grubstaking a man for fifteen years and getting absolutely no return, to keep on pouring good money after bad down the same bottomless rathole.

Every once in a while Cartwright showed up in person, each time a little browner, a little more wrinkled, never a bit less hopeful,

fairy godmother was just getting ready to do her worst—and her best.

With more money than he had ever dreamed of in his pocket the wretch, Cartwright, should, of course, have settled down somewhere and enjoyed the fag end of his life in quiet and easy living. But Cartwright simply couldn't. The curse of the wandering foot was too hot in his veins. More than twenty years of prospecting had made happiness impossible for him, except such as may be found in wandering alone through the desert places of the earth, and trying to pick the old lady's pocket. He and his fortune naturally gravitated down to Goldfield, Nevada, then just opened up as a big gold camp. Cartwright was too late here to get in on the ground floor. The best claims were all taken up. But some of the first comers were willing to sell, if they could get their price, and Cartwright had money. Unfortunately he didn't have enough. He took a short option on the property, jumped on a train for Denver and calmly asked his old backer, Parker, to invest the biggest part of his pile in those undeveloped and quite problematical claims. Cartwright swore, of course, that he could fairly smell the gold through the rock and alkali. But he had been hot on the vanishing scent of the same precious metal for a score of weary years.

Now when a man has scrimped himself for the best part of a lifetime; when he has been laughed at and scolded for his folly during most of that time; when, finally, he has won a good stake at the end and is able to do a little laughing on his own account, he may be pardoned for hesitating when he is asked to hazard all the profit of the years in a new and uncertain speculation. Parker did hesitate. But the fairy godmother saw to it that the old perverse and stubborn streak in his character came uppermost once more. To those who scoffed and those who pleaded he turned a deaf ear and gave the money to Cartwright.

That tool of the gods promptly closed the purchase of the Goldfield claims, which were, a little later, to become famous as the Florence mine, one of the great gold producers of the country. So presently it became difficult for Mr. Parker to count his money. At the last accounts he wasn't quite sure how much he was worth. His best judgment as a professional auditor was that it was somewhere between five and ten millions of dollars. One of the first things he did with it was to go down to the little mission parish, where he officiated as lay-reader, and build for its people a handsome and convenient little church. And there he still, of a Sunday, reads the morning prayers. Also he bought for his wife, as a recognition of her patience and long-suffering, during the years of the Cartwright grubstake, an old-fashioned country seat in her native state of Maryland. Otherwise he still lives in the same modest way. In 1905 he was promoted again, made second vice-president of the Colorado & Southern, in charge of both operating and traffic departments. That position he still holds. Some of his friends expect that before long he will retire from active business and devote himself and his fortune to the service of the church which he once refused to enter. That issue remains with the fairy godmother, who may be planning to round out the strange circle of her influence by bringing him back, richly laden, to the work which she first led him to decline.

No Yellow Peril in China

By YONE NOGUCHI

(Written after reading Mr. London's article in the December SUNSET)

THE world's opinion has never been more inconstant than in the case with China; it has been, so to speak, in Japan, like the autumnal weather—ever subject to the mood of the wind. The situation China found, and the attitude she showed being more or less forced, always furnished the world, I mean the Western world, new material for a different opinion; a glance over the series of opinions the world has expressed on China during the last twenty years makes me wonder at the fickleness of the Western world. It is plain enough,

of the parliament; the means of communication is one of them, of course. I am told that it takes almost half a year for one from the farthest south to reach the capitol. And there is the question of language also, and it is not a light one, since the provinces of North and South use different dialects. And, again, China must be prepared, after the establishment of the parliament, to see a new difficulty, like any other constitutional country, in party controversies and sudden introduction of personal ambition into political life. But there is always hope and light where the aim is right and energy is abundant.

I have read that those who voted for the shortest period were educated according to the old school or in Japanese institutions, when in May, 1908, the council called a vote as to how soon a constitution should be granted. That is a very interesting point indeed. The members of the council who had studied in Japan had observed personally how we are handling the constitution, although, as a fact, we are yet in the trial stage; however, I believe we gave them enough assurance that it would never be an impossible thing if they would take Japan as a model. I think it was the most appropriate thing Count Okuma could do, when he presented the Imperial House and the prominent leaders of the public in China his book, "New Japan of Fifty Years," saying it might serve as a suggestion for the forming of New China. We can say, we believe, with nothing to boast, that if there is a country where East and West were combined with some success, that is no other but Japan. It was the genius of the late Prince Ito that he kept the unbroken harmony between the Imperial House, whose power was absolute, since the first day of Japanese history and the somewhat democratic constitutional idea; it was the point, I am told, by which his brain was more tormented than any other. But China is historically different from Japan. I think that those educated in the old way who voted for the shortest period for the establishment of the constitution, doubtless thought it was nothing new, but only the return to the ancient age and the old ideal. In China, the emperor and his imperial house do not carry the same meaning as in Japan; he has been regarded from time immemorial merely as the father of the people whose mission is to rear the people with love, under Heaven's command. Therefore, he had to resign, when he was thought unworthy, for somebody of higher virtue.

Suppose China awakened—as I fully believe she will—is there any "Yellow Peril" which is talked about in the West? This is the point upon which I should like to reply.

There is no country except China which has no history or record of invasion into another country since the first establishment of the kingdom; when she shed blood, it was from her home trouble, and always from the defensive motive in fighting with foreign nations. In one word, the real nature of China and the Chinese is the hatred of war and blood; as I said before, the empire is based, at least in theory, on love and morality. The Chinese ideal, if there is any, is nothing but peace. This fact is very well explained in her old literature, which is the flowing song of peace and joy, or the teaching of propriety. What do "Shisho and Gokyo," the Four Classics and the Five Kings, tell us? They are the product of the soul of benevolence and peacefulness. If there is any literature which lacks war story or song, that is the Chinese literature; let me say again the Chinese hate war and fighting fundamentally. It was the Mongolians, or Tartars, who invaded Europe and caused much fear, not the present Chinese. There is one great evidence in fact to explain her real nature; I mean the famous wall called the Long Castle Wall of Ten Thousand Miles, which was built for defensive purposes, but for no other meaning, by the barbarians or Huns. If such is the real Chinese character, and I believe it is, there is almost no relation with the so-called Yellow Peril.

With level water, there is a perfect quietude; and I think that there will be peace in the world when the civilization and strength of the East can be an equal match with those of the West. Therefore, it is plain enough to see that the universal peace will come, in some degree, from bringing China into civilization. If there exists a Yellow Peril, I dare say it is nowhere else but in the Western mind which created it herself; we are almost inclined to say that we Easterners are much afraid of the White Peril. Oh, no, we know better than that!

Dad

By MABEL NELSON THURSTON

DRAWINGS BY J. A. CAHILL

IT was twenty minutes after six and Eben Parsons was sitting on the porch steps, waiting for Charley. He was a big, gentle, clumsy old man with eyes as blue and innocent as a child's, and a fine old head whose dignity was curiously assaulted by the phenomenal colors of the huge carpet slippers that adorned his feet. Of this, as of all the small inconsistencies of life, however, he was serenely unconscious. He puffed slowly at his disreputable pipe, noting as he did so that the first dandelions were glowing down in the April grass in the yard. He liked dandelions; he thought that they looked bright and perky; he must call Charley's attention to them. In the mind of Charley's father, all the gifts of the passing days were arrayed for the honoring of Charley.

Charley came upon the moment, a bright-faced, clear-eyed young fellow. He flung an affectionate arm across his father's shoulders, and they exchanged their regular formula.

"How are you, dad?"

"How are you, Charley?" A pause, and then, "Business go all right?"

"Ripping, dad."

The old man smoked silently. He did not glance at his boy again, but even the atrocious slippers were eloquent of his pride. Charley sat beside him whistling softly till a bell rang in the house, when he sprang up with a whoop.

"I'm hungry enough to eat a load of bricks," he declared. "Come on, dad."

His father pitched painfully to his feet; when he got upon them it was evident that one shoulder sagged and that he limped considerably; it was for the wound in his hip, indeed, that he drew his pension. Charley glancing around, checked his whistle.

"Heavy firing, dad?" he asked solicitously, and the old man answered cheerily in kind.

"Just a bit of skirmishing—nothin' to speak of. I sort of suspicioned I smelt waffles, Charley."

It was waffles. Old Naomi brought them in, honeycombs of amber, melting into most delicate brown. Above, old Naomi's face wore its sourest aspect; it was her method of averages, lest she should be suspected of weak-minded pampering of the two foolish men-folk whom Providence had committed to her care. She never failed to catch the captain whose frank pleasure was instantly shadowed. He made pretext to take but a piece of a waffle, but Naomi had him upon the flank; she looked in again from the kitchen.

"You might as well eat them, now they're made," she said, with the tones of one bearing up under some affliction. "They're no good warmed over."

"Good for you, Naomi," Charley called. "Pitch in, dad—no fair shirking."

The old man's face brightened, and he reached across and helped himself. Naomi in the kitchen, muttered about folks who never gave a thought to the way other folks slaved for them, and rejoiced in the heart she disowned. Now and then the two in the sitting-room exchanged remarks, but in general they ate in contented silence. There never had been need of words between them.

After supper they went out on the porch again, the old man with his pipe, Charley

with the evening paper. Apparently there was not much news, for he tossed it aside, presently. His father looked for the dandelions that they had closed, so he could only tell him of them. Charley listened, pulling the tail of the yellow kitten which had followed them out.

"That so?" he said. "Jolly little chaps—I always liked 'em," but he spoke absently, and in a moment said that he guessed he'd spruce up a bit and run down to Bob Dale's. "If you won't be lonesome, dad," he added.

His father looked up in amused surprise.

"Sort o' late for me to begin to be lonesome at 40 Beach street, ain't it, Charley?" he asked.

Charley laughed and ran into the house; his father could hear him taking two steps at a time on the way upstairs; when he came down it was dark, but had it been as black as Egypt, Naomi would have known that he had on his "best clothes." She fidgeted about doing all sorts of imaginary things to the sitting-room lamp—the old man had smoked his pipe out and limped into the house—while she tried to break the news. She did it blunderingly, her voice rasping:

"Charley's considerable spruced up to-night."

"Was he?" he answered, "I didn't notice."

Naomi sniffed—a comment more eloquent than words upon the amount of observation to be expected from mankind.

"His hair was slicked down mighty particular," she reported. "He spent most ten minutes gettin' it jest so."

"Did he?" Charley's father responded. A slow reminiscent smile overspread his face. "Charley always did fret over them cowlicks," he chuckled.

"Well, I guess he ain't never fretted over them a circumstance to what he's frettin' now," Naomi retorted. "And I guess he's goin' to fret over 'em more before he does less. An' that ain't all I'm guessin' neither."

She waited, darkly ominous; the captain's blue eyes turned to her kindly.

"You're tired, Naomi," he said. "You'd better go and visit your sister a spell. We'll make out all right, Charley and I. I can cook even if you don't think so."

"My soul and body!" the exasperated Naomi flamed. "Much rest it would be, wouldn't it, with every pot and kittle to dig out when I got back! There's folks that can go off and rest, but it's too hard work for me considerin' what's to follow." She flounced into the kitchen, furious at the old man's denseness—at Charley whom she adored only less than his father—at the miserable contrariness of fate which could seem to devise nothing better than the age-old marryings and givings in marriage—most of all at her own cowardice.

"I ain't got any more spunk than a rabbit," she muttered, her eyes full of hot tears. "But when folks is so everlasting innocent—"

But even as she spoke, knowledge was at the door. It came in the form of its recognized ambassador, Sarah Ann Joyce who ran in—a figure of speech which furnished frequent satiric text to Naomi who was lean as a gnarled branch—with a piece of pork cake; Jabez Joyce and the captain, among other congenialities, shared a fondness for pork cake.

"I see Charley footing it down the street a while ago, fine as a fiddle," she began.

"Yes, he went over to Bob Dale's," the captain answered.

"Seems to me he goes to Bob Dale's pretty frequent now-a-days."

"They always was friends from the time they was knee-high to a grasshopper," the captain returned comfortably.

Sarah Ann Joyce's portly figure took on an alertness, amazing to one who had not seen the phenomenon of Sarah Ann Joyce's eager spirit mastering Sarah Ann Joyce's portly body. Sarah Ann needed neither playhouse nor novel—life unrevised furnished ample fare for her imagination. Her voice became portentous in its significance.

"Mebbe so an' mebbe not, but one thing's certain—they're thick as peas in a pod since Bob's cousin, that Allan girl, came there."

Even the captain could not miss that. For a moment indeed he stared, his eyes full of bewilderment—then he sank back stricken. Sarah Ann, the kindliest of souls when not in subjection to her ruling passion, started up in alarm, but he feebly waved her back.

"It isn't anything—I hev these spells once in a while. I'll be all right in a minute." He lied valiantly, though it could deceive neither of them, but Sarah Ann, to the credit of her warm-hearted womanhood, helped him out.

"Jabez gets ketched that way sometimes, too. I'm going to run along because I know they leave a body sort o' weak and not talky. I'll jest drop in in the mornin' to see how you feel."

"So do, so do," the old man answered bravely.

Sarah Ann rose—an undertaking of some moment—and started ponderously for the door—the captain's weak voice called her back.

"Sarah Ann—"

Sarah Ann turned.

"About Charley—you was speakin' about Charley when that ketched me. It's clever about him an' the Allan girl, ain't it?"

"'Tis so," Sarah Ann agreed promptly. "She's a real good-looker—everybody says that. They'll be a pretty couple together. There now, I'm goin' so you can't talk no more. I'll be droppin' in in the mornin'."

After Sarah Ann had left, the old man struggled feebly to his feet. He could not see Charley to-night—he must sleep on it first, this strange bewildering news. But though he lay patiently through the dark hours, sleep would not come. Charley and the Allan girl—Charley and the Allan girl—it marched and remarched through his thoughts. He knew the Allan girl by sight—a pretty, stylishly-dressed young woman with manners that oppressed him. It was so strange to think of Charley—if she had been like Mary now, little and gentle and quiet, the sort that made you feel comfortable whatever happened, but the Allan girl!

He dragged down to breakfast lest Charley should ask questions. Charley did ask one or two, looking anxiously at his father's drawn face, but he was easily put off. His eyes were shining, and he kept breaking into snatches of whistle. It was a relief when he was gone leaving the long sweet April day in which to think things over. By night, his father knew just what he must say.

He said it after supper, out on the porch in the dusk. He had his pipe, but it had gone out. Neither he nor Charley noticed; his voice trembled a little at first, and he steadied it indignantly.

"Charley, ain't it time you was thinkin' about gettin' married?"

Charley started, glancing keenly at his father, but the dusk defeated him.

"Why dad, what's put that into your head?" he asked.

"I just sort o' got to thinkin'—your mother and I was married when I was five years younger'n you are now—it seemed sort o' natural—" he stopped and swallowed.

Charley looked down the street and spoke in a tone he tried to make normal. "Getting tired of me, dad?"

"Tired!" the old man cried. "Why Charley you're all I've got! That was why I didn't want you to miss nothin'—"

Charley turned, flinging an arm across his father's knee.

"It's queer you should have spoken of this to-night, dad, for I was just thinking of telling you something. I would have before, only I couldn't be sure, but I guess it will be settled to-night. It's Louise Allan, daddy. You know her—the prettiest girl and the brightest! I thought for a while I didn't have any show, but last night— Oh, you'll love her, dad—you and she will take to each other from the first minute. I've told her an awful lot about you."

"And it's—all fixed up, Charley?"

"I—guess it will be to-night, dad." The young fellow's voice was good to hear, the pride and humility and joy of it. The old man said nothing. He tried to speak but the words would not come; but his hand found his boy's in a long silent grip. Only after Charley had gone light-footed down the street, the old captain sat alone in the darkness fighting a sorer battle than the one that had crippled his body thirty-five years before.

They were married that fall, Charley and Louise, and after a two-weeks' honeymoon, came home to live. Louise meant to be kind, but she was young and ambitious, and Charley's father could hardly further ambitions. He was pathetically eager to please her and as one after another, old comforts were banished, as Naomi had been, he tried patiently to adjust himself to new ways. He learned to sit upstairs by himself winter evenings, and as soon as spring came he rigged up a bench in the back yard where he could smoke without disturbing Louise. He tried to remember to wear a necktie, and not to sop his toast in his tea, and he never invited his old friends to the house, but there were still things that he never could remember, like the encumbrance of a coat upon a warm day; nor could he possibly have understood how his padding about in huge old flow-

slippers could annoy anyone. So three years passed. Charley absorbed and happy, did not realize the change in his father's life. Once in a while, it is true, he thought he looked frail, but his father always laughed away his anxiety, and protested that he was perfectly well.

"You'd better be," Charley would declare heartily. "I won't hear of anything being the matter with you, dad."

"I guess it wouldn't make much difference," the old man said once wistfully.

Charley turned upon him sharply. "Look here dad—*is* there anything the matter?" he asked anxiously. "You ain't keeping anything from me?"

The old man braced up instantly. "Of course not, Charley," he declared. Yet, scarcely was Charley's back turned before he had fallen into the apathy that was creeping so steadily upon him.

And then, in a day, it was all changed—a day when the old man wandered nervously about the yard, looking up at darkened windows. It was ten o'clock when Charley his young face white with the strain of the hours, beckoned him upstairs.

"She's coming through all right," he whispered, "and dad—look here. I want dad to take it first, nurse."

The nurse put the bundle with the tiny crumpled red face at one end of it, into the old man's arms.

"It's a girl," he said. It sounded like a prayer.

"Why dad—how did you know?" Charley cried.

"I know'd it. I jest know'd it," his father answered. His arms had closed about the little bundle as if he had carried it all his life. "She—she looks like your mother, Charley."

Charley, dazed, stared down at the crumpled face. "I don't see how it can look like anybody yet," he said.

But the old man was not to be shaken. "She looks like Mary—the blessed little lamb. She's going to have Mary's eyes, Charley. You don't remember—you was too young, I know."

"Why dad," Charley said, "why dad! I never supposed you'd care like this."

But his father had forgotten even him.

From that day life awoke again for the old man, sweeping in a great tide through all the empty places of his heart. One might have fancied the two living in some secret world of their own—the old man and the tiny girl—so completely did they seem to content each other. Louise was half jealous, half approving. She was coaxing Charley to take part in the politics of the little city now, and her days were full of the absorbing occupation of making new acquaintances. As she could not yet afford to keep a nursemaid, it was a great convenience to have the old man ready to take the baby off her hands at any hour of the day, and so it came about that as little Louise (she was always Mary to the old man, though he was careful never to call her so before his daughter) began to make engaging experiments in language, "Danny" was the first name of her bestowal.

Little Louise was three years old when her mother's ambitions reached their flowering: Charley was elected mayor of the city. It was a very small city—Charley laughed at his wife for counting him anybody; but not even Louise, great though the achievement seemed to her, could imagine the old man's pride. He talked of it by day to little Mary, and brooded happily over it at night. He had always known Charley would be a great man, but he had not dreamt of anything so great as this.

One day in June, Charley came home with a piece of news; he was invited to give the Fourth of July oration at New Alban, a town fifty miles away. Louise and his father were full of excitement over the honor. Louise asked a hundred questions and began planning at once what she should wear. The old man, leaving his dinner scarcely touched, hurried up to his room and took out a few dollars laid aside for a talking doll for Mary. He could save money again for that. Just now the one necessity was to honor Charley—his boy—*his boy* to give the Fourth of July oration! He would buy a new tie and hat and a silk handkerchief, and there would be money for the carfare too—the old man counted it over with trembling fingers. Yes, he had enough; somehow he felt as if he *must* have had enough—nothing could have kept it from him when his boy was to speak. His imagination pictured it all—the crowds, the flags, the band, the platform with Charley in the middle of it, and he and little Mary listening and applauding. It was wonderful. He had not dreamed that life could hold such triumph. If only Mary could have lived to see it! The blue

"But you understand now, don't you?" Louise asked. "You see we couldn't help it. I'd have been glad if there was any other way." Her voice was both impatient and anxious. It was exasperating to have father take it that way, and at the same time something in his face alarmed her. If he should go and spoil everything by getting sick!

"Charley'll read it all to you," she said, planning things rapidly, "and then in the evening we'll have ice-cream, and you can send off the fireworks for Louise. You'll like that, won't you, father?"

But not even the thought of little Mary could bring healing just then. The old man looked at her in pathetic bewilderment. "I guess I ain't fully got it through my head yet," he said.

"But don't you *see* that you can't, father? There's only one hotel and that would be full because the G. A. R. people are coming down. And Mrs. Jennings only invited us—now don't go and take it hard, father. You'll spoil everything!"

The old man drew a dazed breath. "I—I won't take it hard," he promised submissively. "I jest didn't understand. I was thinkin' about Charley's speech—" The sentence trailed brokenly and he turned away and limped off to his room. He stumbled once or twice on the way, and Louise, hearing him, frowned.

"He can't go out with baby if he's getting so he stumbles," she said to herself.

The old man was unwontedly silent at supper; not that he spoke often at any time, but he usually had some feat of little Mary's to tell Charley about. Charley noticed that he looked white and did not eat, but his father turned it off. It was just the heat, he said. He'd be all right to-morrow.

And as a matter of fact, he did seem much more like himself in the morning, to Louise's relief. She had had a bad half hour the night before making it clear to Charley why his father couldn't go. Charley wanted to find a place for him to stay over night; he was really hurt when Louise declared that she didn't think father cared much about it.

"Dad always cares," he declared.

"But he's getting old," Louise persisted. "You don't realize—the crowds and the bands and all."

"But he's an old army man—there's nothing in the world he likes so well," Charley protested, greatly puzzled. "A band makes his head go up like an old war-horse. I'm afraid he's sick, Louise, and isn't telling us. It would be just like him. I must have Potter down to-morrow to look him over. I can't have anything happening to dad."

So the next day the doctor came. He found the old man a little run down, nothing more, and ordered a tonic which Louise watchfully insisted upon his taking. He obeyed meekly, relieving his mind when out of hearing. He seemed quite his old self. There was even an air of suppressed excitement about him. Louise's conscience relaxed into ease.

"I knew a tonic was what father needed," she declared.

The night of the third, Charley and Louise and the baby left for New Alban, Charley still troubled.

"I wish you'd felt like going, dad," he said. "It won't seem right without you around. You'll be sure and take good care of yourself, won't you?"

"Yes, Charley, I'll take care of myself," the old man promised. He had hard work to keep his secret, but a glance at Louise sealed his lips. He knew Louise now, slow though he was to understand women; he knew that she would be ashamed to have her fine friends see him. Louise had said that for Charley's sake they must look well.

The house was very still after they had gone. The old man climbed early to his room and tried to sleep, but he was too much afraid of oversleeping. It was not quite sunrise when he rose. The train did not start till six, but he was slow, and besides he dared not start without a bit of breakfast. He tiptoed softly downstairs that he might not wake the cook, but partly from anxiety over the time, and partly from fear of detection, he took only coffee and cold bread. A few minutes later he was out in the fresh summer dawn, on his way to hear Charley.

The train was a slow one, but even so, it reached New Alban before eight, and the speaking was not until ten-thirty. This, however, suited him well. He made his way to the park where a platform and benches had been put up and seated himself in the third row. He would have preferred the front one, but that would have meant certain detection; on the third, with his hat pulled over his eyes, he was sure

the crowd broke into a mighty cheer that drowned his name.

Of what happened next—the applause, the eager helping hands, the stir and excitement—the old man knew nothing. He only knew that somehow he was on the platform gripping his colonel's hand, with Charley, bareheaded, standing beside him. And then suddenly across the tangle of voices came a child's exultant cry—"Danny, *Danny!*"

The old man turned, his joy suddenly stricken. He had forgotten Louise—he had disgraced her and the baby—everybody, he who—

"Danny, *Danny!*" repeated the small imperious voice. And then the old man's eyes cleared and he saw Louise beside him. She was lifting the baby to him and her eyes were tender and womanly.

"Take her, father," she said, "she wants to go to you."

Tenderfooting for Mountain Sheep

By Samuel Hopkins Adams

Author of The Great American Fraud; The Flying Death; The Mystery (*with Stewart Edward White*)

PHOTOGRAPHS BY THE AUTHOR

ALL sporting romanticists agree upon one point. The tenderfoot goes forth in meekness and ignorance with some friends—usually two—of the Nimrod class, to hunt big game. Throughout the trip he is made the object of patronizing advice, and lofty, if friendly, sarcasm. But on the Final Day (this is invariable) he staggers into camp, bearing the Grandest Pair of Horns ever seen in that region, and makes a modest speech, in well-chosen words, attributing it wholly to luck, while his haughty and experienced companions writhe, like Cinderella's wicked sisters, in contortions of jealousy and chagrin.

There is really nothing in that theory. I've given it a fair trial and it doesn't work out. First, let me qualify as a tenderfoo Up to the time that a certain Wild Woo man of national reputation said to m "Let's go to Lower California and hunt mountain sheep," the biggest game I had ever shot at was a target, and I don't recollect that the bullseye was any the worse for the performance. Nevertheless, I had a lurking superstition that I might be able to kill a mountain sheep even if I had to sneak up above it, and roll rocks down upon its defenceless form. To complete the triangle of the party, we gathered to us a mighty amateur hunter, who, having an incurable passion for spending his fortune upon all manner of public-spirited and progressive enterprises, was dubbed the Malefactor of Great Wealth. Approved Nimrods, both of my companions. So the lay-out was complete, after the pattern of the romancers:

d shots, the tenderfoot, and the
ain sheep. All, in fact, but
ich came, as climaxes are

range of the Pinto mountains, to the south. We came upon our first ram quite unexpectedly, not long after sunrise. Climbing a few rods up the slope of a mesa, we had settled ourselves in the shadow of a rock to scrutinize the mountainsides for feeding sheep, when a deep-toned musical rattle of stone from across the arroyo we had just left, made my pulses jump. Instinctively I knew that nothing but a mountain sheep would be moving on that ragged and savage mass of rock.

"Sit quite still," said Funcke quietly. "He's going over the top."

After a moment's search with the naked eye, I caught the animal against the deep red of the hillside. He was a six-year-old ram, who had been lying down, some seven hundred yards away from us, by air-line. Well, I had read much of the magnificent aspect of this finest of all American big game. My first glimpse was a distinct disappointment. I saw a dull, yellowish object moving slowly and almost sprawlingly, on an upward diagonal. For some reason, the unlovely color and the gangling motion suggested a buge spider. Then the creature, reaching the summit, turned to face us in a bold and splendid transfiguration. The picture was the epitome of pose and poise. He was too far away for a shot, and—what, at the moment, I regretted more keenly—much too far for camera-range. For the better half of a minute, I should judge, he stood watching us, while we studied him through our glasses. Apparently he made up his mind that we were "bad medicine" for, quite leisurely still, he turned and ambled over the ridge.

"Steady!" warned Captain Funcke. "Sometimes they come back for another look."

Foreboding quick work ahead of us, I employed the few seconds delay in tightening my belt and filling my lungs with deep breaths. Now we were off down the slope, I endeavoring to keep pace with my light and nimble guide as he leaped, surefootedly from angled rock to teetering boulder, but with ill success. On the narrow stretch of sand below he waited for me. We crossed this at a trot. Then came the diagonal ascent, working down-wind from our game as we climbed along such a surface as you might get in miniature by heaping up a wagon-load of broken brick into a mound. My recollections of that brief but painful sprint, are purely physical: pulses pounding in the temples, breath straining in the chest as if to burst outward, eyes dim and throat dry. Just short of the top, we dropped behind an up-propped cube of rock, and peering around the edge, swept the next mountainside to the westward for our quarry. He was gone. We never saw him again. But, not more than half a mile away, as the crow flies, almost at the summit of a thousand-foot rise, we sighted two smaller rams, feeding on the dry "brittle-bush" as they strolled along one of the "runs" which the sheep stamp out in their travels. So sheltered were we that they did not see us. Their natural route was upward however, and they soon disappeared across the skyline. Now, it was all to do over again—only more of it. Down the bristling slope we hurried, and were just facing the upward pull when a shot echoed and re-echoed from peak to peak. It was followed by two

Stalking under and over difficulties

we had explored side barrancas, shinned up miniature towers, and penetrated sunless clefts and chasms, lest we might pass our sheep unawares. A quarter of a mile from the feeding-ground, the character of the mountainside changed abruptly, and for the worse. It exhibited a tendency to go straight up and down. Some of the cathedral formations were very beautiful, but they were also very inconvenient. We crawled along the face of precipices, seeking hand and foothold in tiny crevices, trusting to brittle-bush or slender root, against a slip; negotiating ledges which, in cold blood, I should have considered wholly unsuited to a person of my weight and conservative disposition, and finally being turned back by—a breeze. We were close upon the end of our journey, approaching by a turn, a small cliff almost sheer, but with feasible outcroppings, when a brisk wind came singing down the chasm, and Captain Funcke worked his way backward.

"A hundred to one," he told me afterward, "we'd have made it, but the odd chance meant broken bones and very likely a broken neck. As long as there was another way, it wasn't worth while."

So we took the other way, which led by a roundabout path to a slope of loose stones. Oh, the nerve-wrecking strain of that slow and meticulous crossing! Every doubtful rock must be tested before the foot was trusted to it, lest its displacement alarm the sheep, which was now, supposedly, within ear-shot. Once Funcke caught up a ten-pound stone which threatened to roll, and carried it some yards before he could find a safe berth for it. At the farther side of the crossing, we scrambled up a succession of pinnacles, and, peering cautiously over the topmost rampart, discerned our game, still feeding in about the same spot, although we had been an hour stalking him. He was a fine ram, probably six years old. His back was toward us, and he was about two hundred and fifty yards distant, besides being partly sheltered under a bank: much too difficult a shot for a tyro. Following Funcke's lead, I dropped back, and crept along behind the rampart, to a clear point, some hundred yards nearer.

"That's the best we can do," whispered Funcke, handing me the carbine. "Get a good rest on the rock, and shoot high." I did shoot high. I also shot wide. The best I can say for my first attempt was that it hit somewhere along the side of the arroyo in which the ram was feeding. It wasn't a case of "buck-fever." I believe I was quite cool, and I know I took plenty of time. My most vivid emotion was a burning desire not to disgrace myself by too wild an exhibition of marksmanship. The ram straightened up and half turned. I sighted carefully, and placed another bullet in that part of the landscape where it would do the least harm. At this the ram swung about and trotted away behind an outcrop, without any particular hurry, as one who should say:

"Well, if that's the best he can do, there's no occasion to get excited."

Luck was with me that day. At the second shot, a small, dark-coated ram, came over the low ridge at the side of the arroyo, to see what was going on, and stood in full view, less than three hundred yards away. I sent a bullet at him, but was still shooting high. Confused by the echo, he moved nearer, and faced us, head on. My next shot was a fortunate miss, as it skimmed his head fairly between his horns. Six inches lower, and the head would have been ruined. The next instant he came leaping down the mountainside straight toward us, a superb spectacle as he took the jagged rocks at full gallop. Walking or even trotting, a mountain sheep is rather ungainly, but under speed he is the embodiment of grace and power. Without pause at the foot of the slope, the frightened animal came up the ascent, swerving a little to the south of our shelter. As he drew opposite, Funcke bleated. The young ram stopped dead, broadside on, not eighty yards away. Satisfied that I couldn't shoot with a rest, I got to my feet, took a quick aim and, following the method advocated by T. Roosevelt, Mr. Winkle and other noted sportsmen, shut both eyes firmly and pulled the trigger. When the world again dawned upon my vision the ram was slowly crumpling over backward. The bullet had gone through his heart. I had killed my first big game.

Incidentally, I had shattered the Rollo-romance of sport, mentioned above. For not only had I got my ram on the first day of hunting, instead of the last (as the Tenderfoot of romance is supposed to do), but it was by far the smallest animal of the five killed by our party. Moreover, I did *not*

return to camp with a modest and calm demeanor, and insist that it was all luck. I came back with a chest so swelled that a bass-drum solo could have been played on it, and intimated that it was a pity Nimrod died too early to benefit by my experience. Nor did the fact that the Wild Woodsman got a fine pair of heads, or that the Male-factor of Great Wealth killed a fifteen-year old veteran of the upper ranges, beside which my yearling looked like a horned toad, modify my transports. I had slain a real mountain sheep, and had a permanent license to look superior and haughty when my Eastern friends talked about such trifles as deer and bear.

The remainder of the trip, I was content to wander about the mountains, exploring and admiring. Our party saw, in all, forty-two sheep, and killed five. Several times we could have shot ewes and small rams, but, having secured heads, we killed only for meat. Of other wild animals we saw mule deer, and found many tracks of antelope and mountain lion. We had heard much of the noxious small creatures of the region, but saw little of them, the roster being four rattlesnakes, two centipedes, and four scorpions. The Wild Woodsman exploded the "deadly scorpion" superstition by seating himself firmly upon a specimen an inch and a half long. He arose with two punctures in his epidermis, the effect being like a good, hearty hornet sting, according to his description. Not only were there no general symptoms, but in half an hour the sufferer was peacefully sleeping, and on the following morning he was able to ride a mule without anguish. Indeed, we found more trouble with vegetable than with animal life, nearly every form of growth being viciously armed, and many of them, tree-growth as well as cactus, being somewhat poisonous. A fortnight after the trip we were still scarred from the thorns.

For many years yet there will probably be good hunting in the north of Baja California. The whole peninsula is very thinly populated, perhaps fifteen thousand inhabitants in all. In eighteen days of travel we saw but two human habitations, and but six persons, all Indians. Unfortunately, the Indians hunt the sheep in the summer heats, when they come to the water-holes, but the Mexican government is about to legislate for a closed spring and summer season. From now on, it is also necessary that hunters obtain the sanction of the Minister of Fomento to kill mountain sheep, though deer and small game may be killed without other formality than a permit to take fire-arms into the country.

In outfitting one should travel light, but should also be prepared for sharp changes of temperature. Three days after we had been sweating ourselves to the bone, in the desert heat, we awoke in a mountain meadow one morning to find an inch of ice in our water pails. The requisites for hunting are a pair of powerful field glasses, heavy boots with hob-nails—two pairs if the trip is to be of more than three weeks' duration—a thirty-three or thirty-forty Winchester, or any of the Mausers except the seven millimeter, which is prohibited by law because it is the Mexican army gun; a shot-gun for small game; hard smooth-finished clothes to resist cactus, and a guide who thoroughly knows the country and the water-holes. A word here as to Captain Funcke. Not only has he traveled that region for years, but he is an unerring guide, a skilled tracker, tireless, efficient, patient, and unfailingly good tempered; a valued companion as well as an expert, professionally.

He who loves his ease, will do well to shun the haunts of the mountain sheep. The tenderfoot can qualify, but not the dilettante hunter. Early hours, rough fare, and hard travel are the portion of him who would bring back the horns of the premier American game. He must be content at times with scant food and poor water. He must share the drudgery of the camp when the trail is the order of the day. There will be times when all the joy seems sweated out of life; when the muscles are sore and the soul raw; but those times pass, and the adaptable human mechanism comes hardily to its own. Three weeks on the mountains will make a man good for his twenty-five miles daily of climbing over the severest of footing, and he will come back to civilization with the inner, as well as the outer eye clear of vision, with his pluck hardened like his sinews, and with his temper as fit as his digestion for any strain to which circumstances may subject it.

Josephine's Jamboree

By Homer Croy

PROFESSOR Makepeace Adams was musical director of the Hornaday Female College, and wore his hair to his shoulders. Nothing much ever happened to Professor Adams. College would open up about the middle of September; there would be two weeks' vacation for the holidays, a week for Easter; then about the first of June, thirty-odd girls would bloom out in white dresses and flowers, pass sedately in front of the rostrum while President Hildebrand would hand them their degrees tied in the Hornaday colors of pink and white. Then Professor Adams would know that he was one year older.

One day the expected became the unexpected:

Worthville, Mo.

Dear Sir—As the attorney who was instructed with the business of Lycurgus Miller, it becomes my painful duty to inform you of the decease of that gentleman on May 24th, this year. So far as I have been able to ascertain, he left no closer relative than you, and I desire to suggest to you, as next of kin and the recipient of his entire estate, that it would be well for you to qualify as his administrator, he having left no will, and appointed no executor. If you come to Worthville, I shall be glad to advise you in any legal matters which may arise.

Very respectfully,

A. D. Brown.

Professor Makepeace Adams had to wrinkle up his brows to remember Uncle Lycurgus Miller. One never has any trouble in remembering one's rich relatives, and the poor ones a person doesn't have a chance to forget. After much research Professor Adams recalled Uncle "Curg" Miller as a shiftless soldier of fortune who either might have a fortune or be mending umbrellas; he had reformed from auctioneering to filibuster. The Adams family didn't talk much about Uncle "Curg."

That afternoon Professor Adams was too much wrought up to meet his piano class. It would arouse anybody who had been comfortably poor all his life to find that he had a fortune at his finger-tips.

The following morning he took a train to Worthville, where he found Lawyer Brown in an office that had more space than buckram.

"Your uncle is dead," said Mr. Brown agreeably. "I have not made a careful examination into the estate and property as yet, but if you will fill out these papers and qualify as administrator, I will give you possession at once. An old leather-faced Hindoo has the property in charge, and refuses to turn over anything until satisfactory papers are made out. He used to be Mr. Miller's partner, or animal-trainer, or something that way."

Professor Adams grew rather tired while being sworn in as administrator; he sat back and signed every paper they put before him. Whenever Lawyer Brown approached with an authentic looking paper, Professor Adams would mechanically take up his pen, and the blotting-pad.

Together they went to the headquarters of the leather-faced man.

"This is Ben Todi," said the lawyer, very much to the point, then stepped back.

Professor Adams edged forward and bowed.

"Lemma see ze papers," said Ben Todi, reaching out a hooked hand.

Pocketing the papers, he led the way to an old deserted-looking barn on the outskirts of the town. Inside, he carefully locked the door, and a weight of responsibility seemed to slip from his shoulders. The two men followed him up a ladder onto an oats floor. Professor Adams caught his breath.

Down in a big, floorless mow was a large eared, short tusked elephant with one leg chained to a heavy stake, placidly rocking back and forth on its tree-trunk legs. Pausing a moment, it cast a little, inquisitive eye up at the visitors, then resumed its exercise.

"This ees ze estate," said Ben Todi, without waste of words.

Professor Adams sat down weakly on a bale of hay, and stared at his estate, while Ben Todi went on to explain that times had fared hard with Uncle Miller, that creditors had demanded everything else, leaving only Josephine. Professor Adams looked at the creature without much enthusiasm; he didn't have the animation that one would naturally expect in an heir; rather he looked as if he had never before appreciated his dead uncle, as if he was sorry for all the unkind and thoughtless words he may have said to him when he was a boy twenty years ago. Anyway, there was sorrow in his face. And when a dear uncle has died it could be about nothing else than the deceased. It couldn't be regret that the uncle hadn't left two estates!

At last Professor Adams looked up. "Would you like to have the—the animal, Mr. Todi, as—as a present?"

"No—I am already one dollar and seexty cents in debt for hay. Josephine has a good appetite."

Professor Adams looked hurt. For such a magnanimous offer to be turned down without a moment's hesitation would be enough to hurt anybody's feelings. It is not everybody who can give away a whole elephant without inquiring if the new owner will treat it kindly. Professor Adams was glad that he did not have to give away a library, or a college, or something that way.

Ben Todi shook his head sadly. "I am a poor man," he explained.

That put the matter in another light. In his efforts to be a philanthropist, Professor Adams had forgotten that he himself was a poor man, too. It is quite a come-down to think of oneself one moment as the only heir to an estate, and to wonder the next how much a bale of hay costs.

Professor Adams turned his eyes upon the elephant and began studying it, as if in some indefinite way he was trying to calculate its capacity. The Professor turned toward the lawyer, but Mr. Brown shrugged his shoulders and moved away. Then the Professor remembered that lawyers look a long way into the future. He changed his tactics.

"It is a nice, big elephant," he observed with the pride that any new owner might display over a late acquisition.

"Yes, she ees a big elephant," agreed Ben. "She ees ver' healthy. She exercises much. She eat ver' hearty."

"Is it—er—what you might call good-natured?"

"Yes," answered Ben. "Sometimes!"

"What does it eat?"

"Hay, mostly, and cabbages, potatoes, apples, sugar, an' peanuts."

"Do you know of anybody who would like a nice present?" His tone was that of a philanthropist whose only mission in life was to give where it would do the most good.

Ben Todi shook his wrinkled face emphatically. "She must move," said Ben. Then he explained that the owner of the barn was exceedingly anxious that the animal be taken away, and that six dollars rent was due. "She has made two runaway already," finished Ben Todi.

"Do you know of anybody who would like to buy a big, nice elephant?"

Ben Todi stared at the swaying Josephine a long minute. "I belief I do. Elephants sells well—sometimes—to peoples who want 'em. If you only had her in New York—"

Sadly Professor Adams turned away, and the three crawled down the ladder. At the hotel the Professor didn't have much of an appetite. Legacies often have that effect, they say. While he was sipping his coffee the proprietor approached him.

"The mayor wishes to speak to you a minute, Mr. Adams."

The mayor was a determined looking little man. He looked as if he were a good

mayor, one who had the interest of his townspeople at heart.

"You are the owner of that elephant?" without ceremony.

Professor Adams nodded with an effort at enthusiasm, and smiled.

"That critter has caused two runaways already. It is a menace."

Professor Adams looked interested as if he had been wondering all along just what Josephine was. He smiled again.

"I must request you to get it out of town at once. Our horses here ain't elephant broke."

A reproving look came into Professor Adams' eyes as if he was astonished that a city the size of Worthville, with all of Worthville's well-known modernity and go, should be so far behind the times. But the mayor did not look a bit reproved; he was satisfied to go along in the same old rut.

The Professor smiled reassuringly. "Do you know of anybody who would like to have a nice, big elephant?"

"Not in this county! The elephant fad hasn't struck this place yet. We like elephants all right"—the official paused impressively—"but we like them going away from us. How soon do you think you can get yours going in that direction?"

Professor Adams straightened up with hurt dignity. "But Josephine can't injure anyone, staked down in the barn as she is. Two elephants couldn't break that chain."

The mayor wasn't so sure, and pointed out how she might pull up the stake. He recounted the damage and pillage a maddened elephant could do charging down Main street like a cyclone, with a dangling post at one heel, spreading disaster. Tears almost came into his eyes as he thought of the young, innocent lives being blotted out in a second. The mayor shivered and glanced over his shoulder as if the crazed animal might be charging down upon them that very moment.

Professor Adams had no such imagination. He could not conceive of his gentle Josephine doing aught but munching hay and rocking comfortably back and forth.

"There is no law to make me take her away," he said a bit defiantly.

The mayor considered while he cleared his throat. "Have you a license for your elephant?"

"Why—yes—what kind of license?"

"A show license, of course. All shows have to have a city license." The mayor was very calm and dignified.

Professor Adams breathed easier, for it wasn't so serious as he thought. "I haven't any show. I have just one elephant, one nice, big elephant."

"An elephant is a show," announced the mayor with judicial decision.

"One elephant tied to a post?"

"Yes, one elephant in Worthville is a show whether it is staked down or not. Any live elephant is a show in Worthville. An elephant is just an animal out in the county, but quick as it gets inside the city limits it is a show. The regular show license in Worthville is twenty-five dollars a day. You can bring two elephants—or a whole herd—for the same price. Have you any more elephants you'd like to bring in?"

Professor Adams studied the horizon a moment. "This is a real beautiful town, isn't it?"

The mayor's brow lighted the least bit.

"Do you know I have a strong affection for Worthville? My poor uncle called it his home. He said he'd been all over the world but Worthville was the dearest spot of all. But you need a public park—er—if you will allow me to suggest it. A public park with trees and flowers in it—and animals. I will give you Josephine to start one on. I feel sure Uncle Lycurgus would like for me to. He loved Worthville!"

"But we have no park—except our Chautauqua grounds—and we haven't anything else to put in it."

"Oh, one nice, big elephant like Josephine makes a park all by herself. It would be a start anyway. Lots of parks have just a kangaroo to begin with!"

"We haven't any barn to put it in."

"A barn isn't necessary. A high wire fence will do, and a stake. And farmers would come for miles and miles to see her, and trade would boom. Town would be full every Saturday. Don't you think you could get the Commercial Club to take it up?"

The mayor sadly shook his head, and walked away. "We have always got along without a park and an elephant in it, and I guess we always can," he called back over his shoulder.

Professor Adams sighed, and hunted up

"Josephine is a good elephant, isn't she?" he greeted. "Do you know how I could get her to Centropolis?"

"She could walk eet—sometime."

Professor Adams saw light. "Would you like to have a share of stock in Josephine? You know we can sell her to that man in New York."

Ben Todi drew up his shoulders.

"Oh, there is no doubt about it. There is an alarming scarcity of nice, big elephants in New York. Little elephants aren't selling well, but nice, big ones are snapped up too quick. If we only had Josephine there she would be worth her weight in—well, she'd make us both rich. Will you drive her to Centropolis for say,"—he waved a white hand magnanimously—"well, say, for one-third interest?"

Ben Todi shook his head dismally. "No, you keep Josephine—and geeve me one dollar and seexty cents."

"Well, then, for half interest?" as if the mere matter of money was not the whole consideration.

"No, you just geeve me one dollar and seexty cents."

Professor Adams pulled his long fingers to a point. "How much to take her, then?"

"Seex dollar."

Professor Adams closed the deal, and as he walked toward the station he heaved a sigh of relief. He needn't bother about the elephant for two days.

The mayor came up with set mouth.

"Well, what are you going to do about it?"

"The show will move to-morrow morning."

A cloud slipped off the mayor's face, and he walked away with light step. He had done his civic duty.

On the train Professor Adams leaned comfortably back. He began to look like a man who had just come into an estate.

It was not until the second day that Professor Adams approached President Hildebrand. "Doctor," he said over the top of the President's desk, "did you ever stop to think how much knowledge may be gained from the study of animals, and especially from the study of big animals? Music and mathematics are confining and exacting. Such study doesn't broaden the mind as it should, I fear. Don't you think it would be a fine thing for the girls if we had a zoological garden here on the campus?"

President Hildebrand winked at Miss Hedgewood, the mathematics teacher, and smiled easily. He would humor the musician.

"Yes," went on Professor Adams, "I am becoming very enthusiastic over the idea, and I am willing to contribute my mite toward starting one. I cannot give very much, but I give freely. I'll donate an elephant to get things started. I wish I had more to give, but the spirit discounts the smallness of the contribution, I hope. The elephant will be here in a few hours!"

President Hildebrand gasped, while Miss Hedgewood drew away before the poor musician should become violent. But Professor Adams was strangely in earnest.

"Is—is the elephant alive?" mumbled President Hildebrand, rising.

Professor Adams was hurt. Did the President think that he would try to start a zoo with a dead elephant?

"Yes, and she has a splendid appetite. We can put her in your stable. You know, you no longer have a horse."

"But—"

"Yes," continued the Professor, "she is very gentle and docile. She has a fine disposition. You know, some elephants are surly and disagreeable, but Josephine is not that kind. She is—well, what you might call companionable!"

Professor Adams was exhilarated the rest of the afternoon, and puffed a little with conscious pride, for he was now the owner of a whole zoo.

It was almost sundown before Ben Todi put in appearance, sitting comfortably on Josephine's back, a prod in one hand and a cigarette in the other. By prodding and yelling out in singsong, Ben Todi guided her toward her new home. Professor Adams opened the carriage gate, and the procession passed into the high-boarded back lot. Josephine snorted.

"She wants hay," sang out Ben Todi. "Wahneeo!"

Josephine raised up her left foreleg, and Ben slid easily to the ground. Professor Adams turned to President Hildebrand, who was on a stepladder peering over the fence:

"See, is it not fine? It will not be long before we can do that, too. Josephine will be a kind of outdoor gymnasium. She is very valuable, Doctor, for she is both a zoo and a gymnasium."

Professor Adams went in and dragged out a bale of hay, and chopped the wire while the Doctor was saying something about an

elephant best serving its mission in life in the wilds of Africa. Josephine did not wait for an invitation, but rumbled forward, her trunk swinging. Professor Adams scurried out of the way. Ben Todi strapped the leather belt around her hind leg, and began driving a post in the ground.

Suddenly Josephine bellowed.

"She wish a drink," grunted Ben, between swings of the sledge.

Professor Adams found a pail, and turned on the spigot; he came out in a moment with the big bucket held far away from his neatly creased trousers. Josephine thrust her trunk into the pail, and in an incredibly short moment it was empty.

"She have more," said Ben Todi, looking up.

Professor Adams brought another bucket; Josephine swung her trunk into it and the water was gone. Ben Todi paused with the sledge over his shoulder:

"She have more."

President Hildebrand began to smile; but Professor Adams did not dare look up as he hurried back and forth, carrying the bucket first on one side, then on the other, then with both hands in front.

"It seems to be a healthy animal," observed the President.

"Yes," panted Professor Adams, "that is the only kind of elephants I would have—healthy ones. Sick elephants are lots of trouble."

After he had finished watering Josephine, Professor Adams got Ben Todi to agree to stay and take care of her for a couple of weeks, while he was finding a buyer. Ben Todi was much concerned whether the pay should be real money or stock in the enterprise.

During the following days the girls spent all their spare time peeping through the fence or over its top at Josephine, while Professor Adams spent all his spare time writing to managers of circuses and to keepers of animal gardens; Josephine settled down into the routine of eating unlimited amounts of baled hay.

It was more than a week later that Ben Todi asked for a day off to visit a friend. He filled the tub with water, the rack with hay, and set off.

It was in the middle of the afternoon a Professor Adams was standing beside of his pupils in the music-room, his wrapped in harmony, completely lost t world, that a violent commotion brought him back to the reality of things. The door of the music-room was flung open to admit Daisy Osborne, almost hysterical.

"Oh, Professor," she cried, "your elephant has escaped, and is down in the swimming pool killing everybody!"

Professor Adams came to with a jerk. His Josephine killing everybody! It was an insult. Josephine was gentle as a kitten. He raised his hand in expostulation.

"But she is," shrilled Daisy. "Right and left. And scaring the rest to death."

Blankly he followed her to the basement. There in the swimming-tank was Josephine rolling and plunging in pristine delight, swishing the water over the sides in great waves. An open double-door explained how she had gained entrance; and the flight of steps how she had descended into the water.

There was no doubt that Josephine was enjoying herself; her bellowings and flappings of her big ears told that she was again living over her old jungle days. This had unlimited advantage over rocking back and forth.

The dozen girls who had been taking a plunge when Josephine put in appearance had fled to the blind end of the room, where they were now huddled into the corners, their bathing-suits dripping, more hysterical than harmed. Whenever one started to escape along the narrow ledge, Josephine would swim over to that side and thrust out a long, curling trunk.

"You just wait a moment," said Professor Adams with great dignity, turning to Miss Hedgewood. "I'll get her out? Elephants are easy to handle if you know how. That's all there is to it—just knowing how!"

Confidently Professor Adams stepped out in front of the plunging Josephine. Without taking his eye off her he stepped up close to the pool, very calmly. But Josephine didn't wilt before the reproachful eye.

"Josephine!" he exclaimed, stamping his foot, "what do you mean? Come out of here, I say. This moment. Come, I say."

Josephine reflected a moment, then half swam, half walked up to the foot of the flight of steps.

"Good girl. Nice, pretty girl," soothed the Professor.

ream of water shot out, sweeping the
from his feet, dumping him in a
pile. Josephine lunged back in

glee. Professor Adams scrambled to his feet and began scratching the long hair out of his face, mumbling and sputtering.

A peal of laughter rang out from the girls sheltering themselves behind Miss Hedgewood in the doorway. Professor Adams rose to the occasion, quickly.

"I have a scheme. It's easy enough when you understand elephants. I am going to run over to President Hildebrand's house after some potatoes, and lay a trail out in front of Josephine. When she's out, lock the door and that is all there is to it. You will lock the door, won't you, Miss Hedgewood?"

She would.

Professor Adams hurried away to the Hildebrand basement. The potatoes were in sacks, and the mouth of each sack was securely tied. Never before did Professor Adams know what pains people went to to tie up their potatoes. He chipped away with his thin-bladed knife. With a bucket of tubers he stumbled up the steps.

A commotion from the gymnasium caused him to drop the potatoes.

Josephine was rumbling across the yard, roaring, violently switching her tail. Racing toward her was Ben Todi with the dreaded prod in his hand; jabbing it into her side, he led her back to prison, snapping out a tirade of invectives which Josephine seemed to take to heart.

When Professor Adams reached the gymnasium door, Miss Hedgewood and the girls were gathered around the swimming-tank, pointing and gesticulating with unintelligible gasps of merriment. In Miss Hedgewood's hand was a small, empty bucket, while in the room a suspicious odor.

Professor Adams sniffed. "How did you ever—how did it happen?"

"Miss Hedgewood did it!" exclaimed Daisy Osborne, trying to calm herself. "She—she threw a bucket of coal oil behind Josephine, and set it on fire. And Josephine—you ought to have seen Josephine—"

Professor Adams turned to Miss Hedgewood, his face warming with pleasure as the two walked off down the hall.

"Yes," he said, throwing a tangled knot of hair over his shoulder, "that is a pretty good way to get an elephant out. I was going to try that if the potatoes failed. Elephants are easy enough to handle if you know just how to go about it."

President Hildebrand came hurrying down the hall, and drew up determinedly. "I have just heard of the disgrace—of our miraculous escape from death—Joseph—that elephant—you must get it out—Will you step into my office a moment please?"

An impatient hand jerked Professor Adams' sleeve. It was Ben Todi, mashing his little brimless hat in his hands.

"I resign—I quit—now. I have chance to go weeth beeg show. I resign."

Professor Adams hesitated between two fires.

"Let's settle this matter definitely at once?" said President Hildebrand.

"I resign—now!" piped up Ben Todi.

Professor Adams looked slowly from one to the other, a worried expression creeping into his eyes.

Miss Hedgewood rustled down the hall. "I beg your pardon, but there is a telegram for Professor Adams."

Professor Adams hurried to the door, signed for the telegram, and tore the envelope. His face lit up.

"You will excuse me for a while," he called back, glancing at his watch.

In nervous excitement he telephoned for a cab, and with great dignity climbed into it, while an astonished and mystified faculty watched from the windows of the reception-parlor.

With the cab waiting he excitedly made turns up and down the station platform, his palms moist.

"Oh, how are you? I am very glad to see you!" he exclaimed as the train drew up, giving an impulsive hand to the sender of his telegram.

"Very well, thank you," returned the mayor of Worthville. "Is that proposition still open to let my city have Josephine to start a park? The Commercial Club has decided to take it up."

Professor Adams led the mayor to the cab and tenderly helped him in. A shadow of pain ran over the Professor's face.

"I fear that it is too late—but—but," his face relaxed—"but still I haven't signed an agreement with those people in New York yet. You're just in time. I suppose it would be more businesslike to sell her to those people in New York—but I know that Uncle Lycurgus would rather his home-town would have her. But after all, business isn't everything in life, is it? Yes, I know poor Uncle Lycurgus would rest easier. Oh, wasn't he a noble man!"

The Wind Bell

By CLIFFORD HOWARD

The morning breeze with breath of rose
Steals from the dawn and softly blows
Beneath the lintel, where is hung
My little bell with wingéd tongue;
Steals from the dawn, that it may be
An oracle of peace to me;
For, hark! athwart my fitful dreams
There mingles with the orient beams
A wakening psalm of tinkling bell:
"God brings the day, and all is well!"

Across the purpled mountain height
The vesper rose fades into night.
The sun is gone, the garden chilled,
The music of the earth is stilled,
And round about me as I pray
Are but the ashes of the day.
But, lo, a whisper from the sea
Breathes 'mid the dark and comes to me
In voice of softly tinkled bell:
"God brings the night, and all is well."

The Reformation of Hiram

By HERBERT BASHFORD

DRAWINGS BY F. C. JACK

HIRAM GREEN, seated on a cedar block beside his cabin door and bathed in the airy gold of a September morning, surveyed the surrounding landscape with a look of supreme content on his usually expressionless countenance. With long legs crossed and lean hands clasped over his knee, his appearance was far from prepossessing. He had a short reddish-beard escaping from the corners of his small mouth, hair of a similar hue hanging in uneven locks over his forehead and completely covering his ears, a lean neck and blue, sleepy eyes.

"Mornin,' Green!" cried a pleasant-faced, broad-chested ranchman, coming from around the cabin.

"Mornin' yerself, Wilkins! Jest a-thinkin' about ye," answered Hiram.

"Folks all well?"

"Tol'able, jest tol'able. Maw's been havin' a tech o' newralagy, 'n' my rheumatiz hez been botherin' of me some; but Melindy's peart 'n' sassy. Olly, Ted, Jake, Jim, Webster, Lizzie, 'n' Jonas is out pickin' salmon-berries; I told 'em they might's well be doin' that ez nothin'. All we hev to eat now is berries 'n beans—pore provinder, I tell ye. Don't seem to be no cabin-buildin' ter dew, er nothin,' so ez a feller kin pick up a dollar."

"Thet's so, thet's so," observed Wilkins, seating himself [illegible] of a charred hemlock log [illegible]e'd be more a-doin' if w[illegible]ey in here.

We've all hed blame hard luck, 'specially you folks."

Here the speaker hesitated, cleared his throat, and pounded a chip into the dirt with the heel of his brogan.

"Th' boys up the river all chipped in yistiddy," he continued, "'n' p'inted me a committee o' one ter see you folks 'n' find out what grub ye was a-lackin' of. I got six dollars 'n' thirty-three cents in my pocket, thet they raised fer ye. Jest say what ye need, 'n' it'll be got."

"Th'—th' boys is powerful kind," replied Mr. Green, gazing across the muddy waters of the swift swirling Queets and to the log house on the opposite bank, with the sign "Hilton's Supply Store" painted on its front. "I don't know how ter thank 'em, but I'll help any 'o 'em in gittin' out their shakes or chinkin' up their cabins. But—I don't 'zackly know what we do need most. Maw! maw! come hyur!"

A tall, angular woman, with a kindly, care-worn face and hair slightly grayed, appeared in the open doorway. Explanations followed concerning the boys' benevolence and Mr. Wilkins's mission, at which Mrs. Green began to weep softly, saying she could not find words big enough to express her thankfulness, and thereupon enumerated the various necessaries of life she considered most wise to purchase with the money. They found, however, after counting up the cost of the articles desired, that it took all but three cents of the sum in hand, and left Hiram without any tobacco. Nor could they see any way to overcome the deficiency in the list. Finally, to her husband's evident satisfaction, she told Mr. Wilkins to strike off the coffee and write tobacco instead, as "paw couldn't git along 'thought his terbacker nohow." This was done, and the two men immediately crossed the river in a rather dilapidated canoe, to the store, where the goods were bought, Wilkins secretly informing the boyish-looking proprietor—John Hilton—that it was not pity for Hiram that prompted the boys' generosity, but because they felt sorry for his wife and the "kids."

After the things purchased were safely deposited in the rude cabin, where the numerous young folk had just gathered, bearing pails filled with great pink berries, the good-hearted Wilkins departed; and Hiram sat down in his accustomed place, to rest from his recent exertions and bask in the pleasant autumnal sunshine, while his wife carried in the wood she had been chopping.

"I sartin'ly must be favored o' Providence," said Mr. Green, meditatively, as he gnawed desperately a huge plug of tobacco; "things seem to come my way, even if I don't git a cabin ter build."

Ever since his arrival, six months before, he had apparently been waiting patiently for a chance to construct a log dwelling for some of the settlers; but, although many good opportunities presented themselves, his health at these times was sure to prevent him from performing manual labor, which caused his wife to feel disheartened and alarmed over "paw's fast failin' constitution."

It was more than hinted by the residents of the region that push and energy were qualities foreign to Mr. Green's nature, and that shiftlessness in its worst form troubled him greatly. Despite the fact that his fellow "squatters" were in no wise considerate of his feelings in their remarks concerning him, his mental tranquility ever remained unruffled. "I don't keer what nobody sez 'bout me," he frequently said to his wife; "they kain't hurt my repertashun none." His idea of life was one of unalloyed serenity; and if grim poverty did often stare him in the face, he calmly blinked his eyes, calmly stroked his beard, and was seemingly lost in profound meditation.

This undisturbed placidity and firm belief that "all things come to him who waits" was truly remarkable; and, to the restless, ambitious man of the world, such perfect repose of body and mind as he exhibited would appear almost incomprehensible. It was therefore from this striking characteristic he was dubbed "the laziest man in the settlement."

Perhaps you may wonder how a man of Mr. Green's peculiar temperament could muster up sufficient courage to enter the wilderness as a pioneer; but, through the advice and persistent efforts of his brother-in-law, a land-locator, he had been persuaded to take his flock and join the band of claim-seekers bound for the beautiful Queets river valley in northwestern Washington. The boat which carried them left Tacoma in the stormy month of March. Owing to the fierce winds, they experienced

considerable difficulty in reaching their destination—the mouth of the Queets—into which they discovered their craft could not enter, thereby compelling them to lie outside in the restless Pacific, the passengers and freight being taken ashore in large canoes manned by stalwart Indians.

During all these hardships and hours of anxiety, no one on board the *Lucy Lowe* heard a word of complaint from Hiram. When the storm raged the hardest, when the climbing, dark-breasted seas smote the vessel's side until she trembled as with fear, and a voice shouted "We've struck a rock!" when cries of terror made hysterical women swoon, and all was a scene of the wildest confusion, Mr. Green sat demurely in the cabin, rolling a quid of unusual size from cheek to cheek, and humming through his nose the tune of "Home, Sweet Home."

The brother-in-law had chosen for him a fine piece of bottom-land, lying some five miles up the river, and had built a comfortable cabin thereon, into which the family moved without delay. As the country was unsurveyed and it was uncertain where the lines would come, Hiram thought it prudent to make no improvements on his claim whatever; insisting that, if he did so, his labor might be lost to him. Meanwhile, his more ambitious neighbors had planted gardens and were rapidly clearing their future farms of giant timber. Later on he acknowledged his folly in this respect, frequently sending the children to borrow a "leetle garden-truck," always charging the youngster to say that "paw was a-goin' ter hev a garden hisself next year, pervidin' his health's good." Thus, in quiet and peace, he passed the days within the shadow of the snow-crested Olympics and where the low, dull murmur of the ocean stole through the boundless forests of spruce and hemlock.

"Where ye goin', boys?"

Mr. Green, as he made this inquiry, was settling himself comfortably on the cedar block, having just finished eating the first substantial meal he had had in two weeks. The young men to whom this query was addressed, and who were seated in a canoe that was floating with the murky current of the Queets, glanced up at the familiar figure sitting by the doorway, and one of them, Hal Tompkins, a fine specimen of robust manhood, said:

"Down to Pete Sampson's. His girl fell into the fire yesterday and got near burned to death. Want to go along?"

"Waal, I dunno but what I might," replied Hiram, rising leisurely and shambling down the bank to the water's edge, as the occupants of the canoe paddled toward him. "Jest et th' bigges' dinner I've et in four years. S'ful I can hardly navergate. Seems quar how a Siwash kid 'ud come ter git burnt."

"They were dryin' some elk-meat over a fire near the shanty," explained Tompkins, "and she was playing around it and got her dress on fire—so Sea-lion Jim told me."

"Pore leetle thing," observed Mr. Green, seating himself in the bottom of the graceful craft.

Although he had traveled the river many times in canoes, he had never become quite accustomed to the strange sensation these thrilling rides produced. The canoe is easily overturned, requiring skill to manage, yet it is the only thing in the form of a boat that can successfully navigate the rivers of this region, owing to its lightness and the shallow water at intervals.

Swiftly they glided along between thickly wooded shores where the clustering berries glowed like coals among the green. The yellow autumn leaves fell into the swirling current below. Around beautiful bends they rode with such silence that Hiram scarcely realized they were moving, now with frightful velocity shooting the rapids where jagged rocks churned the raging waters into foam that was tossed and blown about like the snowy manes of horses in a fierce, mad race, then sweeping into deep, still pools, where lay the floating debris of many a mile, and at last landing before an old weather-beaten shanty with a hole in the roof, from which smoke was slowly curling.

On entering this antiquated structure, Mr. Green beheld a small fire burning on the earthen floor. Near by sat a sad-faced squaw, with straight, black hair falling over her shoulders. The odor peculiar to all Indian habitations of the Northwest pervaded the place. On a rudely constructed bed, covered with mats woven of swamp-grass, lay a little girl of perhaps five years who looked at the visitors with a world of suffering in her [illegible] eyes. She had an uncommonly [illegible] an

Indian child—winning and gentle. A string of blue beads encircled her neck.

"Is she feeling better?" asked Tompkins of the mother, in Chinook.

The woman dolefully shook her head, then, sadly lifting the blanket from the child's body, pointed to the fearfully burned side and shoulder.

Hiram shuddered. A lump rose in his throat. How he pitied the little creature lying there patiently, silently enduring unspeakable agony! He thought how he would feel to see one of his own in the same condition, and he could do nothing to relieve the awful misery.

"Pore kid," he said, tenderly smoothing the raven hair with his hand; "wish I could do somethin' fer ye."

"Appa," the child said, faintly, "appa."

"Apple," the squaw murmured; "*tenas tickey apple.*"

"She says the little one wants an apple," said Tompkins, sorrowfully.

"*Nawitka,*" replied the mother, "*apple klosh muckamuck sick tenas,*" which meant that fruit would be good food for the child.

"We can git her one up ter th' store," put in Mr. Green—forgetting, in his compassion, that he did not possess the small sum of one cent.

"Yes, we'll git her some and send them down," said Tompkins.

At this juncture, Pete Sampson entered. He told the men that he had been down to the Hotel Dick, at the mouth of the river, kept by a half-breed and his dusky klooch-man, whither he had gone in search of an apple for his little girl, but was forced to return without one. He explained that she had eaten nothing since the accident, and only craved an apple, for which she had been begging all day. Then Pete sat down on the bunk beside her and buried his face in his hands, as the men silently withdrew into the bright sunshine.

Hiram's heart was touched as it had not been for years. As his companions forced the canoe up the river by means of long hemlock poles, he sat thinking of what he had seen, haunted by those dark, imploring eyes that had gazed at him so piteously. He could see them now as vividly as when they watched his every movement from the rude bunk of mats in that dreary house. He fixed his attention on a woodpecker clinging to the rotten trunk of a leaning alder, he scanned the variegated shores, he let his gaze rest on the heavily timbered ridges and the cold, flaring peaks of the Olympics clearly etched against the violet sky, he looked in all conceivable directions and at all objects, hoping to blot from his vision those sorrowful, pleading eyes; but in vain—they refused to be banished.

"Th' kid wants a apple," he thought; "'n' she'll have it, tew, er I'll eat my old hat."

He did not speak all the way to the store, and was the first to enter. Mrs. Hilton was sweeping the floor as the trio walked in and stood awkwardly before the counter. She struck savagely with her broom at a small black dog sleeping under the stove, screaming shrilly: "Tricksy, go to your box!" which Tricksy did without the slightest hesitancy.

"You've got that dog under good control," remarked Tompkins.

"I'd skin him alive if he didn't mind," she said sharply.

"Whar's John?" inquired Hiram.

"Gone up the river, fooling around. Was never known to stay at home about his business."

Evidently the proprietor's wife was in a disagreeable mood—a frame of mind not uncommon with her and to which the settlers paid little heed.

"I want a few apples," said Tompkins, plunging a brawny hand into the pocket of his corduroys.

"Can't have 'em. Ain't got but half a box left, and want them myself," she snapped, viciously beating the dust from her broom on the edge of the doorstep.

"Only want a few for Pete Sampson's little girl that got burned," resumed the young pioneer, quietly.

"Don't care who they're for. I ain't going to do without apples myself for any Siwash young un. Just hate the miserable creatures."

Tompkins looked crestfallen.

"But, Mrs. Hilton," he continued, "the child's very badly injured and may not live, and craves apple. I'll pay you double price for them—or one, say?"

"I don't care if she does die; then there'll be one less of the dirty tribe. And when apples are as hard to get in here as they now are, and I've only got half a box left and won't sell them to my best friends, it isn't likely I'm going to sell them for Indians to eat—not much," and she flew like mad at

"I've said no, and I mean it"

Tricksy, who had ventured to leave his box.

At this decided denial, the two young men abruptly left the store, hoping to find an apple among the supplies of some settler farther up the river. Hiram stood reflecting on the conversation that had ensued.

"Now, mum, ye surely won't refuse that dyin' kid a apple?" he said.

"Yes, I would, too."

The reply came with such suddenness, Hiram was startled.

"Waal, I wouldn't a believed it of ye—I wouldn't thought no human could refuse sech a triflin' thing as a apple to a pore weak, sufferin' leetle creeter. Why, just think once what if 'twas your own—"

"Thank God, I hain't got any," put in Mrs. Hilton.

"Yes, thank God, ye hain't," returned Hiram "fer if ye had, I'm feere time o't. 'N' ye perte , don't ye, Mis'

Hilton? When we kin dew a act o' kindness fer th' humblest o' God's creeters, we should orter dew't; we should orter dew unter others ez we'd hev 'em dew to us. I'd give my last apple ter thet leetle gal—don't ye know I would?"

"Why don't you provide for your own family, then, if you are so liberal?" said the woman sarcastically, "and don't preach to me. Such talk doesn't sound well from you of all others."

"I know I'm pore 'n' hain't got a cent ter my name," replied Mr. Green, feeling his poverty keenly; "but I got a jackknife ez cost me six-bits, 'n' I'll give ye that fer the leetlest apple in the box."

He threw down upon the counter the companion of years. Mrs. Hilton's lip curled scornfully. She turned away without replying.

"Come, mum, ye will sell jest one o' 'em?" persisted Hiram. "Ye'd never miss it, mum, 'n' 'twould dew thet gal a world o' good. Come now, ye shorely won't hev it on yer soul, that ye refused grub ter a dying child—ye shorely won't say no."

"I've said no, and I mean it. I guess I can manage my own affairs," she answered, giving the would-be customer a withering glance.

"May God strike me dead if I ever git ez mean as you!" he cried, fiercely, his voice shaken with emotion and the tears springing to his eyes; " 'n' if ye ever have a child, 'n' somethin' orful happens it, may 't please th' Almighty not ter let it suffer for this selfish deed o' 'ts mother's."

Mrs. Hilton poked the fire vehemently, plunged her hand into the extreme depth of the wood-box as a shade of disappointment swept over her face, then closed the stove door with a bang, muttering something about "no wood," the exact import of which Hiram did not catch.

"If yer out o' wood, I'll cut ye some," he said kindly.

"You cut wood!" she ejaculated, looking exceedingly puzzled. In truth, she could not have been more amazed had a tree suddenly fallen on the house.

"Yes, I've cut wood 'fore this, 'n' p'raps fer a apple I'd cut some more."

Mrs. Hilton thought of her husband far up the river, from whence he was not likely to return before night, of her bread ready to put in the oven, and of the dying fire in the grate. The full realization of her predicament dawned upon her in all its intensity.

"I'd split up that whole pile out yunder," continued Hiram, pointing through the open doorway to a large pile of blocks.

"Well, I guess you can; I must have some wood," she said, hesitatingly.

Hiram's face brightened. He quickly threw off his coat, seized the ax standing in the corner, and went at his task manfully. The afternoon sun, riding above the tops of the stately hemlocks, shone down upon him with considerable warmth; and Mrs. Hilton, observing the beads of perspiration, felt a keen sense of gratification to know that she was the first person in that section who had induced him to labor energetically. Selecting the smallest apple in the box, she laid it aside to give him when he had completed his job.

The pile of blocks gradually diminished under his steady blows, and at each stroke of the ax the surrounding woods were set to commenting on his unusual performance. A red squirrel, scampering across a log, stopped and regarded the toiler with a look of perplexity in its sharp, little eyes, a blue-jay perched on the topmost branch of an alder praised him for his industry, while a lean, long-nosed Indian dog sat down close by and gazed at him in silent wonder.

The different settlers, on their way to the store, grew doubtful as to the infallibility of their eyesight; and not indeed, until by conversation with the perspiring, hard-working individual, were they fully convinced that Hiram Green and none other stood before them. Could this be possible? What had happened? Surely he must have become demented; for when they asked him "what was up," he deigned no reply, but dashing the drops of sweat from his brow, plied the ax more vigorously. How he did work! Great blisters rose on his tender palms. He puffed and wheezed. The sticks of wood flew right and left! "Gee whiz!" "What's struck Green?" "He'll die, sure!" and various other exclamations of surprise escaped the lips of the passers-by.

Mrs. Green, seeing the toiling man across the river, remarked the striking resemblance he bore to her absent husband; but, upon maturer reflection, she arrived at the conclusion that the mere fact of his labor decided the question beyond a doubt in the negative.

"There, by
Hiram, triumj
into pieces. I
tinually for
ached. He rushed into the store, and, amid a bewildered group of customers, demanded the apple; which being given him, he seized his coat and started hurriedly out, with many curious eyes watching his departing figure. Mrs. Hilton relieved the minds of those present by explaining the cause of Mr. Green's peculiar behavior.

He would have taken the old canoe, his brother-in-law's property, but, without the assistance of another man, the venture might prove hazardous; therefore he followed the narrow pathway winding along the bank of the river between massive trunks of spruce and hemlock, with salmonberry bushes growing in rank profusion on either side. Leaves crimson and scarlet rustled upon him as he strode, and crackled beneath his feet like sheets of flame. A rabbit, frightened by his approach, went bounding away and hid behind a huckleberry bush, and joyous birds in cool, delightful dells down which he passed showered through the fragrant air clear drops of melody. His way led over monstrous logs half hidden by the scraggly sallal, glossy with leaves and dark with berries, into deep ravines where the dense foliage held the night in thrall and the deep silence was broken only by the sound of his footsteps, across rippling brooks, singing merrily e'en though their lives are spent in shadow forever away from the sun, and up steep, wooded hillsides beneath long, swaying banners of moss that clung to mighty, far-reaching limbs. Once he heard a loud crash, and, peeri tangled

undergrowth in the direction from whence it came, caught a glimpse of black, shaggy fur a few feet distant. He waited to see no more, but plunged ahead with increased rapidity, the thoughts of a former experience with Bruin adding speed to his momentum. High over the crests of bleak ridges, the trail led him, from which he could see the shining river creeping noiselessly below or thundering madly against opposing boulders. Now he followed a winding course along shelving walls of rock made smooth in ages past by the feet of hurrying red-men, now carefully walking the slender, swaying trees thrown across the mountain streams that mingle their crystal waters with those of the somber Queets, then threading the bushy, boggy lowlands where the poisonous devil-club stands forever armed with its projecting spears.

The sun had sunk in the west, his last golden arrow had pierced the great, slow-breathing forest, a lone frog blew a bugle-note from among the rustling reeds by the river's marge, a night-hawk circling in the deep, upper blue plunged earthward with a sullen cry, and the grand, old peaks of the towering Olympics—veritable kings in purple robes—looked down upon a darkening landscape, as Hiram, trembling from his toilsome journey, neared the dingy home of Pete Sampson. As he approached the house, unearthly moans, shrieks and howls, mingled with the din of rattling tin pans and beating tom-toms, assailed his ears.

"Them blamed fools is a-docterin'," he said, entering the doorway.

Seated upon the ground in a semicircle were the relatives and friends of the afflicted child, all wild with excitement as they swayed to and fro, wailing like demons, tearing their hair, beating their breasts, and rooting like swine the hard-beaten earth, sincerely believing that by such weird demonstrations they would drive away the evil spirit hovering around the injured one. So engrossed were they in these strange proceedings, that Hiram's arrival was apparently unobserved by them. Advancing into their very midst, he shouted: "Shut up yer infernal yawps!" at which they lapsed into silence as deep as their wails were loud. One of the swarthy group, the medicine-man, not wishing to be quieted, glared at him savagely, occasionally giving utterance to a series of gutteral ejaculations.

Mr. Green glanced about him. The rows of dried salmon hanging above his head, the firelight flickering on the mother as she moaned over her suffering child, the bright flames flinging a golden glow over emaciated, blear-eyed creatures who clutched with lean, hooked fingers the red blankets enwrapping them, the tangled manes of black hair half concealing dark, evil faces, the small, glittering eyes peering at him from beneath scowling brows, and the surrounding gloom, formed a picture wild and fascinating.

Hiram quickly made his way to the rude bunk in the corner, over which the blazing pitchwood cast a tremulous light, and tenderly looked upon the little form lying there.

"Here's a apple fer ye, baby," he said, huskily, putting in her hand the diminutive Rambo for which he had labored so hard. A glow of childish gratitude shone in the marvelous, upturned eyes. She tried to raise it to her mouth, but her strength was too far gone, so contented herself with cuddling it against her chubby neck; then her eyelids drooped wearily.

"Thank God, I wasn't too late," murmured Mr. Green, bending over her. She smiled at him faintly. Thus nestling the apple between her brown, dimpled hands, she sank into a deep sleep, from which Hiram knew she would never waken; and as he dashed a hot tear from his cheek and walked out into the glorious twilight, the stars came flocking out to see him, and the moon showed a sympathetic face from the crest of a lonely ridge.

"Hiram, hain't ye 'feered ye'll lame yerself 'n' hurt yer constitution, a'luggin-'n' liftin' all the time?" asked Mrs. Green, looking admiringly at her husband as he threw a good-sized log on a burning heap of rubbish; "ye hain't stopped fer a week."

"Waal, the truth air, Sally, I hain't goin' ter hev no more kerlections tuk up fer me," he replied, wiping his face with the back of a grimy hand.

"Somethin's changed ye mightily, Hiram," she said.

But Mr. Green was too much absorbed in his work to make reply; and after watching him a moment in silence, she slowly walked to the cabin, saying:

"I 'low somethin' queer come over him the night he wuz out so late; he hain't bin th' same man sence."

outlaw, but most of the horses are young and sound as a dollar—only a little wild. The month of May was well along and the horse-changing was overdue when the round-up outfit came dragging into Blue River "afoot," as Uncle Hal Young, the horse-camp man, expressed it. "Yes, sir," he said, "those boys are afoot, they've only got three horses apiece." The pack-animals lay down grunting before their loads could be lightened and the declining sun cast shadows along the ribs of the remuda; and though the saddle-horses still scampered like cats over the everlasting rocks their flanks were gaunt and they held their heads sideways to watch for the slash of the quirt. It was time for the horse-changing to begin.

Early the next morning twenty men rode out across the great pasture, skirting along the rim-rock, and soon a long line of horses appeared in the distance, racing toward the frail fence that stretches from brink to brink. As they approached the gate, flying horsemen detached themselves from the flanks and galloped forward to turn the leaders; others popped up unexpectedly along the fence; and soon with a thunderous rumble of hoofs the immense troop of horses swept proudly across the cutting grounds, their manes shaken to the wind and their bristling tails raised like flags above the dust. Not a horse there but knew the purport of that raid, and at the first attempt to stop them there was a resistless dash for freedom. The high-headed black that led the charge went through the line of men like a war-horse and the cowboys cursed him by name as a hundred others followed; but a single horseman, riding with quirt and spur, outran the best of them and turned the stampede back. For a minute the outlaws circled the herd of gentle horses who had settled down on the cutting grounds, but their untamed spirit could not consent to the thought of servitude and once more they rushed the line. A dozen times they charged, racing back and forth, but each time a man spurred after them and brought them back. Then as the constant running and milling wore out the weaker members of the herd, they came to a halt and stood gazing over each other's back at the cowboys.

There is no hardier outfit of cowboys in the United States than the men who ride over the malpai mesas of the San Carlos Indian Reservation for the CCCs. Every man is a Tehanno born and he is supposed to be an A1 rider or he would never take the job, but when it came horse-changing time there were only three punchers who acknowledged that they could ride—Rusty Bill and Jess Fears, the hired "bronco-twisters," and Bishop Greenhouse, who was red-headed and foolish.

The rest, while admitting a certain proficiency in days gone by, claimed to be all shot to pieces inside and observed, furthermore, that the Cherry horses were the snakiest bunch of man-killers in Arizona, to a blank-blanked certainty. When you go to the Wild West show the man with the polka-dot shirt and woolly chaps laughs when his horse throws a buck-jump and comes down stiff-legged—but he is paid to laugh, remember that. Out on the range a cowboy generally figures that he earns his forty dollars a month without doing any rough-riding, and he strikes for a gentle mount. But the Cherrycow horses are known to be "wild ones," bred in the open and broke in a week, and in order to get men to ride them the management pays its top hands forty-five dollars. Even then there is no great jam of rough-riders and most of the heavy work is done by the two professional horse-breakers. So when it comes to the horse-cut and Uncle Hal Young rides out with his little book, the Three C men don't really expect very much—all they ask is a good night horse, another one half-way gentle and, of course, three bronks. Every man gets three bronks, some of them get four and Rusty Bill, the "twister," said he hadn't been on a gentle horse in two years.

They are beautiful creatures, these wild, half-mustang cow-horses, full of an agile grace and swiftness, but bronco to the tips of their ears. If they could be caught up and gentled many of them would make pets, but on the range there is nothing for it but the rope and spur and quirt. As they weave about under the dust cloud—bays and roans, sorrels and blacks, pintos, palominos and grullas—even the cowboys get confused and ask the bronco-twisters which is which; but there is one man, sitting quietly on his flea-bitten gray, who knows them as a mother knows her children. Uncle Hal Young is too tender-hearted to be a cowboy—he believes there is a hereafter for the man who abuses a horse—and while it is his business to give out the mounts, he

got mad and quit he wanted it to be a rough hand.

As soon as he had assigned the first string of horses two pairs of cowboys were sent into the herd to cut them out. To stop them the tired-out remuda and the steady-going pack-animals were driven near to serve as a "hold-up" and when Three Spots and Peanuts were edged, all unwillingly, out of the main herd, they were stampeded across the open into the smaller bunch. Often some quiet horse would recognize a friend in the hold-up herd and rush to join him, but most of them had to be cut out by hard riding and profanity, and as outlaw after outlaw improved the opportunity to make his last break for freedom, the riot and turmoil were indescribable. But a cowboy's life is a hectic proposition, at best, and to the men of the Cherrycow the hard riding was only a part of the day's work. By noon, through some miracle, the horse-cut was complete and as the main herd scampered back across the pasture the cut was driven out through the gate, down the steep trail and thrown into the round corral at the bottom of the cañon.

The corral at Blue River is large and strong, built of peeled poles with cedar posts at the gate, and while the outfit was eating dinner across the creek the two hundred horses ran round and round in it as if they were working a tread-mill or stamping out grain for some Mexican *ranchero*. When the men came back to commence their shoeing, the trees about were already powdered with fine dust and the corral was hidden beneath a cloud. The first man that entered the pen held his rope low, but his poise was ominous and all gave way before him. As he marked down his horse and sidled towards him the great tread-mill was set in motion again, the animals on the sides running behind him as he advanced until, when he reached the center, he was surrounded by a great circle of horses, thundering around the corral with the resistless power of an avalanche. Every horse in the band was haunted by a nervous apprehension of that sudden snake-like cast, but the horse who felt the eye of the man upon him went wild with terror. Fighting his way through the press he jammed himself behind his mates, while the plugs and pack-animals, knowing they were not wanted, plodded cheerfully along on the inside. At last, flipping the rope along the ground in front of him, the cowboy twitched it back and made his throw. The loop settled over a horse's head—some horse's—and the next moment was jerked from his hands. Then the tread-mill turned into a stampede and as the pace quickened into a gallop shoots of dirt belched through the holes in the fence and the cowboy was swallowed up in a cloud of dust. He may have been a good cow-puncher but his judgment was bad in this case and after a futile attempt to pick up his rope he passed up the job and motioned to the bronco-twisters.

Tall, lithe and quick-eyed, the two twisters sat on the fence with the crowd, whooping and laughing, but at the word they wiped the smile off their faces and leapt down into the corral. For five dollars a month extra they had agreed to handle every bad horse and uncock every bronco, provided, always, that they were asked, but their reward was more in the grim sense of mastery than in the money paid. They were the top cowboys and every man who called them in paid tribute to their prowess. Trailing their loops behind them they advanced from two sides upon the horse who was dragging the rope, and as they closed in the other horses fell away. By deft maneuverings about the little knot where he was hiding they let horse after horse escape along the fence, and then, as the wild one made his break, Rusty Bill's rope shot out and snapped over his head, Jess dropped his loop and caught on behind, and the next thing the bronk knew he had stopped breathing. In the frenzy of his madness he skated them across the corral like spiders, but at the first pause they plowed their high-heeled boots into the ground and held fast. Then, as his eyes began to bulge and his flanks heaved, Rusty Bill walked quietly up the rope, reached out ever so gently and rubbed him on the nose, reached further and touched the noose that was choking off his breath, then with a deft jerk pulled back the honda and let him breathe. At the second great gasp the wild one came to and flew back, wilder than ever, only to be smothered down by the instant tightening of the rope. Once more the horse-tamer loosened the noose and, patting him upon the neck, moved the rope up nearer to his head; then he began to pull, very gently, and at the third tug the wild one followed meekly to the

nail the shoes on between kicking spells. When a horse got too bad the boys hog-tied him—threw him down, bound all four feet together, put a pole over his back to hold up the bunch of hoofs and hammered the shoes on regardless. There were a hundred and twenty-five horses driven into the Blue River corral and every horse came out shod, though he fought like forty devils. It was rough work and the ground was torn up like a battlefield; but though the heavens were obscured by the turmoil there was a greater struggle still to come.

Every one of those hundred and twenty-five horses had to be rode. In shoeing, roping and saddling-up your Texas cowboy uses all the tricks of the trade, but once he is in the saddle he turns Mr. Outlaw loose. If he wants to put his head down he is welcome; if he wants to hump his back, that is his privilege; if he wants to buck, there is a man in the saddle who will match his proud spirit against anything that wears hair. The Mexicans and Californians use blinds and Spanish bits to check their horses but the real thing from Texas mounts them pitching and throws the reins on their neck. The first man to top off his mount was Outlaw Tom. The corral was still full of horses waiting in a great state of nerves for their turn to be roped and shod, and when Outlaw led Scrambled Eggs out into the arena Rusty Bill remarked that he admired his nerve. Not being hired, however, to give gratuitous advice the bronco-twister held Scrambled Eggs by the head until Outlaw Tom got him saddled and then retired to the fence. Twisting his horse's head to one side the Outlaw tried his weight in the stirrup a time or two while Scrambled Eggs sidled warily away, edging over towards the other horses—then, as Tom rose to mount, the shifty sorrel suddenly kicked his boot out of the stirrup with a hind foot and made a bolt into the crowd. The rest was a great cloud of dust through which flying horses hurtled by like the wind, a vindictive sorrel bucking, plunging and cow-kicking at his saddle and, at last, when the frenzied whirly-go-round had ceased, poor Outlaw, limping out of the ruck on one leg. Though things were happening quick Scrambled Eggs had had time to step on him with both feet in passing and he was now rollicking around the corral trying to get rid of the rigging, so the bronco-twisters roped him and brought him up to the bars.

"D'ye want me to ride 'im for you, Tom?" they enquired, both together, as that poor cripple sat down to nurse his injuries, but before they could get an answer Bishop Greenhouse leapt in and claimed the honor.

"Let me ride the so-and-so," he yelled, throwing off the tie-rope. "*I* ain't afraid of the blankety-blank—I can ride 'im without spurs! Is it a go, Tom? Then turn 'im loose!"

He grabbed the bridle-reins and a fistful of mane with one hand, caught the horn with the other and swung up into the saddle. Scrambled Eggs had been wiping things up, so far, and when the Bishop kicked him in the flanks he threw his head down and went to it. In one grand continuation of buck-jumps he charged across the corral with the fat Bishop rocking back and forth and reaching down for the "noodle" and the boys yelling in one high, happy chorus:

"*Sta-ay with 'im!*"

That is the war-cry of the breaking corral and the whoops and shouts of laughter that go with it help to give the occasion a gala hue.

"*Stay with the riggin'!*" they whooped again, as the Bishop began to "pull leather"; and with one hand on the cantle and the other choking the horn the Bishop weathered the storm and rode back to the bars in a cloud of glory.

"Gimme a pair of spurs and I'll ride anything in the corral!" he announced, with a swagger, and Jess Fears took him up on the spot.

"All right," he said, snapping off his spurs, "ride Dan Patch!" But the Bishop waved him back and dismounted.

"Jest as much obliged," he observed, smiling deprecatingly, "but I guess I've had enough for to-day."

Dan Patch was the champion outlaw of the remuda, a large and powerful black, once the boss riding-horse of the outfit but spoiled by a fool bronco-twister. This reprobate had drifted into the horse-breaking camp, boasting of his skill, and while they were getting up something rocky to try him out on he had tried to get a little practice out of Dan Patch. He brought him back to camp that night, raked from shoulder to flank with spur marks—and even then the black would not pitch. But two

Mark Twain

By C. WILLIAMS

"Oncet, in Alaska," ('twas a miner spoke)
"I stumbled on a surly camper's shack.
Nothin' I said, in question er in joke,
Could git me smile er civil answer back.
I guessed him crazy. I was starvin'. Night
Was comin' on. Now should I go—or stay?
My partner dead, I faced alone the plight,
All other humans forty miles away.

"Fin'ly, by chance, I named a name. He turned,
And grinned—then broke into a guffaw. Cried:
'That feller Twain—say, he's a great one! Learned
To like him as a kid. No others lied
So well as him. That bluejay yarn; his Yank—'
We set up half the night, and swapped again
Those stories back and forth. That name I thank
For rest and shelter. Say, how is Mark Twain?"

The factor said: "In hunters' cabins, hid
Deep in Canadian forests, I have found
His books; and where wild torrents slid
Through lonely mountain gorges, and the ground
Dipped two ways from your foot, the trackman kept
'Huck Finn' for winter nights. Round great log fires
The jacks read him aloud." A sadness crept
Into his voice. "Say, is it true—he tires?"

"His sketches," said the scout, "went with me through
The war in Africa. I like that tale
'The Sweetest Voice.' I proved its wisdom, too.
How is he, now? I hope he will not fail
To live yet long—and give us something soon
To smile at. Gray's the world, and blest is he
Can cheer us with such wholesome laughter's boon—
Mirth without sting or base scurrility."

"Ay," quoth the scholar, "'neath great humor lies
The prophet's message. He looks far and deep,
With the humanitarian's kindly eyes;
And can as quickly make us laugh or weep.
You know his 'Prince and Pauper'? 'Joan of Arc'?"
Spoke from the corner one: "They say he lost—
That is, he's 'most alone. The path is dark,
If without comrades all the days are crossed."

Silent stood one who entered last. I heard
A newsboy cry the papers at the door.
Hearkening his shrilling, the newcomer stirred,
And mused, rather than spoke: "Alone—no more."
We knew then. "Boys," said the scout, "we've lost a friend;
For, though he knew us not, we're friends to him,
He's ours by every smile that he may lend."
"Ay," said the scholar, and his eyes were dim.

The Bluff of Don José Morales

By Rose L. Ellerbe*

DRAWINGS BY HAROLD SMITH

THE schooner *Saucy Jane* had dropped anchor off Deadman's Island and her longboat swung alongside the landing at San Pedro. As her captain stepped upon shore his glance fell upon Don José Antonio Morales, whose sturdy figure swayed in unison with every motion of his restless roan, as he watched the unloading of a carreta of hides. His bronzed face, in its setting of white hair and broad sombrero, was like a yellow ivory miniature in its immobility; but a welcoming smile that warmed the heart swept over it as he wheeled about at the captain's ringing call:

"Ah, Don José! thou art the one man in California I most wished to see!"

"*Y porque, amigo?*" Don José demanded, clasping cordially the extended hand, "What hast thou brought for me this trip?"

"If you can leave that red devil long enough, come out to the *Jane* with me and I'll show you," the captain answered.

Don José glanced with such evident reluctance toward the vessel which was gently pitching in the offing that the seaman threw back his head with laughter. "I'll not drown you, Don José," he shouted, "unless it's in wine, nor spill you into the water—and I'll show you the prettiest thing you ever laid eyes on! Come, Señor Morales," and he drew Don José to one side and spoke low and rapidly. Ten minutes later the boat, carrying the captain and the Californian, was bobbing across the water.

In 1842 there were not many residents in the vicinity of the port of San Pedro, and none of these were that night aroused by the dipping oars of a boat which was beached on the shore a mile or more from the regular landing. No one heard the violent splashing of water, the hushed oaths in English and in Spanish, and the galloping of horses, muffled as it was by sand and grass.

A week after the *Saucy Jane* had completed her lading and sailed away, Don José Morales rode, one morning, into *el Pueblo de Los Angeles* and, after galloping up one street and down another, met Don Luis Abila in front of the church door. The two men greeted each other with ceremonious politeness. Then Don José asked carelessly, "What sayest thou to a race, Don Luis? I will stake five thousand pesos on my mare, 'La Golondrina,' against your gelding, Muchacho."

Don Luis laughed lightly. "You remember the last race, Don José?" he cried.

"I remember," Morales an[illegible] ly

"And—well, if you [illegible] pesos, certainly I will ac[illegible] with gladness. But yo[illegible] 'rina', I do not know!

*Note—This story is based upon an [illegible] which Don José Sepulveda is said to h[illegible] mysterious home, the Black Swan.

"Thou wilt know her when this race is over," Don José answered with confidence. "But the conditions—Don Luis, it shall be a mile and return, no? and when? and where?"

"It matters not to me," Luis Abila returned with a well affected indifference, "Muchacho has won in many places and under many conditions, as thou knowest!"

His courteous tone added a sting to his words and he continued with a visible touch of malice, "And thou hast given him another opportunity!"

"This will be his last race," Don José returned, as he rode away.

"I have heard that before from the Morales," Don Luis called after him.

It was true enough. For twelve years now the contest between the families of Morales and Abila had been bitterly waged. It had begun when Fernando, the youngest brother of Don José, had backed his colt against the black Diablo of Don Luis Abila. The boy—only nineteen—had boasted—Don Luis had taunted. Being a Morales, Fernando had raised his bet. When he had lost, as was inevitable, his father, stern old Don Francisco Morales, had refused to pay the score, because he despised Don Luis as a trickster. Don Luis had brought suit to enforce the payment—a suit that was taken from the local court to the territorial junta—to the governor of California and, finally, to Mexico. In its day it had been indeed a *cause celebré*. No final decision had ever been reached—only hard feeling and endless rivalry had resulted, for which many a poor brute had paid the penalty. Horses had been bred and trained by each side to win the honors and the gold of its rivals. California and Mexico had been searched for horseflesh that should win out against the stock of the Abilas, or the Morales, as the case might be.

But for three years now the bay gelding of Don Luis had been invincible. Don Luis swore that no horse in California could beat him—and backed the statement with a standing offer of a thousand pesos in gold, and a thousand head of steers.

Naturally, Don José Morales' challenge for so large an amount on an unknown and untried horse aroused wonder. The entire pueblo was soon alive with it and the news spread with astonishing rapidity to the surrounding ranchos throughout the community. Bets were many and large, for the Morales family—and they were no mean share of the population of California at that time—backed the horse of Don José, although they knew no more about it than did Don Luis Abila himself.

Word of the transaction was passed on to San Diego, to Santa Barbara, to Monterey. Wonder gave way to speculation, speculation to curiosity and then to investigation. Parties of horsemen almost daily visited San Marcos, the princely domain of Don José. They were welcomed there with all the graciousness of the most gracious host in California. They looked about and saw herds of cattle, bands of horses, flocks of sheep—but they saw no strange mare that gave promise of speed. Other parties, who did not approach the hacienda, visited the vaqueros, beset the mayordomo, even questioned the shepherds—all to no avail.

From Monterey to San Diego there was no report of a strange horse having been brought into the country, and the mysterious "La Golondrina" became the chief subject of conjecture and the one topic of conversation among the *hijos del pais*. Don Luis now declared openly that Don José had merely rechristened his Anita, who had already been beaten a half-dozen times. There were not wanting those who asserted that Don José had lost his head and become *loco* in his great desire to triumph over the Abilas.

Even the brothers, sons-in-law and nephews of Don José began to question uneasily among themselves and to hint as boldly as they dared—which went no further than an anxious *quien sabe?*—when Don José asserted stoutly that neither Muchacho nor any other horse in the territory could outrun his "La Golondrina," and that he would stake his all upon it. But the old man would answer no hints nor questions, nor vouchsafe any information whatever concerning the mare until Antonio came home. Antonio was his only son, now secretary to his excellency, Governor Alvarado. When he told his father that he had risked everything, even his official position, upon the outcome of this race, and had become alarmed at the gossip circulating through the country, Don José laughed aloud. And that same day, at siesta time, he and Antonio rode quietly away across the hills. They returned at

José's brain, invented to ease his wounded pride—and to fool gulls.

"*Es bueno*," Don José remarked, when this statement was reported to him, "it is well, indeed."

The race was set for the tenth day of September, at two in the afternoon. The course had been laid out on a level stretch, seven miles south of Los Angeles. As the day approached, the male population of California—not only the rancheros, the caballeros and the few American merchants and settlers, but the vaqueros, and the Mexican and Indian hombres of every degree, drifted toward the race-course. And everyone who could raise a peso, bet something, often everything he possessed, upon the coming contest. The odds were heavily in favor of Muchacho. Reckless as the Californians were, betting "unsight and unseen" was too much for any but the staunchest friends of Don José Morales. And, in spite of Antonio's testimony, many —even of the family—doubted the existence of any such animal as the much-vaunted mare, and based their bets upon the supposition that Don José would run some one of his numerous broncos.

It was nearly noon, and the sun was pouring fiercely upon the plain, when a cloud of dust announced the approach of Don José and his party. The excitement became intense as the assembled throng saw, surrounded by horsemen, a smooth-faced young Englishman, leading behind him a horse that was certainly a stranger in the land. Slender of muzzle, delicate of limb, long of body, deep of chest, she carried her head like a queen and stepped as though she spurned the soil of California.

As the Morales following crowded around her, a shout of defiant approval went up from them. Here, indeed, was a horse—such a horse as had never before been seen in California—an English thoroughbred—with a pedigree! Presently there was a hush while Don Abel Stearns, compadre of Don José, translated the pedigree.

But, could this dainty, high-born lass outrun rough and ready Muchacho, with wind like a steam-engine and the strength of a bull? The Abilas, after a careful inspection, averred not.

"She is but a plaything, not a race-horse!" Don Luis cried with fine scorn.

Don José, who heard the words, came forward and spoke gravely: "I will wager ten thousand pesos, in stock and in lands, that my plaything can beat your race-horse," he said.

Don Luis flushed and laughed nervously, but, without an instant's hesitation, he rode forward and took the proffered paper, thus doubling the amount he himself staked, and risking all that was left of his once great possessions.

The Americans began to put their stakes upon the English horse, but the Californians, except the relatives of Don José, still backed Muchacho. They knew what he could do.

At two o'clock the space was crowded with an eager, restless throng of horsemen, between whom struggled a mass of humanity. The horses were led out promptly—Muchacho barebacked, ridden by a lithe young vaquero, also barebacked and bare-legged. He carried a heavy rawhide quirt. The young Englishman, slender and clean of limb, with a racing-saddle and a light whip, was a revelation to his Californian onlookers. The gelding pulled and plunged viciously, while the mare, thrilling and snorting with excitement, stood poised for the word.

At last the signal was given. The horses, held down fiercely by their riders, dashed away neck to neck. The crowd shouted and shifted uneasily, to better view the flying animals. As they neared the mile stake, Muchacho's rider raised his quirt and stinging blows fell upon the quivering flanks of the animal, who swept around the stake on the inside, at least two lengths ahead of the mare. Then the Englishman used his whip. "La Golondrina" lengthened out and leaped forward until again the two were running neck to neck. With wild cries of encouragement the backers of the California horse urged it forward, while the vaquero rained blows upon it at every leap; but the mare still held her own. As they swung into the last quarter a silence fell upon the multitude—even the horses seemed to catch the spirit of t' moment and cease their plunging and stamping.

On either hand of the judges sat Don Luis and Don José. Don Luis was pale and the hand that shaded his eyes trembled as he leaned forward in his seat. Don José was smoking a cigarette, and only the fierce keenness of his eyes betrayed the strain. But when the horses, still neck to neck, were within twenty rods of the stake, he dropped his cigarette and shouted savagely:

The Rules of the Game

By STEWART EDWARD WHITE

Author of The Blazed Trail; Arizona Nights; The Riverman, Etc.

ILLUSTRATED BY J. A. CAHILL

PART III, CHAPTERS V TO XI

BEGUN IN THE FEBRUARY NUMBER

BOB took supper at Auntie Belle's, and rode up the mountain after dark. He did not attempt short cuts, but allowed his horse to follow the plain grade of the road. After a time the moon crept over the zenith, and at once the forest took on a fairylike strangeness, as though at the torch of night new worlds had taken the place of the vanished old. Somewhere near midnight, his body shivering with the mountain cold, his legs stiff and chafed from the long unaccustomed riding, but his mind filled with the wonder and beauty of the mountain night, Bob drew rein beside the corrals. After turning in his horse, he walked through the bright moonlight to Welton's door, on which he hammered.

"Hey!" called the lumberman from within.

"It's I, Bob."

Welton scratched a match.

"Why in blazes didn't you come up in the morning?" he inquired

"I've found out another and perhaps important hole we're in."

"Can we do anything to help ourselves out before morning?" demanded Welton. "No? Well, sleep tight! I'll see you at six."

Next morning Welton rolled out as good-humored and deliberate as ever.

"My boy," said he, "when you get to be as old as I am, you'll never stir up trouble at night unless you can fix it then. What is it?"

Bob detailed his conversation with Plant.

"Do you mean to tell me that that old, fat skunk had the nerve to tell you he was going to send a ranger to look at our permit?" he demanded.

"Yes. That's what he said"

"The miserable hound! Why, I went to see him a year ago about crossing this strip with our road—we had to haul a lot of stuff in. He told me to go ahead and haul, and that he'd fix it up when the time came. Since then I've tackled him two or three times about it, but he's always told me to go ahead -that it was [illegible]ht. So we went ahead. It's alw[illegible]atter of form,

5

this crossing permit business. It's *meant* to be a matter of form!"

After breakfast Welton ordered his buckboard and, in company with Bob, drove down the mountain again. Plant was discovered directing the activities of several men, who were loading a light wagon with provisions and living utensils.

"Moving up to our summer camp," one of them told Bob. "Getting too hot down here."

Plant received them, his fat face expressionless, and led them into the stuffy little office.

"Look here, Plant," said Welton, without a trace of irritation on his weather-beaten, round countenance. "What's all this about seeing a permit to cross those Government sections? You know very well I haven't any permit."

"I have been informed by my men that you have constructed or caused to be constructed a water-flume through section 36, and a road through sections 14, 22, 28 and 32. If this has been done without due authorization you are liable for trespass. Fine of not less than $200 or imprisonment for not less than twelve months—or both." He delivered this in a voice absolutely devoid of expression.

"But you told me to go ahead, and that you'd attended to the details, and it would be all right," said Welton.

"You must have misunderstood me," replied Plant blandly. "It is against my sworn duty to permit such occupation of public land without due conformity to law. It is within my discretion whether to report the trespass for legal action. I am willing to believe that you have acted in this matter without malicious intent. But the trespass must cease."

"What do you mean by that?" asked Welton.

"You must not use that road as a highway, nor the flume, and you must remove the flume within a reasonable time. Or else you may still get a permit."

"How long would that take?" asked Welton. "Could it be done by wire?"

Plant lifted a glazed and fishy eye to survey him.

"You would be required to submit in writing specifications of the length and location of said road and flume. This must be accompanied by a topographical map and details of construction. I shall then send out field men to investigate, after which, endorsed with my approval, it goes for final decision to the department."

"Good Lord, man!" cried Welton, aghast. "That would take all summer! And besides, I made out all that tomfoolery last summer. I supposed you must have unwound all that red tape long ago!"

Plant for the first time looked his interlocutor square in the eye.

"I find among my records no such application," he said deliberately.

Welton stared at him a moment, then laughed.

"All right, Mr. Plant, I'll see what's to be done," said he, and went out.

In silence the two walked down the street until out of ear-shot. Then Bob broke out.

"I'd like to punch his fat carcass!" he cried. "The old liar!"

Welton laughed.

"It all goes to show that a man's never too old to learn. He's got us plain enough just because this old man was too busy to wake up to the fact that these Government grafters are so strong out here. Back our way when you needed a logging road, you just built it, and paid for the unavoidable damage, and that's all there was to it."

"You take it cool," spluttered Bob.

"No use taking it any other way," replied Welton. "But the situation is serious. We've got our plant in shape, and our supplies in, and our men engaged. It would be bad enough to shut down with all that expense. But the main trouble is, we're under contract to deliver our mill run to Marshall & Harding. We can't forfeit that contract and stay in business."

"What are you going to do about it?" asked Bob.

"Get on the wires to your father in Washington," replied Welton. "Lucky your friend Baker's power project is only four miles away—we can use his phone."

But at the edge of town they met Lejeune.

"I got de ship in pasture," he told Bob. "But hees good for not more dan one wik."

"Look here, Lejeune," said Welton, "I'm sorry, but you'll have to look up another range for this summer. Of course we'll pay any loss or damage in the matter. It looks impossible to do anything with Plant."

The Frenchman threw up both hands and broke into voluble explanations. From them the listeners gathered more knowledge in regard to the sheep business than they

could have learned by observation in a year. Briefly, it was necessary that the sheep have high-country feed, at once; the sheepmen apportioned the mountains among themselves, so that each had his understood range; it would now be impossible to find anywhere another range; only sometimes could one trade localities with another, but that must be arranged earlier in the season, before the flocks are in the hills; in short, affairs were at a critical point, where Lejeune must have feed and no other feed was to be had except that for which he had in all confidence contracted. Welton listened thoughtfully, his eyes between his horses.

"Can you run those sheep in, at night, or somehow?"

The Frenchman's eyes sparkled.

"I run ship two year in Yosemite Park," he bragged. "No soldier fin' me."

"That's no great shakes," said Welton drily, "from what I've seen of Park soldiers. If you can sneak these sheep across without getting caught, you do it."

"I snik ship across all right," said Lejeune. "But I can' stop hees track. The ranger he know I cross all right."

"What's the penalty?" asked Welton.

"Mos'ly 'bout one hundred dollar," replied Lejeune promptly. "Mebbe five hundred."

Welton sighed. "Is that the limit?" he asked. "Not more than five hundred?"

"No. Dat all."

"Well, it'll take a good half of the rent to get you in, if they soak us the limit; but you're up against it, and we'll stand back of you. If we agreed to give you that grazing, by God, *you'll get it*, as long as that land is ours."

He nodded and drove on, while Lejeune, the true sheepman's delight in dodging the officers burning strong within his breast, turned his mule's head to the lower country.

VI

THE full situation, as far as the wires could tell it, was laid before Jack Orde in Washington. A detailed letter followed. Toward evening of that day the mill-crews began to come in with the four and six-horse teams provided for their transportation. They were a dusty but hilarious lot. The teams drew up underneath the solitary sycamore tree that gave the place its name, and at once went into camp. Bob strolled down to look them over.

They proved to be fresh-faced, strong farm boys, for the most part, with a fair sprinkling of older mountaineers, and quite a contingent of half and quarter-bred Indians. All these people worked on ranches or in the towns during the off season when the Sierra were buried under winter snows. Their skill at woodsmanship might be undoubted, but the intermittent character of their work precluded any development of individual type, like the rivermen and shanty boys of the vanished North. For a moment Bob experienced a twinge of regret that the old, hard, picturesque days of his northern logging were indeed gone. Then the interest of this great, new country with its surging life and its new problems gripped him hard. He left these decent, hard-working, self-respecting ranch boys, these quiet mountaineers, these stolid, inscrutable breeds to their flickering camp-fire.

Next morning the many-seated vehicles filled early and started up the road. But within a mile Welton and Bob in their buckboard came upon old California John square in the middle of the way. Star stood like a magnificent statue except that slowly over and over he turned the wheel of the silver-mounted spade bit with relish under his tongue. As the ranger showed no indication of getting out of the way, Welton perforce came to a halt.

"Road closed to trespass by the Wolverine Company," the ranger stated impassively.

Welton whistled.

"That means I can't get to my own property?" he asked.

"My orders are to close this road to the Wolverine Company."

"Well, you've obeyed orders. Now get out of the way. Tell your chief he can go ahead on a trespass suit."

But the old man shook his head.

"No, you don't understand," he repeated patiently. "My orders were to close the road to the Company, not just to give notice."

Without replying Welton picked up his reins and started his horses. The old man seemed barely to shift his position, but from some concealment he produced a worn and shiny Colt's. This he laid across the horn of his saddle.

"Stop!" he commanded this time his voice had a bite to

"Millions for defense," chuckled Weltoff, who recognized perfectly the tone, "and how much did you say for tribute?"

"What say?" inquired the old man.

"What sort of a hold-up is this? We certainly can't do this road any damage driving over it once. How much of an inducement does Plant want anyway?"

"This department is only doing its sworn duty," replied the old man. His blue eyes met Welton's steadily; not a line of his weather-beaten face changed. For twenty seconds the lumberman tried to read his opponent's mind.

"Well," he said at last, "you can tell your chief that if he thinks he can annoy and harass me into bribing him to be decent, he's left."

By this time the dust and creak of the first heavily-laden vehicle had labored up to within a few hundred yards.

"I have over a hundred men there," said Welton, "that I've hired to work for me at the top of that mountain. It's damn foolishness that anybody should stop their going there; and I'll bet they won't lose their jobs. My advice to you is to stand one side. You can't stop a hundred men alone."

"Yes, I can," replied the old man calmly. "I'm not alone."

"No?" said Welton, looking about him.

"No—there's eighty million people behind that," said California John, touching lightly the shield of his ranger-badge. The simplicity of the act robbed it of all mock-heroics.

Welton paused, a frown of perplexity between his brows. California John was watching him calmly.

"Of course, the *public* has a right to camp in all Forest Reserves—subject to reg'lation," he proffered.

Welton caught at this.

"You mean—"

"No, you got to turn back, and your Company's rigs have got to turn back," said California John. "But I sure ain't no orders to stop no campers."

Welton nodded briefly; and, after some difficulty succeeding in turning around, he drove back down the grade. After he had bunched the wagons he addressed the assembled men.

"Boys," said he, "there's been some sort of a row with the Government, and they've closed this road to us temporarily. I guess you'll have to hoof it the rest of the way."

This was no great and unaccustomed hardship, and no one objected.

"How about our beds?" inquired someone.

This presented a difficulty. No Western camp of any description—lumber, mining, railroad, cow—supplies the bedding for its men. Camp blankets as dealt out in our old time northern logging camp are unknown. Each man brings his own blankets, which he further augments with a pair of quilts, a pillow and a heavy canvas. All his clothing and personal belongings he tucks inside; the canvas he firmly lashes outside. Instead of his "turkey"—or duffle-bag—he speaks of his "bed roll," and by that term means not only his sleeping equipment but often all his worldly goods.

"Can't you unhitch your horses and pack them?" asked Bob.

"Sure," cried several mountaineers at once.

Welton chuckled.

"That sounds like it," he approved, "and remember, boys, you're all innocent campers out to enjoy the wonders and beauties of nature."

The men made short work of the job. In a twinkling the horses were unhitched from the ten vehicles. Six out of ten of these men were more or less practised at throwing packing hitches, for your Californian brought up in sight of mountains is often among them. Bob admired the dexterity with which some of the mountaineers improvised slings and drew tight the bulky and cumbersome packs. Within half an hour the long procession was under way, a hundred men and fifty horses. They filed past California John, who had drawn one side.

"Camping, boys?" he asked the leader.

The man nodded and passed on. California John sat at ease, his elbow on the pommel, his hand on his chin, his blue eyes staring vacantly at the silent procession filing before him. Star stood motionless, his head high, his small ears pricked forward. The light dust peculiar to the mountain soils of California, stirred by many feet, billowed and rolled upward through the pines. Long rays of sunlight cut through it like swords.

"Now did you ever see such utter damn foolishness!" growled Welton. "Make that bunch *walk* all the way up that mountain! What on earth is the difference whether they walk or ride?"

But Bob, examining closely the faded, old figure on the magnificent horse, felt his mind vaguely troubled by another notion. He could not seize the thought, but its influence was there. Somehow the irritation and exasperation had gone from the episode.

"I know that sort of crazy, old mossback," muttered Welton as he turned down the mountain. "Pin a tin star on them and they think they're as important as hell!"

Bob looked back.

"I don't know," he said vaguely. "I'm kind of for that old coon."

The bend shut him out. After the buckboard had dipped into the horseshoe and out to the next point, they again looked back. The smoke of marching rose above the trees to eddy lazily up the mountain. California John, a tiny figure now, still sat patiently guarding the portals of an empty duty.

VII

BOB and Welton left the buckboard at Sycamore Flats and rode up to the mill by a detour. There they plunged into active work. The labor of getting the new enterprise under way proved to be tremendous. A very competent woods foreman named Post was in charge of the actual logging, so Welton gave his undivided attention to the mill work. All day the huge peeled timbers slid and creaked along the greased slides, dragged mightily by a straining wire cable that snapped and swung dangerously. When they had reached the solid "bank" that slanted down toward the mill, the obstreperous "bull" donkey lowered its crest of white steam, coughed, and was still. A man threw over the first of these timbers a heavy rope, armed with a hook, that another man drove home with a blow of his sledge. The rope tightened. Over rolled the log, out from the greased slide, to come finally to rest among its fellows at the entrance to the mill.

Thence it disappeared, moved always by steam-driven hooks, for these great logs could not be managed by hand implements. The sawyers, at their levers, controlled the various activities. When the time came the smooth, deadly steel ribbon of the modern band-saws hummed hungrily into the great pines: the automatic roller hurried the new sawn boards to the edgers; little cars piled high with them shot out from the cool dimness into the dazzling sunlight; men armed with heavy canvas or leather stacked them in the yards—and then—

That was the trouble—and then, nothing!

From this point they should have gone farther. Clamped in rectangular bundles, pushing the raging white water before their blunt noses, as strange craft they should have been flashing at regular intervals down the twisting, turning and plunging course of the flume. Arrived safely at the bottom, the eight and twelve-horse teams should have taken them in charge, dragging them by the double-wagon load to the waiting yards of Marshall & Harding. Nothing of the sort was happening. Welton did not dare go ahead with the water for fear of prejudicing his own case. The lumber accumulated. And as the mill's capacity was great and that of the yards small, the accumulation soon threatened to become embarrassing.

Bob acted as Welton's lieutenant. As the older lumberman was at first occupied in testing out his sawyers, and otherwise supervising the finished product, Bob was necessarily much in the woods. This suited him perfectly. Every morning at six he and the men tramped to the scene of operations. There a dozen crews scattered to as many tasks. Far in the van the fellers plied their implements. First of all they determined which way a tree could be made to fall, estimating long and carefully on the weight of limbs, the slant of the trunk, the slope of ground, all the elements having to do with the center of gravity. This having been determined, the men next chopped notches of the right depth for the insertion of short boards to afford footholds high enough to enable them to notch the tree above the swell of the roots. Standing on these springy and uncertain boards, they began their real work, swinging their axes alternately with untiring patience and incomparable accuracy. Slowly, very slowly the "nick" grew, a mouth gaping ever wider in the brown tree. When it had gaped wide enough the men hopped down from their springboards, laid aside their axes, and betook themselves to the saw. And when at last, the wedges inserted in the saw-crack started the mighty top, the men calmly withdrew the long ribbon of steel and stood one side.

After the dust h[illegible] and the last reverberations of [illegible] crash had

ceased to re-echo through the forest, the fellers stepped forward to examine their work. They took all things into consideration, such as old wind-shakes, new decay, twist of grain and location of the limbs. Then they measured off the prostrate trunk into logs of twelve, fourteen, sixteen, eighteen, or even twenty feet, according to the best expediency. The division points between logs they notched plainly, and shouldering their axes and their sledge and their long, limber saw, pocketing their wedges and their bottle of coal-oil, they moved on to where the next mighty pine had through all the centuries been awaiting their coming.

Now arrived upon the scene the "swampers" and cross-cut men, swarming over the prostrate tree like ants over a piece of sugar. Some of them cut off limbs; others, with axes and crowbars, began to pry away great slabs of bark; still others, with much precaution of shovel, wedge and ax against jamming, commenced the slow and laborious undertaking of sawing apart the logs.

But most interesting and complicated of all were the further processes of handling the great logs after they had been peeled and sawed.

The ends of steel cables were dragged by a horse to the prostrate tree, where they were made fast by means of chains and hooks. Then the puffing and snorting donkey-engine near the chute tightened the cable. The log stirred, moved, plunged its great, blunt nose forward, plowing up the soil. Small trees and bushes it overrode. But sooner or later it collided head on, with a large tree, a stump, or a boulder. The cable strained. Men shouted or waved their arms in signal. The donkey-engine ceased coughing. Then the horse pulled the end of the log free. Behind it was left a deep trough, a half cylinder scooped from the soil.

At the chutes the logs were laid end to end, like a train of cars. A more powerful cable, endless, running to the mill and back again, here took up the burden. At a certain point it was broken by two great hooks. One of these, the one in advance, the men imbedded in the rear log of the train. The other was dragged behind. Away from the chutes ten feet the returning cable snapped through rude pulleys. The train of logs moved forward slowly and steadily, sliding on the greased ways.

On the knoll the donkey-engine coughed and snorted as it heaved the mighty timbers from the woods. The drag of the logs was sometimes heavier than the engine, so it had to be anchored by other cables to strong trees. Between these opposing forces—the inertia of the rooted and the fallen—it leaped and trembled. At its throttle, underneath a canopy knocked together of rough boards, the engineer stood, ready from one instant to another to shut off, speed up, or slow down according to the demands of an ever-changing exigence. His was a nervous job, and he earned his repose.

At the rear of the boiler a boy of eighteen toiled with an ax, chopping into appropriate lengths the deadwood brought in for fuel. Next year it would be possible to utilize old tops for this purpose, but now they were too green. Another boy in charge of a solemn mule tramped ceaselessly back and forth between the engine and a spring dug out down the hill in a ravine. Before the end of that summer they had worn a trail so deep and hard and smooth that many seasons of snow failed to obliterate it even from the soft earth. On either side the mule were slung sacks of heavy canvas. At the spring the boy filled these by means of a pail. Returned to the engine, he replenished the boiler, draining the sack from the bottom, cast a fleeting glance at the water-gauge of the donkey-engine, and hastened back to the spring. He had charge of three engines —and was busy.

And back along the line of the chutes were other men to fill out this crew of many activities—old men to signal; young men to stand by with slush-brush, ax, or bar when things did not go well; axmen with teams laying accurately new chutes into new country yet untouched.

Bob found plenty to keep him busy. Post, the woods foreman, was a good chute-man. By long experience he had gained practical knowledge of the problems and accidents of this kind of work. To get the logs out from the beds in which they lay, across a rugged country, and into the mill was an engineering proposition of some moment. It is easy to get into difficulties from which hours of work will not extricate.

But a man involved closely in the practical management of a saw-log may conceivably possess scant leisure to correlate the scattered efforts of such divergent activities. The cross-cutters and swampers may get ahead of the fellers; and have to wait in idleness until the latter have knocked down a tree.

Or the donkey may fall silent from lack of logs to haul; or the chute-crews may smoke their pipes awaiting the donkey. Or, worst and unpardonable disgrace of all, the mill may run out of logs! When that happens, the Old Fellow is usually pretty promptly on the scene.

Now, it is obvious that if somewhere on the works ten men are always waiting—even though the same ten men are not thus idle over once a week—the employer is paying for ten men too many. Bob found his best activity lay in seeing that that did not happen. He rode everywhere reviewing the work; and he kept it shaken together. Thus he found himself very useful, he gained rapidly a working knowledge of this new kind of logging, and, incidentally, he found his lines fallen on very pleasant places indeed.

The forest never lost its marvel to him, but after he had to some extent become accustomed to the immense trees, he began to notice the smaller affairs of the woodland. The dogwoods and azaleas were beginning to come out; the waxy, crimson snow-plants were up; the tiny green meadows near the heads of streams were enameled with flowers; hundreds of species of birds sang and flashed and scratched and crept and soared. The smaller animals were everywhere. The sun at noon disengaged innumerable and subtle tepid odors of pine and blossom.

One afternoon, a little less than a week subsequent to the beginning of work, Bob, riding home through the woods by a detour around a hill, came upon sheep. They were scattered all over the hill, cropping busily at the snow-brush, moving ever slowly forward. A constant murmur arose, a murmur of a silent, quick, minute activity. Occasionally some mother among them lifted her voice. Bob sat his horse, looking silently on the shifting grays. In ten seconds his sight blurred; he experienced a slight giddiness as though the substantial ground were shifting beneath him in masses, slowly as in a dream. It gave him a curious feeling of instability. By an effort he focused his eyes; but almost immediately he caught himself growing fuzzy-minded again, exactly as though he had been gazing absently for a considerable period at a very bright light. He shook himself.

"I don't wonder sheep-herders go dotty," said he aloud.

He looked about him, and for the first time became aware of a tow-headed youth above him on the hill. The youth leaned on a staff, and at his feet crouched two long-haired dogs. Bob turned his horse in that direction.

When he had approached, he saw the boy to be about seventeen years old. His hair was very light, as were his eyebrows and eyelashes. Only a decided tinge of blue in his irises saved him from albinism. His lips were thick and loose, his nose flat, his expression vacant. In contrast the two dogs, now seated on their haunches, their heads one side, their ears cocked up, their eyes bright, looked to be the more intelligent animals.

"Good evening," said Bob.

The boy merely stared.

"You in charge of the sheep?" inquired the young man presently.

The boy grunted.

"Where are you camped?" persisted Bob.

No answer.

"Where you boss?"

A faint gleam came into the sheep-herder's eyes. He raised his arm and pointed across through the woods.

Bob reined his horse in the direction indicated. As he passed the last of the flock in that direction, he caught sight of another herder and two more dogs. This seemed to be a bearded man of better appearance than the boy; but he too leaned motionless on his long staff; he too gazed unblinking on the nibbling, restless, changing, imbecile sheep.

As Bob looked, this man uttered a shrill, long-drawn whistle. Like arrows from bows the two dogs darted away, their ears flat, their bodies held low to the ground. The whistle was repeated by the youth. Immediately his dogs also glided forward. The noise of quick, sharp barkings was heard. At once the slow, shifting movement of the masses of gray ceased. The sound of murmurous, deep-toned bells, of bleating, of the movement of a multitude arose. The flock drew to a common center; it flowed slowly forward. Here and there the dark bodies of the dogs darted, eager and intelligently busy. The two herders followed after, leaning on their long staffs. Over the hill passed the flock. Slowly the sounds of them merged into a murmur. It died. Only remained the fog of dust drifting through the trees, caught up by every passing current of air, light and impalpable as powder.

Bob continued on his way, but had not proceeded more than a few hundred feet before he was overtaken by Lejeune.

"You're the man I was looking for," said he, "I see you got your sheep in all right. Have any trouble?"

The sheepman's teeth flashed.

"Not 'tall," he replied, "I snik in ver' easy up by Beeg Rock."

At the mill, Bob, while luxuriously splashing the ice-cold water on his face and throat, took time to call to Welton in the next room.

"Saw your sheepman," he proffered. "He got in all right, sheep and all."

Welton appeared in the doorway, mopping his round, red face with a towel.

"Funny we haven't heard from Plant, then," said he. "That fat man must be keeping track of Lejeune's whereabouts, or he's easier than I thought he was.

VIII

THE week slipped by. Welton seemed to be completely immersed in the business of cutting lumber. In due time Orde, Senior, had replied by wire giving assurance that he would see to the matter of the crossing permits.

"So *that's* settled," quoth Welton. "You bet you Jack Orde will make the red tape fly. It'll take a couple of weeks, I suppose —time for the mail to get there and back. Meantime we'll get a cut ahead."

But at the end of ten days came a letter from the congressman.

"Don't know just what is the hitch," wrote Jack Orde. "It ought to be the simplest matter in the world, but they seem inclined to fall back here on their technicalities, which is all rot, of course. The man wants to be annoying for some reason, but I'll take the matter higher at once—have an appointment with the Chief this afternoon."

* * *

The next letter came by the following mail:

"This seems to be a bad mess. I can't understand it nor get to the bottom of it. On the face of the showing here we've just bulled ahead without any regard whatever for law or regulations. Of course I showed your letter stating your agreement and talks with Plant, but the department has his specific denial that you ever approached him. They stand pat on that, and while they're very polite, they insist on a detailed investigation. I'm going to see the Secretary this morning."

Close on the heels of this letter there came a wire:

> Plant submits reports of alleged sheep trespass committed this spring by your orders. Wire denial.

"My Lord!" said Welton, as he took this. "That's why we never heard from that! Bobby, that was a fool move certainly, but I couldn't turn Lejeune down after I'd agreed to graze him."

"How about these lumber contracts?" suggested Bob.

"We've got to straighten this matter out," said Welton soberly.

He returned a long telegram to Congressman Orde in Washington, and himself interviewed Plant. He made no headway whatever with the fat man, who refused to emerge beyond the hard technicalities of the situation. Welton made a journey to White Oaks where he interviewed the Superintendent of the Forest Reserves. The latter proved to be a well-meaning, kindly gentleman named Smith, who listened sympathetically, agreed absolutely with the equities of the situation, promised to attend to the matter, and expressed himself as delighted always to have these things brought to his personal attention. On reaching the street, however, Welton made a bee-line for the bank through which he did most of his business.

"Mr. Lee," he asked the president, "I want you to be frank with me. I am having certain dealings with the Forest Reserve, and I want to know how much I can depend on this man Smith."

Lee crossed his white hands on his round stomach and looked at Welton over his eyeglasses.

"In what way?" he asked.

"I've had a little trouble with one of his subordinates. I've just been around to state my case to Smith, and he agrees with my side of the affair, and promises to call down his man. Can I rely on him? Does he mean what he says?"

"He means what he says," replied the bank president slowly, "and you can rely on him—until his subordinate gets a chance to talk to him."

"H'm," ruminated Welton, "chinless, eh? I wondered why he wore whiskers."

As he walked up the street toward the hotel, where he would spend the night before undertaking the long drive back, somebody hailed him. He looked around to see a pair of beautiful driving horses, shying playfully against each other, coming to a stop at the curb. Their harness was the lightest that could be devised—no blinders, no breeching, slender, well-oiled straps; the rig they drew shone and twinkled with bright varnish, and seemed as delicate and light as thistledown. On the narrow seat sat a young man of thirty, covered with an old-fashioned linen duster, wearing the wide, gray felt hat of the country. He was a keen-faced, brown young man with snapping black eyes.

"Hullo, Welton," said he, as he brought the team to a stand, "when did you get out of the hills?"

"How are you, Mr. Harding," Welton returned his greeting. "Just down for the day."

"How are things going up your way?"

"First rate," replied Welton. "We're going ahead three bells and a jingle. Started to saw last week."

"That's good," said Harding. "I haven't heard of one of your teams on the road, and I began to wonder. We've got to begin deliveries on our Los Angeles and San Pedro contracts by the first of August, and we're depending on you."

"We'll be there," replied Welton with a laugh.

The young man laughed back.

"You'd better be, if you don't want us to come up and take your scalp," said he, gathering his reins.

"Guess I'll lay in some hair tonic so's to have a good one ready for you," returned Welton, as Harding nodded his farewell.

IX

MATTERS stood thus dependent on the efforts of Jack Orde at Washington, when one evening Baker rode in to camp and dismounted before the low veranda of the sleeping quarters. Welton and Bob sat, chair-tilted, awaiting the supper-gong.

"Thrice hail, noble chiefs!" cried Baker, cautiously stretching out first one sturdy leg, then the other. "Against which post can I lean my trusty charger?"

Baker was garbed to suit the role. His boots were very thick and very tall, and most bristly with hobnails; they laced with belt laces through forty-four caliber eyelets, and were strapped about the top with a broad piece of leather and two glittering buckles. Furthermore, his trousers were of khaki, his shirt of navy-blue, his belt three inches broad, his neckerchief of red, and his hat both wide and high.

In response to enthusiastic greetings, he struck a pose.

"How do you like it?" he inquired. "Isn't this the candy make-up for the simple life?—surveyor, hardy prospector, mountain-climber, sturdy pedestrian? Ain't I the real young cover-design for the Out-of-Door number?"

He accepted their congratulations with a lofty wave.

"That's all right," said he, "but somebody take away this horse before I bite him. I'm sore on that horse. Joke—snicker!"

Bob delivered over the animal to the stableman who was approaching.

"Come up to see the tall buildings?" he quoted Baker himself.

"Not so," denied that young man. "My errand is philanthropic. I'm robin-red-breast. Leaves for yours."

"Pass that again," urged Bob. "I didn't get it."

"I hear you people have locked horns with Henry Plant," said Baker.

"Well, Plant's a little on the peck," amended Welton.

"Leaves for yours," repeated the self-constituted robin-redbreast. "Babes in the Woods!"

Beyond this he would vouchsafe nothing until after supper when, cigars lighted, the three of them sprawled before the fireplace in quarters.

"Now," he began, "you fellows are up against it good and plenty. You can't wish your lumber out, and that's the only feasible method unless you get a permit. Why in blazes did you make this break, anyway?"

"What break?" asked Welton.

Baker looked at him and smiled slowly.

"You don't think I know where there's a telephone line without knowing what little birdies light on the wires, do you?"

"Does that damn operator leak?" inquired Welton placidly, but with a narrowing of the eyes.

"Not on your sac[illegible]etence. If he did, he'd be out a[illegible]ry in two

jumps. But I'm different. That's my *business*."

"Mighty poor business," put in Bob quietly.

Baker turned full toward him.

"Think so? You'll never get any cigars in the guessing-contest unless you can scare up better ones than that. Let's get back to cases. How did you happen to make this break, anyway?"

"Why," explained Welton, "it was simply a case of build a road and a flume down a worthless mountain side. Back with us a man builds his road where he needs it, and pays for the unavoidable damage. My head was full of all sorts of details. I went and asked Plant about it and he said all right, go ahead. I supposed that settled it, and that he must certainly have authority on his own job."

Baker nodded several times.

"Sure. I see the point. Just the same, he has you."

"For the time being," amended Welton. "Bob's father, here, is congressman from our district in Michigan, and he'll fix the matter."

Baker turned his face to the ceiling, blew a cloud of smoke toward it, and whistled. Then he looked down at Welton.

"I suppose you know the real difficulty?" he asked.

"One thousand dollars," replied Welton promptly, "—to hire extra fire-fighters to protect my timber," he added ironically.

"Well?"

"Well!" the lumberman slapped his knee. "I won't be held up in any such barefaced fashion!"

"And your congressman will pull you out. Now let me drop a few pearls of wisdom in the form of conundrums. Why does a fat man who can't ride a horse hold a job as Forest Supervisor in a mountain country?"

"He's got a pull somewhere," replied Welton.

"Bright boy! Go to the head. Why does a fat man who is hated by every mountain man, who grafts barefacedly, whose men are either loafers or discouraged, *hold* his job?"

"Same answer."

Baker leaned forward, and his mocking face became grave.

"That pull comes from the fact that old Gay is his first cousin, and that he seems to have some special drag with him."

Baker leaned back.

"About how much chance do you think Mr. Orde has of getting a hearing? Especially as all they have to do is to stand pat on the record. You'd better buy your extra fire-fighters."

"That would be plain bribery," put in Bob from the bed.

"Fie, fie! Naughty!" chided Baker. "Bribery! to protect one's timber against the ravages of the devouring element! Now look here," he resumed his sober tone and more considered speech. "What else can you do?"

"Fight it," said Bob.

"Fight what? Prefer charges against Plant? That's been done a dozen times. Such things never get beyond the clerks."

"Make a plain statement of the facts public," said Bob. "Publish them. Arouse public sentiment."

Baker looked cynical.

"Such attacks are ascribed to sore-heads," said he, "and public sentiment *isn't interested*. The average citizen wonders what all the fuss is about and why you don't get along with the officials anyway, as long as they are fairly reasonable." He turned to Welton, "How much more of a delay can you stand without closing down?"

"A month."

"How soon must your deliveries begin?"

"July first."

"If you default this contract you can't meet your notes."

"What notes?"

"Don't do the baby blue eyes. You can't start a show like this without borrowing. Furthermore, if you default this contract, you'll never get another, even if you do weather the storm."

"That's true," said Welton.

"Furthermore," insisted Baker, "Marshall and Harding will be considerably embarrassed to fill their contracts down below; and the building operations will go bump for lack of material, if they fail to make good. You can't stand or fall alone in this kind of a game."

Welton said nothing, but puffed strongly on his cigar.

"You're still doing the Sister Anne toward Washington," said Baker pleasantly. "This came over the phone. I wired Mr. Orde in your name asking what prospects there were for a speedy settlement. There's what he says." He flipped a piece of scratch-paper over to Welton.

"Deadlock," read the latter slowly. "No immediate prospect. Will hasten matters through regular channels. Signed Orde."

"Mr. Orde is familiar with the whole situation?" asked Baker.

"He is."

"Well, there's what he thinks about it even then. You'd better see to that fire protection. It's going to be a dry year."

"What's all your interest in this, anyway?" asked Bob.

Baker did not answer, but looked inquiringly toward Welton.

"He has several interests," said Welton. "He wants our irrigation water out of Granite Creek, and he wants to handle our lumber."

"Correct," said Baker, who had listened attentively. "Now I'm no tight wad, and I'll give you another, gratis. It's strictly under your hats, though. I'm trying to float bonds so I can build some more ditches; and if your business closes down I couldn't float a cake of Ivory Soap. Get it?"

Silence fell on the three, while the fire leaped and fell and crackled. Welton's face showed still a trace of stubbornness. Suddenly Baker leaned forward, all his customary fresh spirits shining in his face.

"Don't like to take his na'ty medicine," said he. "Well, now, I'll tell you. I know Plant mighty well. He eats out of my hand. He just loves me as a father. If I should go to him and say, 'Plant, my agile sylph, these people are my friends. Give them their nice little permit and let them run away and play,' why, he'd do it in a minute!" Baker rolled his eyes drolly at Welton, "Can this be the shadow of doubt! You disbelieve my power?" He leaned forward and tapped Welton's knee. His voice became grave. "I'll tell you what I'll do. *I'll bet you a thousand dollars I can get your permit for you.*"

The two men looked steadily into each other's eyes.

At last Welton drew a deep sigh.

"I'll go you," said he.

Baker laughed gleefully.

"It's a cinch," said he. "Now, honest, don't you think so? Do you give up? Will you give me a check now?"

"I'll give you a check, and you can hunt up a good stakeholder," said Welton.

"Make the check out," said Baker. "I'll let Plant hold the stakes and decide the bet."

He rose.

"Bring out the fiery, untamed steed!" he cried. "I must away!"

"Not to-night?" cried Bob in astonishment.

"Plant's in his upper camp," said Baker, "and it's only five miles by trail. There's still a moon."

"But why this haste?"

"Well," said Baker, spreading his sturdy legs apart and surveying first one and then the other. "To tell you the truth, our old friend Plant is getting hostile about these prods from Washington, and he intimated he'd better hear from me before midnight to-day."

"You've already seen him!" cried Bob.

But Baker merely grinned.

As he stood by his horse preparing to mount, he remarked casually.

"Just picked up a new man for my land business—name Oldham."

"Never heard of him," said Welton.

"He isn't the Lucky Lands Oldham, is he?" asked Bob.

"Same chicken," replied Baker, then as Bob laughed, "Think he's phoney? Maybe he'll take watching—and maybe he won't. I'm a good little watcher. But I do know he's got 'em all running up the street with their hats in their hands when it comes to getting results."

X

BAKER must have won his bet, for Welton never again saw his check for one thousand dollars until it was returned to him canceled—and with Plant's endorsement. Nor did Baker himself return. He sent instead a note advising someone to go over to Plant's headquarters. Accordingly Bob saddled his horse, and followed the messenger back to the Supervisor's summer quarters.

After an hour and a half of pleasant riding through the great forest, the trail dropped into a wagon-road which soon led them to a fine, open meadow.

"Where does the road go to in the other direction?" Bob asked his guide.

"She j'ines onto your road up the mountain just by the top of the rise," replied the ranger.

"How did you get up here before we built that road?" inquired Bob.

"Rode," answered the man briefly.

"Pretty tough on Plant," Bob ventured.

The man made no reply, but spat carefully into the tarweed. Bob chuckled to himself as the obvious humor of the situation came to him. Plant was evidently finding the disputed right of way a great convenience.

The meadow stretched broad and fair to a distant fringe of aspens. On either side lay the open forest of spruce and pines, spacious, without undergrowth. Among the trees gleamed several new buildings and one or two old and weather-beaten structures. The sounds of busy saws and hammers rang down the forest aisles.

Bob found the Supervisor sprawled comfortably in a rude, homemade chair, watching the activities about him. To his surprise he found there also Oldham, the real estate promoter from Los Angeles. Two men were nailing shakes on a new shed. Two more were busily engaged in hewing and sawing from a cross-section of a huge sugar-pine, a set of three steps. Plant seemed to be hugely interested in this, as were still two other men squatting on their heels close by. All wore the badges of the Forest Reserves. Near at hand stood two more men holding their horses by the bridle. As Bob ceased his interchange with Oldham, he overheard one of these inquire:

"All right. Now, what do you want us to do?"

"Get your names on the pay-roll and don't bother me," replied Plant.

Plant caught sight of Bob, and, to that young man's surprise, waved him a jovial hand.

"'Bout time you called on the old man!" he roared. "Tie your horse to the ground and come look at these steps. I bet there ain't another pair like 'em in the mountains!"

Somewhat amused at this cordiality, Bob dismounted.

Plant mentioned names by way of introduction.

"Baker told me that you were with him, but not that you were on the mountain," said Bob. "Better come over and see us."

"I'll try, but I'm rushed to get back," replied Oldham formally.

"How's the work coming on?" asked Plant. "When you going to start fluming 'em down?"

"As soon as we can get our permit," replied Bob.

Plant chuckled.

"Well, you did get in a hole there, didn't you? I guess you better go ahead. It'll take all summer to get the permit, and you don't want to lose a season, do you?"

Astonished at the effrontery of the man, Bob could with difficulty control his expression.

"We expect to start to-morrow or next day," he replied. "Just as soon as we can get our teams organized. Just scribble me a temporary permit, will you?" He offered a fountain-pen and a blank leaf of his notebook.

Plant hesitated, but finally wrote a few words.

"You won't need it," he assured Bob. "I'll pass the word. But there you are."

"Thanks," said Bob, folding away the paper. "You seem to be comfortably fixed here."

Plant heaved his mighty body to its legs. His fat face beamed with pride.

"My boy," he confided to Bob, laying a pudgy hand on the young man's shoulder. "This is the best camp in the mountains—without any exception."

He insisted on showing Bob around. Of course the young fellow, unaccustomed as yet to the difficulties of mountain transportation, could not quite appreciate to the full extent the value in forethought and labor of such things as glass windows, hanging lamps, enameled table service, open fireplaces, and all the thousand and one conveniences—either improvised or transported muleback—that Plant displayed. Nevertheless, he found the place most comfortable and attractive.

They caught a glimpse of skirts disappearing, but in spite of Plant's roar of "Minnie!" the woman failed to appear.

"My niece," he explained.

In spite of himself Bob found that he was beginning to like the fat man. There could be no doubt that the Supervisor was a great rascal; neither could there be any doubt but that his personality was most attractive. He had a bull-like way of roaring out his jokes, his orders, or his expostulations; a smashing, dry humor; and above all an invariably confident and optimistic belief that everything was going well and according to everyone's desires. His manner too was hearty, his hand-clasp warm. He fairly radiated good-fellowship and good humor as he rolled about. Bob's animosity thawed in spite of his half-amused realization of what he ought to feel.

When the tour of inspection had brought them again to the grove where the men were at work, they found two new arrivals.

These were evidently brothers, as their square-cut features proclaimed. They squatted side by side on their heels. Two good horses with the heavy saddles and coiled ropes of the stockmen looked patiently over their shoulders. A mule carrying a light pack wandered at will in the background. The men wore straight-brimmed, wide felt hats, short jumpers and overalls of blue denim, and cowboy boots armed with the long, blunt spurs of the craft. Their faces were stubby with a week's growth, but their blue eyes were wide apart and clear.

"Hullo, Pollock," greeted Plant, as he dropped blowing into his chair.

The men nodded briefly, never taking their steady gaze from Plant's face. After a due and deliberate pause the elder spoke.

"They's a thousand head of Wright's cattle been drove in on our ranges this year," said he.

"I issued Wright permits for that number, George," replied Plant blandly.

"But that's plumb crowdin' of our cattle off'n the range," protested the mountaineer.

"No, it ain't," denied Plant. "That range will keep a thousand cattle more. I've had complete reports on it. I know what I'm doing."

"It'll *keep* them all right," spoke up the younger, "which is saying they won't die. But they'll come out in the fall awful pore."

"I'm using my judgment as to that," said Plant.

"Yore judgment is pore," said the younger Pollock bluntly. "You got to be a cattleman to know about them things."

"Well, I know Simeon Wright don't put in cattle where he's going to lose on them," replied Plant. "If he's willing to risk it, I'll back his judgment."

"Wright's a crowder," the older Pollock took up the argument quietly. "He owns fifty thousand head. Me and Jim, here, we have five hunderd. He just aims to summer his cattle anyhow. When they come out in the fall, he will fat them up on alfalfa hay. Where is Jim and me and the Mortons and the Carrolls and all the rest of the mountain folks going to get alfalfa hay? If our cattle come out pore in the fall, they ain't no good to us. The range is overstocked with a thousand more cattle on it. We're pore men and Wright is rich. He's got lots of land of his own without crowdin' in on us."

"This is the public domain, for all the public—" began Plant pompously, but Jim Pollock the younger, cut in.

"We've run this range afore you had any Forest Reserves, afore you came into this country, Henry Plant, and our fathers and our grandfathers! We've built up our business here, and we've built our ranches and we've made our reg'lations and lived up to 'em! We ain't going to be run off our range without knowin' why!"

"Just because you've always hogged the public land is no reason why you should always continue to do so," said Plant cheerfully.

"Who's the public? Simeon Wright? or the folks up and down the mountains who lives in the country?"

"You've got the same show as Wright or anybody else."

"No, we ain't," interposed George Pollock. "For we're playin' a different game."

"Well, what is it you want me to do, anyway?" demanded Plant. "The man has his permit. You can't expect me to tell him to get to hell out of there when he has a duly authorized permit, do you?"

The Pollocks looked at each other.

"No," hesitated Jim, at last. "But we're overstocked. Don't issue no such blanket permits next year. The range won't carry no more cattle than it always has."

"Well, I'll have it investigated," promised Plant. "I'll send out a grazing man to look into the matter."

He nodded a dismissal, and the two men, rising slowly to their feet, prepared to mount. They looked perplexed and dissatisfied, but at a loss. Plant watched them sardonically. Finally they swung into the saddle with the cowman's easy grace.

"Well, good day," said Jim Pollock, after a moment's hesitation.

"Good day," returned Plant amusedly.

They rode away down the forest aisles. The pack-mule fell in behind them, ringing his tiny sweet-toned bell, his long ears swinging at every step.

Plant watched them out of sight.

"Most unreasonable people in the world," he remarked to Bob and Oldham. "They never can be made to see sense. Between them and these confounde' ·en— I'd like to get rid of th h, and deal only with *busin* s

too much palaver to run this outfit. If they gave me fifty rangers, I couldn't more'n make a start." He was plainly out of humor.

"How many rangers do you get?" asked Bob.

"Twelve," snapped Plant.

Bob saw eight of the twelve in sight, either idle or working on such matters as the steps hewed from the section of pine log. He said nothing, but smiled to himself.

Shortly after he took his leave. Plant, his good humor entirely recovered, bellowed after him a dozen jokes and invitations.

Down the road a quarter mile, just before the trail turned off to the mill, Bob and his guide, who was riding down the mountain, passed a man on horseback. He rode a carved-leather saddle, without *tapaderos*.* A rawhide riata hung in its loop on the right-hand side of the horn. He wore a very stiff-brimmed hat encircled by a leather strap and buckle, a cotton shirt, and belted trousers tucked into high-heeled boots embroidered with varied patterns. He was a square built, but very wiry man, with a bold, aggressive, half-hostile glance, and rode very straight and easy after the manner of the plains cowboy. A pair of straight-shanked spurs jingled at his heels, and he wore a revolver.

"Shelby," explained the guide after this man had passed, "Simeon Wright's foreman with these cattle you've been hearing about. He ain't never far off when there's something doing. Guess he's come to see about 'how's his fences.' "

XI

BOB rode jubilantly in to camp. The expedition had taken him all the afternoon, and it was dropping dusk when he had reached the mill.

"We can get busy!" he cried, waving the permit at Welton. "Here it is!"

Welton smiled. "I knew that, my boy," he replied, "and we're already busy to the extent of being ready to turn her loose to-morrow morning. I've sent down a yard crew to the lower end of the flume; and I've started Max to rustling out the teams, by phone."

Next day the water was turned into the flume. Fifty men stood by. Rapidly the skilled workmen applied the clamps and binders that made of the boards a compact bundle to be given to the rushing current. Then they thrust it forward to the drag of the water. It gathered headway, rubbing gently against the flume, first on one side, then on the other. Its weight began to tell; it gathered momentum; it pushed ahead of its blunt nose a foaming white wave; it shot out of sight grandly, careening from side to side. The men cheered.

"Well, we're off!" said Bob cheerfully.

"Yes, we're off, thank God," replied Welton.

From that moment the affairs of the new enterprise went as well as could be expected. Of course there were many rough edges to be smoothed off, but as the season progressed the community shaped itself. It was indeed a community of many and diverse activities, much more complicated, Bob soon discovered, than any of the old Michigan logging camps. A great many of the men brought their families. These occupied separate shanties, of course. The presence of the women and children took away much of that feeling of impermanence associated with most pioneer activities. As without exception these women kept house, the company "van" speedily expanded to a company store. Where the wanigan kept merely rough clothing, tobacco and patent medicines; the store soon answered demand for all sorts of household luxuries and necessities. Provisions, of course, were always in request. These, one of the company's bookkeepers doled out.

"Mr. Poole," the purchaser would often say to this man, "next time a wagon comes up from Sycamore Flats would you just as soon have them bring me up a few things? I want a washboard, and some shoes for Jimmy, and a double boiler; and there ought to be an express package for me from my sister."

"Sure! I'll see to it," said Poole.

This meant a great deal of trouble first and last, what with the charges and all. Finally Welton tired of it.

"We've got to keep a store," he told Bob finally.

With characteristic despatch he put the carpenters to work, and sent for lists of all that had been ordered from Sycamore Flats. A study of these, followed by a trip to White Oaks, resulted in the equipment of a store under charge of a man

*Stirrup-hoods.

experienced in that sort of thing. As time went on, and the needs of such a community made themselves more evident, the store grew in importance. Its shelves accumulated dress goods, dry goods, clothing, hardware; its rafters dangled with tinware and kettles, with rope, harness, webbing; its bins overflowed with various foodstuffs unknown to the purveyor of a lumber camp's commissary, but in demand by the housewife; its one glass case shone temptingly with fancy stationery, dollar watches and even cheap jewelry. There was candy for the children, gum for the bashful maiden, soda-pop for the frivolous young. In short, there sprang to being in an astonishingly brief space of time a very creditable specimen of the country store. It was a business in itself, requiring all the services of a competent man for the buying, the selling and the transportation. At the end of the year it showed a fair return on the investment.

"Though we'd have to have it even at a dead loss," Welton pointed out, "to hold our community together, all we need is a few tufts of chin whiskers and some politics to be full-fledged gosh-darn mossbacks."

The storekeeper, a very deliberate person, Merker by name, was much given to contemplation and pondering. He possessed a German pipe of porcelain which he smoked when not actively pestered by customers. At such times he leaned his elbows on the counter, curved one hand about the porcelain bowl of his pipe, lost the other in the depths of his great seal-brown beard, and fell into staring reveries. When a customer entered he came back—with due deliberation—from about one thousand miles. He refused to accept more than one statement at a time, to consider more than one person at a time, or to do more than one thing at a time.

"Gim'me five pounds of beans, two of sugar and half a pound of tea!" demanded Mrs. Max.

Merker deliberately laid aside his pipe, deliberately moved down the aisle behind his counter, deliberately filled his scoop, deliberately manipulated the scales. After the package was duly and neatly encased, labeled and deposited accurately in front of Mrs. Max, Merker looked her in the eye.

"Five pounds of beans," said he, and paused for the next item.

The moment the woman had departed, Merker resumed his pipe and his wide-eyed vacancy.

Welton was immensely amused and tickled.

"Seems to me he might keep a little busier," grumbled Bob.

"I thought so too at first," replied the older man, "but his store is always neat, and he keeps up his stock. Furthermore, he never makes a mistake—there's no chance for it on his one-thing-at-a-time system."

But it soon became evident that Merker's reveries did not mean vacancy of mind. At such times the placid one figured on his stock. When he put in a list of goods required, there was little guesswork as to the quantities needed. Furthermore, he had other schemes. One evening he presented himself to Welton with a proposition. His waving brown hair was sleeked back from his square, placid brow, his wide, cowlike eyes shone with the glow of the common or domestic fire, his brown beard was neat, and his holiday clothes were clean. At Welton's invitation he sat, but bolt upright on the edge of a chair.

"After due investigation and deliberation," he stated, "I have come to the independent conclusion that we are overlooking a means of revenue."

"As what?" asked Welton, amused by the man's deadly seriousness.

"Hogs," stated Merker.

He went on deliberately to explain the waste in camp garbage, the price of young pigs, the cost of their transportation, the average selling price of pork, the rate of weight increase per month, and the number possible to maintain. He further showed that, turned at large, they would require no care. Amused still at the man's earnestness, Welton tried to trip him up with questions. Merker had foreseen every contingency.

"I'll turn it over to you. Draw the necessary money from the store account," Welton told him finally.

Merker bowed solemnly and went out. In two weeks pigs appeared. They became a feature of the landscape, and those who experimented with gardens indulged in profanity, clubs and hog-proof fences. Returning home after dark the wayfarer was apt to be startled to the edge of flight by the grunting upheaval of what had

seemed a black shadow under the moon. Bob, in especial, required concentrated practise in horsemanship for the simple reason that his animal refused to dismiss his first hypothesis of bears.

Nevertheless at the end of the season Merker gravely presented a duly made out balance to the credit of hogs.

Encouraged by the success of this venture, he next attempted chickens. But even his vacant-eyed figuring had neglected to take into consideration the abundance of such predatory beasts and birds as wildcats, coyotes, racoons, owls and the swift hawks of the falcon family.

"I had thought," he reported to the secretly amused Welton, "that even in feeding the finer sorts of garbage to hogs there might be an economic waste; hogs fatten well enough on the coarser grades, and chickens will eat the finer. In that I fell into error. The percentage of loss from noxious varmints more than equals the difference in the cost of eggs. I further find that the margin of profits on chickens is not large enough to warrant expenditures for traps, dogs and men sufficient for protection."

"And how does the enterprise stand, now?" asked Welton.

"We are behind."

"H'm. And what would you advise by way of retrenchment?"

"I should advise closing out the business by killing the fowl," was Merker's opinion. "Crediting the account with the value of the chickens as food would bring us out with a loss of approximately ten dollars.

"Fried chicken is hardly applicable as lumber camp provender," pointed out Welton, "so it's scarcely a legitimate asset."

"I had considered that point," replied Merker, "and in my calculations I had valued the chickens at the price of beef."

Welton gave it up.

Another enterprise for which Merker was responsible was the utilization of the slabs and edgings in the construction of fruit trays and boxes. When he approached Welton on the subject, the lumberman was little inclined to be receptive to the idea.

"That's all very well, Merker," said he impatiently, "I don't doubt it's just as you say, and there's a lot of good tray and box material going to waste. So, too, I don't doubt there's lots of material for toothpicks and matches and wooden soldiers and shingles and all sorts of things in our slashings. The only trouble is that I'm trying to run a big lumber company. I haven't time for all that sort of little monkey business. There's too much detail involved in it."

"Yes, sir," said Merker, and withdrew.

About two weeks later, however, he reappeared, towing after him an elderly, bearded farmer and a bashful looking, hulking youth.

"This is Mr. Lee," said Merker, "and he wants to make arrangements with you to set up a little cleat and box-stuff mill, and use from your dump."

Mr. Lee, it turned out, had been sent up by an informal association of the fruit growers of the valley. Said informal association had been formed by Merker through the mails. The storekeeper had submitted such convincing figures that Lee had been despatched to see about it. It looked cheaper in the long run to send up a spare harvesting engine, to buy a saw, and to cut up box and tray stuff than to purchase those necessities from the regular dealers. Would Mr. Welton negotiate. Mr. Welton did. Before long the millmen were regaled by the sight of a snorting little upright engine connected by a flapping, sagging belt to a small circular saw. Two men and two boys worked like beavers. The racket, confusion, shouts, profanity and general awkwardness were something tremendous. Nevertheless, the pile of stock grew, and every once in a while six-horse farm-wagons from the valley would climb the mountain to take away box material enough to pack the fruit of a whole district. To Merker this was evidently a profound satisfaction. Often he would vary his usual between-customer reverie by walking out on his shaded veranda, where he would lean against an upright, nursing the bowl of his pipe, gazing across the sawdust to the diminutive and rackety box-plant in the distance.

Welton, passing one day, laughed at him.

"How about your economic waste, Merker?" he called. "Two good men could turn out three times the stuff all that gang does in about half the time."

"There are no two good men for that job," replied Merker unmoved. His large, cowlike eyes roved across the yards. "Men grow in a generation: trees grow in ten,"

he resumed with unexpected directness. "I have calculated that of a great tree, but forty per cent is used. All the rest is economic waste—slabs, edging, tops, stumps, sawdust." He sighed. "I couldn't get anybody to consider your toothpick and matches idea, nor the wooden soldiers, nor even the shingles," he ended.

Welton stared.

"You didn't quote me in the matter, did you?" he asked at length.

"I did not take the matter as official. Would I have done better to have done so?"

"Lord, no!" cried Welton fervently.

"The sawdust ought to make something," continued Merker, "but I am unable to discover a practical use for it." He indicated the great yellow mound that each day increased.

"Yes, I got to get a burner for it," said Welton, "it'll soon swamp us."

"There might be power in it," mused Merker, "a big furnace now—"

"For heaven's sake man, what for!" demanded Welton.

"I don't know yet," answered the storekeeper.

Merker amused and interested Welton, and in addition proved to be a valuable man for just his position. It tickled the burly lumberman, too, to stop for a moment in his rounds for the purpose of discussing with mock gravity any one of Merker's thousand ideas on economic waste. Welton discovered a huge entertainment in this. One day, however, he found Merker in earnest discussion with a mountain man whom the storekeeper introduced as Ross Fletcher. Welton did not pay very much attention to this man and was about to pass on when his eye caught the gleam of a Forest Ranger's badge. Then he stopped short.

"Merker!" he called sharply.

The storekeeper looked up.

"See here a minute. Now," said Welton, as he drew the other aside, "I want one thing distinctly understood. This government gang don't go here. This is my property, and I won't have them loafing around. That's all there is to it. Now understand me, I mean business. If those fellows come in here, they must buy what they want and get out. They're a lazy, loafing, grafting crew, and I won't have them."

Welton spoke earnestly, and in a low tone, and his face was red. Bob, passing, drew rein in astonishment. Never, in his long experience with Welton, had he seen the older man plainly out of temper. Welton's usual habit in aggravating and contrary circumstances was to show a surface, at least, of the most leisurely good-nature. So unprecedented was the present condition that Bob, after hesitating a moment, dismounted and approached.

Merker was staring at his chief with wide and astonished eyes, and plucking nervously at his brown beard.

"Why, that is Ross Fletcher," he gasped, "we were just talking about the economic waste in the forests. He is a good man. He isn't lazy. He—."

"Economic waste hell!" exploded Welton, "I won't have that crew around here, and I won't have my employees confabbing with them. I don't care what you tell them, or how you fix it, but you keep them out of here. Understand? I hate the sight of one of those fellows worse than a poison-snake!"

Merker glanced from Welton to the ranger and back again, perplexed.

"But — but —" he stammered, "I've known Ross Fletcher a long time. What can I say—"

Welton cut in on him with contempt.

"Well, you'd better say something, unless you want me to throw him off the place. This is no corner saloon for loafers."

"I'll fix it," offered Bob, and without waiting for a reply, he walked over to where the mountaineer was leaning against the counter.

"You're a forest ranger, I see," said Bob.

"Yes," replied the man, straightening from his lounging position.

"Well, from our bitter experiences as to the activities of a forest ranger we conclude that you must be very busy people—too busy to waste time on us."

The man's face changed, but he evidently had not quite arrived at the drift of this.

"I think you know what I mean," said Bob.

A slow flush overspread the ranger's face. He looked the young man up and down deliberately. Bob moved the fraction of an inch nearer.

"Meaning I'm not welcome here?" he ded.

ace is for the transaction of business have Merker get you anything?"

Fletcher shot a glance half of bewilderment, half of anger in the direction of the storekeeper. Then he nodded, not without a certain dignity, at Bob.

"Thanks, no," he said, and walked out, his spurs jingling.

"I guess he won't bother us again," said Bob, returning to Welton.

The latter laughed, a trifle ashamed of his anger.

"Those fellows give me the creeps" he said, "like cats do some people. Mossbacks don't know no better, but a government grafter is a little more useless than a nigger on a sawlog."

He went out. Bob turned to Merker.

"Sorry for the row," he said briefly, for he liked the gentle, slow man. "But they're a bad lot. We've got to keep that crew at arm's-length for our own protection."

"Ross Fletcher is not that kind," protested Merker, "I've known him for years."

"Well, he's got a nerve to come in here. I've seen him and his kind holding down too good a job next old Austin's bar."

"Not Ross," protested Merker again, "he's a worker. He's just back now from the high mountains. Mr. Orde, if you've got a minute, sit down. I want to tell you about Ross."

Willing to do what he could to soften Merker's natural feeling, Bob swung himself to the counter and lit his pipe.

"Ross Fletcher is a ranger because he loves it and believes in it," said Merker earnestly. "He knows things are going rotten now, but he hopes that by and by they'll go better. His district is in good shape. Why let me tell you, last spring Ross was fighting fire all alone, and he went out for help and they docked him a day for being off the reserve!"

"You don't say," commented Bob.

"You don't believe it. Well, it's so. And they sent him in after sheep in the high mountains early, when the feed was froze, and wouldn't allow him pay for three sacks of barley for his animals. And Ross gets sixty dollars a month, and he spends about half of that for trail tools and fire tools that they won't give him. What do you think of that?"

"Merker," said Bob kindly, "I think your man is either a damn liar or a damn fool. Why does he say he does all this?"

"He likes the mountains. He—well, he just believes in it."

"I see. Are there any more of these altruists? or is he the only bird of the species?"

Merker caught the irony of Bob's tone.

"They don't amount to much, in general," he admitted, "but there's a few—they keep the torch lit."

"I supposed their job was more in the line of putting it out," observed Bob; then, catching Merker's look of slow bewilderment, he added, "So there are several?"

"Yes. There's good men among 'em. There's Ross, and Charley Morton, and Tom Carroll, and, of course, old California John."

Bob's amused smile died slowly. Before his mental vision rose the picture of the old mountaineer, with his faded, ragged clothes, his beautiful outfit, his lean, kindly face, his steady blue eyes, guarding an empty trail for the sake of an empty duty. That man was no fool; and Bob knew it. The young fellow slid from the counter to the floor.

"I'm glad you believe in your friend, Merker," said he, "and I don't doubt he's a fine fellow; but we can't have rangers, good, bad or indifferent, hanging around here. I hope you understand that?"

Merker nodded, his wide eyes growing dreamy.

"It's an economic waste," he sighed—"all this cross purposes. Here's you a good man, and Ross a good man, and you cannot work in harmony because of little things. The government and the private owner should conduct business together for the best utilization of all raw material—."

"Merker," broke in Bob, with a kindly twinkle, "you're a Utopian."

"Mr. Orde," returned Merker with entire respect, "you're a lumberman."

With this interchange of epithets they parted.

[TO BE CONTINUED]

FOURTH PAPER

TRANSLATED FOR SUNSET MAGAZINE

I. THE CONSOLIDATION OF RAILROADS

AMONG the financial combinations which the credit of Mexico and the prestige of her Government have enabled her to carry out to a successful issue, the most prominent, for its importance and for the stupendous cleverness displayed, is without doubt the consolidation of the principal railways of that country into one sole powerful company. Upon this company the Government exercises a decided controlling power and there is, therefore, an efficient guarantee to commercial, mining, manufacturing and agricultural interests, that the railway system of that country will be her best element of progress, and one which can never be converted into a hindrance to her development, much less into a powerful weapon in the hands of any who would obstruct Mexican prosperity.

The operation is of such magnitude, it has been carried out with such spirit and without having caused any great sacrifice, it is destined without any expense to be of such great benefit to the country and even to the treasury of the nation, that we have felt in duty bound to devote to it a special chapter in the study which we have been making of the extraordinary evolution of our neighbor Republic under the wise and firm influence of General Porfirio Diaz.

To give a clear and complete idea of the nature and significance of this immense financial operation, we are forced to enter into some preliminary considerations.

In 1876, when for the first time General Diaz was elected President of the Mexican Republic, with his usual clearness of vision, he understood at once that the building of railroads would be not only the remedy to cure all the ills that had afflicted his country in the past, but also the origin and efficient cause of her future grandeur.

In our former articles we have described the marvelous results of every kind obtained through the energy of this illustrious statesman in carrying out his vast enterprise of creating and developing the great web of railroads which are justly the pride of Mexico.

But precisely of the rush
in carrying o provement,
the shortness ich it was

finished and also because of the comparative inexperience of the initiators, some defects became evident afterwards, as well as some dangers to be feared.

In the beginning of the railroad era in Mexico, the principal object was to promote the building of the railroads and to multiply them as much as possible, so as to obtain, as was obtained, financial prosperity and the immediate foundation of peace; it was natural that the Government should prove liberal toward the capital which offered to build its roads, and as far as was possible should place no obstacles in its way nor show any undue precaution or exaction.

Not to have acted in this way would have prevented the finding of capital sufficient for so vast an undertaking and business men would have hesitated to venture their money in Mexican enterprises.

So then, the Mexican government was obliged to show itself disinterested and to open up its territory to the fecund invasion of the rail and locomotive, and to postpone to a more favorable time the exaction of conditions regarding protection from dangers—exactions which in the beginning would be more serious for the capital invested than for the Government or even the country itself.

CLOUDS IN THE SKY

However, in the course of time, some difficulties became manifest and certain dangers imminent. The nature of these will now be made clear.

The location of the roads was far from satisfactory, either from the point of view of the capital invested in their construction, or that of the different regions which the railroads served, and every day it became more evident that the building of the principal lines should not have been commenced until a general plan had been carefully laid out and studied. From this lack of a general plan serious difficulties arose which demanded a remedy. Surveys made through difficult places with the sole object of having the road pass through certain private properties; or on the other hand, routes selected on account of the low cost of construction without any regard for the necessities of the neighboring towns or reference to the centers of production or consumption; roads of exaggerated lengths, due solely to the concession of so much for each kilometer built and consequently very costly to the Government and to the traffic which had to use the roads and to pay excessive distance rates; unnecessary paralleling of nearby roads for considerable distances, united with vicious competition between rival roads; railroads which began in a desert to end in another desert; roads which were never in condition to be operated—these and many more inconveniences soon became manifest, bringing serious injury to the companies themselves as well as to the shippers of freight, who, while undoubtedly benefited by the railroads, were clamoring for greater benefits, which might easily and justly be conferred.

There is no doubt that originally all these evils could have been avoided if the Mexican government had used more severity when granting the concessions and less liberality in the amounts of them; but then again it is doubtful in case this severity had been employed whether any capital would have been attracted to investment in the building of the railroads; and it is pretty sure that the existing web of rails would never have been built and that Mexico would still be plunged in misery, and possibly in anarchy, if that severity had been employed.

Therefore, there is no reason to deplore the inconveniences already described if we consider them as part of the cost which our neighbor had to pay to insure peace, the development of her economical and financial prosperity, and the establishing of her credit, as we have demonstrated in our previous articles.

But if they were not to be deplored up to a certain limit, yet it became necessary to prepare a way to stop them, so as to prevent a serious menace to the general prosperity of the nation.

THE DANGEROUS OUTSIDER

We have on purpose desired to consider separately the nature and magnitude of this menacing danger, which is exactly described and commented upon in official documents published in Mexico.

The Secretary of the Treasury of Mexico, in his report upon the consolidation of railways, presented to the Mexican Congress in 1906, when proposing the consolidation by law of the "Mexican National" and the "Mexican Central," said as follows:

"There is no one, however slightly informed as to the tendencies, during the last few years, of the gigantic enterprises of

interests, we have an efficacious defense in the rights reserved by the Government when it granted the concessions for the building and operating of railways. The Government did not foresee, nor was it possible to foresee at the time these concessions were granted, the multiple and fruitful financial and commercial combinations which in part nullified the protective action of the Government in favor of the national interests. Of what use was that clause which required the consent of the President to make effective the transfer or fusion of one line with another, when the absorption of a company could easily be done by the simple device of buying up its shares? Would not the faculties of the Tariff Commission be stupefied in matters referring to freight rates on foreign goods, if the Mexican lines fell under the dominion of the railways also foreign, with which they are connected at the frontier? Once our lines should have sunk into others more powerful, located outside of the Republic, and ours and theirs be managed by companies organized in conformity with laws also foreign, and from which all Mexican elements are excluded, could we then prevent with the clauses of the concessions the exploitation of our territory as a conquered land and the exercising by these colossal companies of an intervention more or less dissembled in the financial and political life of the nation? The Government has not hesitated a moment in answering these questions and other similar ones, by a series of acts by which it has developed its policy in the matter, and it is confident that the immense majority of the inhabitants of the Republic will approve of them."

A STITCH IN TIME

The fears of the Government were not idle ones, for already, beginning with 1903, it had to take precautions against those possible and more than possible, probable trust operations affecting Mexican railways.

"The purchase of the shares of the 'Interoceanic Railroad,' which from 1903 gave the Government a preponderating influence in this company, was a very opportune act, as circumstances demonstrated later on, not only on account of the temporary object then sought for by the Government, and which was to prevent the consolidation of this road with the 'National,' which at that time was controlled by a syndicate in New York, but also because it helped the Government to acquire shortly afterwards, in a practical and economic way, the control of the 'National' itself, which had already obtained and owned nearly all of the shares of the 'International.' The significance of this resolute act, without doubt, caused the Government to hope that perhaps these measures would be sufficient to put an end to the attempts to absorb our roads, and that consequently it would no longer be necessary, at least not in the near future, to put into effect the only method capable of giving a complete and definite security to the national interests, which was to acquire also the controlling interest of the 'Mexican Central,' whose road passes through the majority of the cities in the interior of the Republic, passing through nearly all of the national territory from north to south, uniting the Gulf of Mexico to the Pacific Ocean,—constituting a web much more extensive than that of the 'National Road.'

"The Secretary of the Treasury at that time was perfectly justified in maintaining an expectant attitude; and as long as there was no new manifestation of an absorptive tendency on the part of our railroad neighbors, the Secretary was forced to confine himself to keeping up a careful vigilance on all matters that might have an influence on the destiny of the 'Central,' from the point of view of those interests for whose benefit it might in the future be exploited, and also to use his friendly offices as a mediator in the frequent conflicts between this company and the 'National'—conflicts which it was convenient to prevent or adjust, not only on account of that policy being in conformity with the conciliatory mission of the Government in giving protection to all legitimate enterprises, but also to prevent any reproaches of partiality to companies in which the nation was pecuniarily interested."

PERILS OF POVERTY

Shortly afterwards an incident arose which determined the Government to consider a plan which would make impossible any fusion of Mexican railways with those managed by the trusts on this side of the frontier.

This circumstance or incident was the bad financial condition of some of the Mexican railways, which, if prolonged or accentuated ever so little, would place them

Once in possession of the "Interoceanic," the "International" and "Mexican National," through the purchase of shares of the first and last roads, there remained only to conquer the vast system of the "Central," which then would place the web of Mexican railways under shelter from any possible attack on the part of the trusts, and thus also preserve other interior international and interoceanic roads intact from such foes, thus giving the nation every opportunity to develop her wealth.

The negotiations began with an offer from the "Mexican Central" to transfer a sufficient amount of shares of her stock, which the Secretary of the Treasury took under consideration, intending that this should lead to a still better bargain. From the start it was not considered wise to follow the same proceedings adopted in getting the controlling interest of the "National," because the purchase outright of the shares meant a heavy outlay in ready money without any hope of immediate returns; and above all by the purchase of these shares, the Government would thereby substitute itself in the place and stead of the individuals who had been dictating, by virtue of the ownership of the shares, the policy of the road, thus placing itself in a position full of dangers and responsibilities, because the company was heavily in debt, with large payments then due and others soon due.

For different situations different methods are required, and if through the purchase of the shares of the "National" the Government did not risk the money of the nation, it was because the property was safely managed, its income covered amply the interest on all its obligations, and these, with the exception of a very small sum, would not become due for many years; but the case of the "Mexican Central" was very different. The road at that time was very far from being able to pay its debts, let alone the interest on its bonds, and it had to pay the principal of its debts in 1910 and 1911, amounting to more than one hundred millions of dollars.

THE ALTERNATIVE

In face of these so formidable responsibilities the idea of obtaining a controlling interest by the purchase of shares had to be abandoned; but while refusing to discuss the offer, the Secretary nevertheless manifested his willingness to negotiate along other lines, indicating the basis on which he thought the business could be done. This was as follows:

First. Consolidation of all of the roads belonging to the "National" and "Central," to achieve the double object already pointed out—the extension, as fast as possible, of all the existing lines and their economical operation so as to benefit themselves and the public.

Second. *The Government to have the controlling interest without paying for it either in actual money, bonds or scrip of any kind;* because the nation had already made that kind of sacrifice to obtain the controlling interest in the "Interoceanic" and "National" and it did not seem prudent to make any further outlays, and the Government ought to place itself in the position of a shareholder in the last named company, to be treated in any attempt at forming a fusion on exactly the same footing as any other shareholder.

Third. That the co-operation of the creditors of the roads be obtained. No stable results could be reached unless the properties were free from any possible intervention. Nor was it wise to take up a business of such magnitude unless protected from those who with better right might take those properties away.

Fourth. A guarantee from the nation, with the margin of absolute security customary in these cases, on that part of the debt not covered by the first mortgage on the properties of the company; for which it would be necessary to constitute two classes of bonds: those covered by the first mortgage and those by the second, which latter would have in addition the guarantee of the nation.

Fifth. The payments on accounts of indebtedness should never exceed the annual income of all of the roads united together, this income to be figured on the basis of the product of the last year's operation and such other sums received from other sources. Thus the guarantee of the Government would in reality become a moral one; because excepting only in those years which would be absolutely abnormal, the income would naturally follow a progressive increase, and even in those years which showed a falling off, the great economy in management following the consolidation would be such as to prevent the Government ever having to make any great outlay of money.

Sixth. Providing of funds or provision to obtain them for the building or purchase of new railways, the perfecting and equipment of the present ones. The financial difficulties in which most of the roads were involved, which quenched all ambition, made this clause very justifiable.

Seventh. *Nationalization of the railways*, or to speak more properly, the transfer of all property belonging to such of the companies as are organized in foreign lands, to a company duly organized in Mexico and managed by a board of directors domiciled in the City of Mexico.

THE COUNTRY'S CREDIT

These articles forming the basis of the negotiation might seem venturesome to anyone not familiar with the actual solidity of the credit of Mexico and the confidence which her Government inspires. Thirty years ago they would have excited the laughter and scorn of the banking institutions of the whole world, who would have thought that the Government of Mexico had lost its wits. The fact that the proposition was accepted and given the decided support of numerous banks, both in this country and in other lands, certainly proves the robust and ample credit of our southern neighbor; and we must remember that this scheme was negotiated during a great universal financial crisis, which only retarded but did not render it a failure.

Now let us see how the consolidation was finally effected. As a starting-point for the organization of the new company it was necessary to decide as to which companies were to be included in the consolidation, for as the Government was directly or financially interested in several railways and was desirous of acquiring others, the question arose as to whether all of them or only part of them should be included. For there had to be considered the magnitude of the proposition, the legal conditions of the different companies and their financial condition.

It was decided at once to leave out the "Tehuantepec" road, which is being operated under a special contract which has many years yet to run; and the "Vera Cruz al Pacifico," which, like the former, is the exclusive property of the nation, and which although managed with complete independence from other railway companies, nevertheless to a certain extent is under the influence of the "Tehuantepec" road, with which it forms a series of roads separate from those in which the Government is only a shareholder.

As to the "Interoceanic," the fact that it was originally organized in England, which would give rise to complications owing to the opposition which shareholders in that country generally make when asked to exchange their shares for those in foreign companies, determined the Government to exclude that company from the consolidation, at least for the present; but nevertheless it would continue to form part of the national railways, by virtue of the transfer to it of rights by the "National," actual owner of the controlling interest in the "Interoceanic."

The "Hidalgo" and "Nordeste," the "Coahuila" and "Pacifico," "Mexicano del Pacifico," and other railroads whose shares are held in totality by the "National" and "Central" and the property of which is held in common by these last named roads, had to follow the fate of the larger systems of which they formed a part and they were joined in the consolidation. The same cannot be said of the "Mexican International," of which the "National" only owns seventy-seven per cent of the shares, the general public owning the remaining twenty-three per cent. The incorporation of this road into the general combination will depend on circumstances that could not be foreseen, although probably it will also be done before long.

The plan of consolidation comprises only the "National" and the "Central," and later on the "International." The first has a length of three thousand six hundred and four kilometers, the second five thousand six hundred and seventy-eight kilometers and the third one thousand four hundred and seventy-eight kilometers, making a total of ten thousand two hundred and twenty kilometers, which very shortly will be operated by one sole company; and if to these are added the one thousand one hundred and eighty-four kilometers of the "Interoceanic," the new company will control a total of eleven thousand four hundred and four kilometers of its own and [illegible] roads, of which nine thousand thr[illegible]d and seventy-three kilometers [illegible] and two thousand and [illegible] gauge.

The capital of the company is as follows:

SHARES OF THE CAPITAL STOCK

First preferred shares	$ 60,000,000
Second preferred shares	250,000,000
Common shares	150,000,000
	$460,000,000

Of these shares the Government owns outright:

First preferred shares received in exchange for preferred shares in the "National"	$ 20,000,000
Second preferred shares received in exchange for second preferred shares in the "National," at the rate of 100 National for 110 of the former	20,556,580
Second preferred shares in exchange for shares in the "Central"	40,000,000
Common shares received in exchange for deferred shares in the "National"	21,988,000
Common shares received as compensation in part for the Government guarantee	127,460,000
Total shares belonging to the Nation	$230,004,580

To obtain this number of shares and this preponderant position in the company, the Government obligated itself to guarantee the four per cent mortgage bonds which the company is authorized to issue for the following amounts and for the purposes stated:

To exchange present bonds and provide funds	$ 85,500,000
For rolling material and equipment, posterior to Jan. 1, 1910, at the rate $2,500,000 of bonds annually	49,500,000
For construction or purchase of roads, or properties belonging to same, at the rate of $6,250 per kilometer	19,000,000
To acquire or redeem the mortgage bonds of the "International," if thought necessary to do so	26,000,000
For the short line from Tampico to the City of Mexico, or to build bridges, etc	6,000,000
Total authorized issue of bonds	$186,000,000

At first sight the debt guaranteed by the Government seems very large, but outside of the first issue of $85,500,000, all the others refer only to issues that can be made, or that will be made as fast as the lines are extended in obedience to the necessities of traffic; and of the $85,500,000, nearly $25,000,000 will be held in deposit to be used whenever it is decided to pay off the mortgage bonds of the "National"; so that in actual fact the debt guaranteed is really only $60,000,000, on which the annual interest is $2,500,000. If to this we add the fact that the consent of the Secretary of the Treasury must be first obtained before any issue of bonds can be made, the result is that the Government controls and regulates all issues of bonds for which directly or indirectly it might be responsible; therefore it is likely that the future issue of bonds will have relation to the increase of income, and probable that such increase of income will be sufficient to pay off old accounts as well as new ones.

WHAT IS BACK OF THE BONDS

To show the resources of the Mexican Railroad Company and therefore what risks the Government has shouldered in guaranteeing the mortgage bonds, it becomes necessary to compare the revenues of the company, taking the most recent and authentic data, with the expenditures exactly resulting from the consolidation, and to do this we must bear in mind that the company was not able to receive at once all of the property belonging to the consolidated roads, while it had to bear from the start all of the expenses which followed the consolidation. So we will begin first with the transient situation of the company and then show its definite position.

The fixed annual expenses of the company on account of the consolidation are as follows:

Interest 4½% on $65,107,262.50 first preferred bonds	$2,929,826.81
Interest 4% on $53,105,600 general mortgage bonds guaranteed by the Government	2,124,224.00
Dividends 2% on $28,833,000 first preferred shares	576,660.00
Interest 5% on $19,434,000 on notes of the "National" and "Central R. R."	971,700.00
Total fixed annual expenses	$6,602,410.81

The total income of the Mexican Railroad Company during the transition period is as follows:

Interest and dividends	$6,179,612.92
Annual surplus	924,617.12
Total income	$7,104,339.04
Annual expenses	6,602,410.81
Net gains during transition period	$ 501,819.23

When the transition period is over these conditions will improve considerably and the company will be in a flourishing condition.

For when all of the properties belonging to the consolidated roads are in the hands of the company, an annual economy of $1,650,000 can be made, which, with the $200,000 reduction of expense already made on making the consolidation, gives a total of $1,850,000.

Besides we must consider that when the financial crisis is over, and mercantile transactions are in vigor again, traffic will increase and with it the income of the company.

And this is already taking place, as the facts show that the income has increased sixty-eight per cent in the first six months of the year 1909–1910, as compared with the same period of 1908–1909. This increase amounts to $1,351,079, all of which promises to the Mexican Railroad Company a brilliant success and proves the strength of the consolidation.

The consolidation of the Mexican railways, of which we have given here an idea, deserved a special article in the series that we have devoted to actual Mexico. On account of its magnitude, the brilliant manner in which it was carried out, and the colossal benefits obtained free of cost to the Treasury, it is a masterpiece which many other countries might envy.

We call the attention of our readers to it as the crowning of a work of peace and progress which will redound to the fame and glory of that great statesman, Porfirio Diaz, whose ability carried it to a happy finish.

II. The Policy of General Diaz

IF the administrative achievement of General Diaz has not been in reality and could not be the object of censure (indeed it has merited of applause far more than reprobation), the same cannot be said of his political attitude and official proceedings.

The majority of the country has accepted the latter and has affiliated itself with the former, subjugated by the brilliant results that the Porfirian policy has produced in the country; but here and there have appeared restless, discontented spirits, many of them ambitious for glory and power, others purely and simply intriguers without prestige or politicians without futures who have formulated severe criticisms and propagated despicable falsehoods in respect to the policy of General Diaz, which have at times almost menaced his person.

Nothing better can we do to make public the facts that refute those despicable stories than to reproduce an article published in Mexico and endorsed by almost the entire press of the country and contradicted by no one. That article follows here, so far as it refers to the personal criticism of General Diaz and of his policy:

It is said, generally *sotto voce:* "General Diaz has never wished nor does he wish to lose his power." And then follow, in substance, such proofs as these in support of that point of view:

General Diaz proclaimed the principle of no re-election, and after the administration of General Gonzalez, he reformed the constitution, admitting the re-election for another term only, making us retrograde later on to indefinite re-election. After that, no candidate was found to be satisfactory to him, and he has had himself re-elected continuously: and to cap the climax, he confides to Creelman his desire to rest, yet accepts again the nomination for the next term.

CONSUMMATION TO BE WISHED

For the political dilettante these facts are proofs and, although without foundation as will soon be seen, they have given to not a few the conviction that General Diaz has never thought of laying down his power, never has sincerely intended to give himself a successor during his lifetime, and much less has he pretended, according to his expressions, to make an essay of democracy. Let us hasten to say that the majority of people who think thus congratulate themselves that such is the case. Human history presents few examples of rulers so fitted to the conditions of a country and epoch and so potent to procure for a people the prime requisites—peace and prosperity—which time will turn into the permanent advantages of democracy and justice; and when a people finds a Henry IV who procures for it *la poule au pot*, and more than that, peace, security and respectability before the world, I would like with all my soul to make such a regime everlasting, to immortal[illegible] the man who has made manna [illegible] delivered it from Diogene [illegible] edeemed it from the ignor[illegible] Miracles,

by giving him home and country and elevating him to the noble class of citizen of an industrious and prosperous land.

THE REAL ACCUSATION

The great desire that General Diaz should remain in power is not the wish of the President, but an aspiration of the Mexican people; and to accuse General Diaz of desiring the perpetuation of his power, is really to charge the people with preferring a certainty to the uncertain; and with wishing to preserve intact the welfare which they have enjoyed.

But what need to argue, if with facts palpable, undeniable and now proper to be made public, it can be demonstrated that General Diaz has wished to leave the power in good hands, to retire to private life and to try new men in the government of the country; that what but a short time ago he expressed to Creelman—namely, the desire which he felt to confide to other hands the reins of the government, during the lifetime of him who has managed them with such accuracy—has been for many years his fixed idea and his main preoccupation, that ambitious only for the public welfare and the greatness of his country, he has feared that his retirement might cause a shake-up in the country, his desire being that by an insensible and gradual transition it should reach a great future without sacrificing any of its present conquests?

Those people of standards, exalted criterions and noble intentions, who ignore the facts which we propose to make public, have always been surprised that General Diaz, who has reached such a height of greatness, does not complete his task by giving, like Cincinnatus or like Grant, an example of disinterest and democratic virtue, withdrawing to private life after having established peace and prosperity; and they have asked in astonishment, how is it possible that General Diaz is satisfied with being the first in his country, when it would be so easy for him to be one of the first among humanity? For these latter, it would have sufficed for him to lower the flag of power and let the country try its strength, be sufficient to itself, and replace the all-powerful influence of his personality with the collective support of the people; and at the tremendous hour of his permanent retirement, observe his country, now arrived at maturity, strong and capable in itself to direct its destinies toward grand ideals.

Those who think in this wise are indeed right; yet the first to have had those thoughts was General Diaz himself.

PROOFS OF THE PUDDING

When at the beginning of '77, General Diaz was elected for the first time President of the Republic, inasmuch as he could not assume the obligation on the constitutional date and only did so on the fifth of May of that year, his friends recommended that the period of his administration should extend from that date until the fifth of May of 1881. General Diaz positively refused and exacted that the time should be computed as if he had taken possession in December of the year before. This is not the conduct of a man eager for power, who proposes to retain that power perpetually, and to whom one day more of executive command is always precious.

During his first administration, and impressed by the great talents which the President had displayed, his numerous partizans incited him to cut out of his program the clause which opposed re-election and to re-establish the primitive constitutional text.

General Diaz opposed this most energetically, and when the time came, delivered the power to General Gonzalez, the person chosen to succeed him.

Less than the first is this second magnanimous act the conduct of one filled with insatiable ambition and aspiring to perpetual power.

If, during his second administration, he gave his consent to re-election for only one period, and years after to indefinite re-election, he bowed to the reiterated pressure of opinion, which did not wish to confide to other hands the conservation of peace and the re-organization of everything that was imperfect, deficient and disquieting in the country—an immense task for which there was confidence in General Diaz alone.

AN OPPORTUNE TIME

The calm of the country in the year of '98, the solidity of the credit, the prosperity of the public treasury and the surety of an economical [illegible] never since contradicted, [illegible] seen worldly events—an [illegible] country, including the [illegible] been able

to escape—all this suggested to General Diaz the idea that perchance the moment had arrived when he could retire into private life in almost complete security that the country would not suffer from any unforeseen calamity.

This design not only was broad, noble and almost without example in the history of humanity, but was also perfectly founded and plausible.

He could, then, withdraw himself, not so much in search of rest, which he has always ardently desired and to which he has an undeniable right, and to which, furthermore, he is so little accustomed, as to see for himself in action those energetic forces of peace and of progress, by him created for the good of the country, to give himself the satisfaction of following from afar the tranquil and progressive march of the country by the sole influence of the interests created by the normal action of the powers and economic resistance, political and social, and to assure himself that his lifework had been as great and solid as he had dreamed.

If, as everything seemed to foretell, the country could go on by itself, conserve what it has acquired, increase it and advance by the path already traced, a more gigantic stride could not have been made toward the realization of our institutions; the founder of order and the promoter of wealth would become the most efficacious democratic educator, and the so-called dictator and even tyrant, would become the real creator of our democracy, and the paladin most powerful of public liberty.

To realize this plan it was necessary to prepare a regular and normal succession and to think of a suitable person who could count upon the support of vast social classes, and with prestige and sufficient support to assure his election. General Diaz thought of Señor Limantour, Secretary of the Treasury, and suggested that he speak to the numerous friends and sympathizers which his skilful financial management had gained for him in the country and should present himself as a candidate for the presidency. General Diaz offered his help to Señor Limantour and prepared a manifesto to the nation, a document known to Señor General Mena and some other intimate friends, in which, for reasons similar to those now made public, he renounced his nomination for the period of 1900–1904.

This renunciation having been formulated and founded, there was no doubt that the innumerable political friends of General Diaz would offer their votes to Señor Limantour; with this the President would co-operate with such means of persuasion as he could legitimately use, and thanks to these things the election of Señor Limantour could be looked upon as almost a certainty.

A COMPLICATION

Señor Limantour, although profoundly grateful for such a manifestation of esteem and confidence, declined the high distinction with which he was honored and which, even in the supposition of failure, to a great degree elevated him. Nothing could better fill a man's ambition, however excessive, than to succeed the most eminent of statesmen with his full consent and his direct moral support.

For not accepting the nomination which was offered him, Señor Limantour invoked reasons of different kind: his civil character, which would make it difficult for him to gain the sympathy of the military element; his lack of experience and his lack of skill in the solution of political problems, the most arduous, and the most complex that can present themselves to the perspicacity and science of men; his merits, that he did not think great enough to justify what could be considered an insane ambition, as with less reason has been said and published since, and even the state of his health, which was then quite fragile.

General Diaz, with his high perspicacity, did not judge anything seriously but the first objection and thought this obstacle could be easily removed by associating in the future administrative labor of Señor Limantour, a soldier of high grade and prestige who would bring to the combination the sympathies of the army.

Taking advantage of his stay in Monterey, in December, 1898, General Diaz communicated his project to General D. Bernardo Reyes, and asked his opinion. General Reyes received the idea with real enthusiasm and offered the President his most active co-operation in favor of Senor Limantour.

In spite of the success of this important enterprise, Señor Limantour continued to insist that General Diaz liberate him from the tremendous responsibility of an eventual succession to which he was not inclined and to which he did not judge his faculties

to all eulogy, declaring himself incapable of fulfilling a post which, although incapable, nine hundred and nihety-nine out of a thousand men would have accepted, such was the modesty and conviction of Señor Limantour that he refused again.

CONTRASTING NATURES

An extraordinary phenomenon was then presented to vulgar spirits, yet one perfectly logical to those who know man: before such stubborn resistance, General Diaz, cold, calm and accustomed to vanquish obstacles with perseverance, persisted and searched for another form to his idea; General Reyes, passionate, impatient, impulsive, more used to assault than to besiege, wanted to make use of the circumstances for his personal benefit.

There sprouted then, as if by the art of magic, a petulant and malignant press, which chiefly lashed Señor Limantour, but in reality the Porfirian administration, and made a stupid and scandalous opposition to the Secretary of the Treasury, to the cabinet of General Diaz and also (how many things are seen and recognized in life!) to General Reyes, then Secretary of War.

Very soon it was clearly seen that these attacks came from General Reyes, and the prudence and tact of General Diaz interpreted them as the acts of a disobedient and rebellious child who puts himself in the way of his father's policies and contradicts it openly. General Reyes gave his resignation to the portfolio of war and retired to Nuevo Leon.

After these incidents General Diaz could do nothing more in favor of his former plans. Nevertheless he did not abandon his original idea. He then instituted the constitutional reform which created the vice-presidency of the Republic in the form in which it is to-day established.

At the first insinuations of his friends in favor of his candidacy for that office, Señor Limantour renounced it publicly. The triumphant candidate was Señor D. Ramon Corral, whose great qualities designated him for the eventual succession of General Diaz. Everything recommended him—his age, his energy, his vast intelligence, the experience acquired first in the government of Sonora, and afterward in the Federal district and as a member of the Cabinet, and his faithful adherence to the President which would prevent the danger which that form of the vice-presidency presented to the country: the possibility that around the vice-president a focus of hostility might form against the established government.

All these great qualities and, more than anything else, the assurance that Señor Corral would follow with conviction and enthusiasm the fundamental program of General Diaz' government, made his candidacy satisfactory to the people and to the President.

But General Diaz did not abandon his idea of seeing during his lifetime the country in full democratic activity, and several years after the elections he spontaneously opened the way for public opinion to manifest itself and to be exerted in accordance with peace and order in the future elections.

Such is the true and profound significance of the interview with Creelman. In that interview General Diaz expressed to the newspaper man his wish to retire from office, leaving behind a strong and respected government and an opposition party organized within the exigencies of peace and democracy. Equally he expressed the desire that Mexico should be ready to accept his idea.

This interview gave him opportunity to make known to the country desires which dated back many years, and for the realization of which he had shown so much enthusiasm.

That declaration might arouse in the country the expected democratic movement, obedient to the law and inspired by the purest patriotism; and to that movement General Diaz could confide the designation of his successor.

But the majority of the country, on learning the wishes of General Diaz, and not without justice, became alarmed, lest the future be compromised and the present wrecked; and the people appealed again anxiously and insistently to the pilot who had so often brought them safely into port.

There was no other way left to the patriotism of General Diaz, to return peace to the public mind and tranquility to vested interests, than to accede to the pressure of public opinion, which demanded his candidacy and to continue in sympathy with that of Señor Corral. The
followed have corroborated
and patriotism of this deter

While certain political groups which proposed to second it were duly organized and initiated a pacific campaign, serene and legal, others, principally one—that of General Reyes—was consecrated to the promotion of an unhealthful agitation throughout the country; preferring the demagogue's illegal practices to the democratic course, they resuscitated the loose and defamatory press, undertook to undermine and demoralize the discipline of the army, so worthy of eulogy, and in short wanted to make the country retrograde to the calamitous epochs from which General Diaz had far redeemed it and of which, during his wise administration, there had been no recurrence.

These political proceedings, so little in harmony with the high desires of General Diaz, have again gathered the nation about his person and his program, and decided those of the country who were most industrious and most patriotic, to second again and without vacillation the views of their President.

Should it still be possible to accuse General Diaz of vulgar ambition and to burden him with the accusation of wishing to perpetuate himself in power? Insane ambition, deliberate demagogic blindness, and furious spite, will continue to do so, without reason and against all reason; but the sane and patriotic element will be eternally grateful to General Diaz for preferring to continue to govern rather than to plunge the country into ruin and loss of prestige and to abandon it to anarchy.

The long article here reproduced condenses and justifies the policy of General Diaz.

Mexico is nevertheless far from being able to govern itself according to the democratic forms, especially those preferred by the Anglo-Saxons. The diversity of the races, the ignorance of the masses, on whose education the Federal government had little influence, the passionate temperament, and the demagogic and Jacobite tendencies of a part of the higher classes, as also the refined clericalism of the wealthy—with special menace to the large rural property owners—have been, and will be for a long time to come, serious obstacles to the implanting of true democracy.

But besides an emancipator and a reformer, Mexico has found in General Diaz the best and most fervent propagator of democracy. For nobody works better and more efficaciously in its favor than he who establishes peace, increases wealth and diffuses knowledge, and General Diaz has pacified, enriched and educated his country and has placed it upon the road that before long must lead it to the most ample, most complete and most enviable political liberty.

And by his gigantic task General Diaz will be known to posterity as among the greatest rulers of which humanity may boast, and the Mexico he has made will be recognized as one of the happiest and most prosperous countries in the world.

My Wish

By ELEANORE F. LEWYS

I have no hope of Fame,
My brow not kissed
By fading laurel wreath:
For Fame is but the passing of a name
Along the road to Death,
Just to be missed—

When, by the smold'ring flame,
My soul-friends list,
Perhaps in moonlight spell,
Or, joyous in some dear old earthly game,
The tears up-swell
At mention of my name—
Just to be missed!

Making the All-Round Boy

The Story of the Columbia Park Boys' Club

By SIDNEY S. PEIXOTTO
Founder and Director of the Club

Most men have been boys. The man reflects the boy. Recognition of this fact makes charitable and educational work among boys one of wide interest to thinking people. The Columbia Park Boys' Club in San Francisco has accomplished some results along original lines. Major Peixotto, who tells here of his work with boys, is one of the leaders of this work in America. He has recently been chosen to lead the American Boy Scout movement in San Francisco. He is leader of the Pacific Athletic Association, second in size in the United States and first in accomplishment. He organized the San Francisco Public Schools Athletic League, the Catholic Schools Athletic League and the Sunday-Schools Athletic League. He is now with the Columbia Park Boys on their vacation tour to Seattle.

Four Little Boy Blues who have blown American war time melodies on hospitable foreign shores

IT is nineteen years since a work was started for the benefit of boys living in the south-of-Market district of San Francisco by an earnest lot of young men and women who desired to give some of their spare time in the interest of boys less favored in their start in life. Four years after the beginning of the work here, a new work for boys was organized, called the Columbia Park Boys' Club. It is here that I have had the opportunity to create and develop the interesting boys' club which has grown so well to be a virile boys' work of to-day.

It has always been my idea to give boys what they want, not what people think they ought to have, and I believe this has been one of the reasons for the success of this club. The Columbia Park Boys' Club stands as an expression of what boys long for and love best. They have been led to express themselves more intelligently than they ever could possibly hope to do if they were working alone. Boys are exactly the same as men. If left to themselves they will develop just as one-sidedly as most men develop. We find, in our associations with the boys, those with no thought in life but baseball; others crazy over going to cheap theaters; others who think swimming the only thing for their Sunday sport, and some who, having learned to read, keep at the books of only one author until they have read the last book of a hundred he has written.

Boys as a rule get into a rut along the line of the gang with which they are associated and there seems to come the end of their development. It was urgent, then, in starting the new club, that an attempt sho made to develop these boys into w

come to be called "all-round boys." Boys should be made to use all the qualities with which every one of them in this world is endowed. Military drill was established for the sake of its training and its high order of discipline and because it is not a popular feature of boys' work. Here was something they would have to do against their will. In order to overcome the unpopularity of military work we went into athletics with heart and soul. This is the work that appeals to most boys and should be the greatest factor in all boys' work. Inter-club baseball tournaments and track and field meets for boys were the great feature of early club days and aroused a spirit of fair play and loyalty which has lasted through all these years. Later, when the boys had reached a point of understanding, the work of physical development was established in the gymnasium, and this department has grown to be a most important part of the work to-day.

It has always been the motto of the club that the boys should be kept busy at all times. The parliamentary meetings, the hour in the manual training workshops, and the interesting dramatics have been important influences in enticing the boys from the street into the quiet atmosphere of the club. Music began in the earliest days in the form of jovial chorus singing before the boys went home. It was later developed into a soprano chorus, which has established a long line of celebrated boy soloists who have made singing traditional and easy to attain. Out of military came the need for drum and bugle corps, and as a growth from this drum and bugle corps we have developed our bands which now form so important a part of the club's life.

The summer camps have grown in a most satisfactory way. First, they began as an outing for boys in the fruit orchards; then as a development of a summer government camp which has grown year by year to an orderly and inspiring type of boy camp life. The walking trips have been my personal idea and they have grown from a party of four boys in 1896 to parties of fifty boys who have seen all the coast counties of California on foot.

In the long fifteen years since the Columbia Park Boys' Club has been established, the one effort has been to make this club a demonstration of the wonderful possibilities that lie in the boys' world. We are apt to think that the boys of to-day are so careless and irresponsible that this thing of interesting boys in themselves is a rather difficult task. The encouraging success obtained in this work only proves that the boy of the great city is still a regenerate, longing, yearning still for the old ideals that are not obtainable to-day because of the rush of city life and the changed home ideals.

It was no easy matter to bring this work to its present splendid condition. From the very start, boys in the neighborhood arose in arms against this peaceful invasion. They all seemed to resent any energy that came into their midst which was to bring order and refinement among them, or a desire to establish a new standard from that under which they were living. A man who works among boys meets with the most peculiar opposition. The boys within the club make every effort to appear uninfluenced by him. They willingly accept all that is given with the outward appearance of indifference. They misunderstand his motives; they talk most unkindly about him on the street and use every effort to make the teacher feel that his work is wasted and of little meaning to them. The boys who do not belong to such a club make the boys who do belong feel that an intruder is coming among them with an ulterior motive. The teacher has to create an alluring temptation; he has to make everything done so appealing that there must be some excuse for boys to retain their membership. Our work was so convincing that the boys on the outside had finally to admit its worth.

The club has always held to the idea that nothing is too good for boys. It has argued that it costs large sums of money in every household to raise good children. Boys must have the best of things to grow up to be the best of men. Their idle hours must be made valuable to them. The first thought in our club has been, not to erect a costly structure, but to provide proper and elaborate equipment for every department of the work. The uniforms of the band must be of the first quality; the military suits have always been durable and neat and smart in appearance; our baseball department has been equipped with every facility for giving the boys proper expression in this difficult form of sport. All the other features of the club work have been uniform and made so that they create pride in the heart of every boy who is a member of these various

In our manual training shops, the work has been presided over by people of artistic instincts. The results here have been most satisfactory. Just recently a Russian educator, who is making a careful study of schools in the United States, asserted that the work accomplished by the boys of this club was superior to anything that he had seen in his travels through the United States. The fact that the same method—simplicity—has been used in applying the course of study in this department has made it an attractive work and one of the most delightful sides of the club life to the boys is this development of their handicraft instincts.

The athletic work of the club is very well known. The boys of this organization acquitted themselves with credit and honor for a great many years in all phases of athletics, whether they represent the club or the school where they are studying. Outdoor athletics are allied with the strongest factor for their success—the gymnasium. It has been part of the duty of every club member to consider the development of his body as one of the urgent necessities of his membership, and most of the older boys who have grown up in this club have a sturdy basis for physical health, which will be a great factor throughout their entire manhood.

The stage work that seems to fascinate the large audiences before which the boys have performed, is the result of the most simple forms of expressions. For seven years, in the afternoons and evenings, before the boys have left for their homes, impromptu plays have been arranged in the little club theater, and after the plot has been discussed the boys enter into the movement of the play and supply the lines upon the stage as the play develops. The result of this training has been a race of boys who are fearless in the face of an audience and who talk intelligently upon any stage. They are mimics and understudies of the clever older members of the club. I consider that this has been one of the greatest factors in making the Columbia Park Boys' Club a successful boys' work.

All of this has been made more attractive because of our vacation outings. Every boy living in the city of San Francisco should have at least a month each year of outdoor life. The benefits have been so evident in the growth of the city boy, during such a short period of time, that we have come to look upon this as the important point of all other influences of the club. A year's work at the club and a month's work in the summer time means a growth of from four to five inches a year in the height and breadth of body, and the mind keeps pace.

Most of these boys have wandered on foot up and down the California coast and some of them were the fortunate members of the greatest boy's trip ever undertaken—the recent journey of Columbia Park boys to Australia. It was the remarkable versatility of talent possessed by these boys that made the Australian people love and welcome them so heartily and send them through the great commonwealth with success. These boys had the honor of being reviewed by every Crown governor of the Australian states, of being addressed by the Premier of every state and of meeting the mayors of sixty-one cities and towns in New Zealand and Australia.

They played a new Australian football game, they played baseball, basketball, and cricket; went in for swimming tournaments and shot rifle matches against crack cadet teams. They gave evening performances everywhere they visited, evenings sports now and then and attended innumerable receptions and banquets. Besides all this, they found time to visit all the historical monuments, museums and manufacturing plants in every part of Australia. So they are all full of a wonderful tale of nine months' travel in foreign lands.

This year's vacation tour is a trip to Seattle this summer, a jolly journey taken under the auspices of SUNSET MAGAZINE. The boys will have the fun of giving their theatrical shows to new friends and of joining in athletic contests with local champions. They hope to see every industry in the cities and towns they visit and to interest the citizens in the boys of their own communities by the force of the example of the Columbia Park boys.

There are some mightily interesting youngsters in the party that will take this trip. Not long ago I had the pleasure of organizing and carrying out the first week ever devoted entirely to boys in San Francisco. The success of the venture was complete. The unique feature of the week was the election of a boy mayor, to whom Mayor McCarthy turned over the keys of the city. The boy chosen was selected first by a committee of three men who were

Merit in Irrigated Land

Richfield and Dietrich Tracts in Southern Idaho Attracting Settlers by Their Fertility

By JOHN SCOTT MILLS

IT is an absolute necessity for one to visit the different sections of Idaho in order to gain definite knowledge of the changes which have taken place in that state within the past few years. Under the beneficent workings of the Carey Act a transformation has taken place which must be seen to be fully realized. In looking upon the waving fields of grain, the orchards with their myriads of trees in blossom or fruit-laden, according to the season, in riding for miles alongside meadows and gardens, with here and there the vine-clad home of the farmer, one may well imagine the journey is being taken through one of the older-settled states.

Yet it is but a short time since this now fertile region was one of barren waste, with sagebrush as the only vegetation—a part of the domain known as the Great American desert. There was an occasional oasis. Here, on the banks of some running stream, a hamlet was located, and many of these grew to be prosperous cities. In the mountains there were veins of gold, silver, copper, lead and other minerals; the bottom-lands and the lands to which water might be easily diverted were tilled. Irrigation in its broad meaning was not resorted to and "dry farming" was unheard of or scoffed at.

The man without a country was an object of pity, but he is no more deserving of commiseration in this day and age than is the man without a farm. There are millions of toilers in the city—men who are wearing themselves out in office, store, factory—who might to-day, if they chose, be following a healthful vocation, be assured of not only a living, but something more and be independent. Instead of punching a time-clock their hours of labor could be regulated at will; in lieu of fear of shut-downs and consequent enforced idleness they would always be occupied; they could rest assured that the larder would not be empty, and in place of dreading high prices, they would be in a position to fix the price on many commodities.

The time has come for the dwellers in the cities to give these matters serious thought. When opportunity is offered, the man who does not grasp it is not wise. These days of splendid openings for men to secure holdings of land are not going to last indefinitely. While at this time there are many localities available, the choice locations are growing fewer and prices are certain to advance. As the population continues to increase, men will find it necessary to go farther from the cities and the railroads and rivers when they settle upon a tract. This means that they go farther from the market for their products, and distance is one thing that always counts when one is called on to deliver the goods.

A few years hence, when no more arid lands in the West remain to be reclaimed by irrigation, land values will soar above all expectations or estimates of the present generation. The land area remains a fixed quantity, while the population that must exist from its products is increasing on a scale of millions of souls annually. Extreme high prices are not a remote condition in this country. To-day the prices of lands that are reclaimed by irrigation are very low. In a few years they will be beyond the reach of the poor man. The rate at which these lands are reclaimed and sold into private ownership is astounding. The Reclamation act was passed about eight years ago. Under its operation irrigation works have been built in thirteen western states and two territories, by which 700,000 or more acres have been brought under irrigation and millions of dollars returned to the irrigation fund by sale of the lands. Private capital has expended ten times as much in reclamation projects as the Government, and put 7,000,000 acres under water. As early as the beginning of the 1909 season there were 5,000 new farms with an aggregate area of 700,000 acres ready for irrigation.

To the landless man the question must now occur: how much longer, at this rate, will the arid lands last? How much longer can I afford to procrastinate if I am going to own any good land?

Some of the men who are getting in on the ground floor and who are to be classed as fortunate are those who are locating on irrigated lands —h as are found in the ield tract and the

Where water reaches the thirsty roots of grow

to be sinking into a sort of weak, yellowish mist, until he heard a voice calling him. "There is better shade here," said the old voice; "come over and rest."

Sato bowed three times to the dust—at the speaking, at the red azalea bush, at the threshold; and squatted humbly in the cool of the green leaves. The mistiness of hunger cleared from his eyes as he murmured his thanks and the said eyes glued themselves upon the little brushes and the rolls of paper.

The O-Jii-San waved one tremulous, kind hand to silence him. "You have come a long way," he said in the sententious fashion of an olden day, "and here is shade and a quiet place. Make use of it, and proceed refreshed. There is also"—the O-Jii-San was half-blind, but his heart helped him—"there is also rice in the red lacquer bowl, and cakes beside it. I beg you—I beg you, little friend—"

The O-Jii-San drooped his wrinkled, ivory-pale face and fell into a little sleep. Sato, after more bows, took up the red bowl.

There was a golden dragon at the bottom of that bowl. In no time Sato was looking at the dragon and the cakes were nowhere to be seen. Sato took off the elastic belt and let it out a finger's length.

"Where is your home, and how far?" asked the O-Jii-San, waking up suddenly.

"The distance from this seven-times-honored roof to my unworthy home is five days along the road," said Sato. "I live in a village by the sea."

"Ah, the sea!" The O-Jii-San raised his head. "I also have seen the sea. Painted it, too. Is there any curve in the world like the curve of the falling wave?"

"The curve of the cloud let loose from the hills," said the village boy.

"But that is a wave, too," returned the O-Jii-San, as if he were arguing with an equal, "a wave of vapor; yes, I know those coast villages. The huts, the nets, the boats—all good color. But better the pines planted by the government to hold the sands back."

He nodded his head, drifting away once more into the drowsiness of great age. Sato squatted, quiet and patient, his bright eyes glinted toward the little saucers of ground color. How well one could work with those! "Better than a stick and the hard sand, better than charcoal on a flat flagstone, better—"

"And why did you leave that home, my child?" The old man had roused once more.

"It appeared there were many mouths to feed, and times none too good. I heard of this place, that it was holy and of benefit to the soul. But chiefly I desired, O most honorable Dispenser of Refreshment, to see the old pictures there. And of these, the Amaterasu. It is said"—the boy's voice broke in a rapture of expectation—"it is said that the color of the goddess' robe is that of a pigeon and the line of her brows fine as a hair."

"They do not forget, then, altogether. Out of many, one remembers." The O-Jii-San bowed ceremonially to Sato. "I painted the Amaterasu. But it was when I was young. There are other things I did. Look here, and here." He pulled the rolls out of his blackwood cabinet—blue irises upon silk, a lotus bloom, and a yellow butterfly, sepia drawings of trees and rare stones, of lizards and birds; designs as fine as a web and as delicate as a crystal. He grew young again, showing them, and Sato was in a heaven of happiness. "I have never seen such beautiful things," he said; "it is as if the gods had made them."

Light died out of the old man's face. "I am very mortal," he said with a bitter smile. "The gods withdraw their gifts. See, my son, the ending of all skill, which is vanity. The last picture I drew!" He spread the paper on the stand in front of him. A few vague streaks and blots of sepia marred the pure surface of the paper. He laughed ruefully. "I cannot see," he mourned; "I paint upon the air, the paper withdraws itself, I fail miserably. It is intended for partridges among the young grain."

"Beautiful, beautiful!" murmured Sato again, bowing to the floor that he might not see the tragedy.

"You have been well brought up." The O-Jii-San looked at Sato kindly. "Good manners are rare among the younger folk. But even true politeness cannot always soften truth. My eyes are very dim. There is lately a weakness as well, a weariness of all the senses, a black emptiness that falls in the middle of day. This picture is like the first strokes of a child. Perhaps—perhaps it is not as bad as I believed, but it is very bad. Vanity, vanity, the end of all skill."

"Perhaps your honorable symptoms have to do with it," said Sato aloud. To himself

he said, "The hand of death is upon this kind old father. I have seen it before. He is very old, old as the old trees, and very sad. I shall become like this also. But first I will paint things as he has done."

"Vanity, vanity," muttered the O-Jii-San, swaying in the shadows of the swaying leaves. "The gods withdraw their gifts. I go, with the old order of things. But I should go happy if I might see once more a good piece of work these useless hands had done." He stretched out his frail, ivory-colored hands wherein the ridged veins showed darkly, and, looking at them, slept.

Sato squatted humbly in his place. He looked at the O-Jii-San, at the empty rice bowl, at the outspread paper. Time passed uncounted and the morning-glories withered in the sun. "Soon," thought Sato, "I must see the Amaterasu and then go upon my way. This honorable ancient one still sleeps. I must go without giving him even the proper thanks for a meal. Does he sleep? He has a look as if he would not wake."

"Vanity, vanity," murmured the O-Jii-San mournfully as he drowsed. The wind fluttered the soft scroll of paper with a whispering sound. Sato looked at it again.

"Partridges among the millet," he said to himself. "But a third of the lines fell upon the paper; the rest the wind took, or the shadow. They are good lines, pure as the line of a leaf. I know. I have watched the partridges bathing in the dust at the edge of the crops. Who should know but I? Many times I have drawn them in the sand."

As he looked, the full picture seemed to spring out upon the paper before his eyes, just as the O-Jii-San must have dreamed it. His mouth tightened a little, but his round brown face showed no other emotion.

"With your honorable and condescending permission," he said to the unconscious old man; and took up a brush—

His brown fingers clung around it. He was no longer a little dusty peasant lad, but an artist, alive with the same beautiful serene fire that had lighted the O-Jii-San. They were both very quiet, the old man and the boy. A little bird came and swung upon the trellis and saw all that was doing. He saw the brush move swiftly in Sato's hand, swiftly and surely, linking the O-Jii-San's scattered lines into loveliness and the illusion of tridges and their young on the edge of the millet fields—how often Sato had watched them with the patient artist's eyes that are the same the world over! The pattern of the picture grew in delicate faint browns and grays on the creamy paper and the bird swung head-downward, watching. Only when Sato laid the brush down, bowed ceremonially to the unconscious O-Jii-San, put on his sandals and trudged away up the path to the shrine where the Amaterasu was—only then did the bird fly away.

Sato looked back at the turn of the path where the cryptomerias come down to meet the bamboo, but the O-Jii-San did not move. Sato smiled to himself like a little brown Buddha, as wisely, as kindly. He turned the corner and was gone on his patient way. But the O-Jii-San sat still until the level sun shot his rays under the morning-glory trellis and into the pale old face. The O-Jii-San blinked in the sudden golden glare and looked about him, very old and lonely. He had forgotten all about Sato. But he saw the paper outspread, and remembered that. "Partridges in the crops," he chuckled wearily, drearily. "Vanity, vanity, the end of all skill!" He began to roll it up.

But there were the partridges. Like life they covered and scuffled downily among the millet. The O-Jii-San's tremulous hand stayed in their work. His dim eyes glowed and he nodded his head. He could see the partridges quite plainly.

"I wrought better than I knew," he chuckled. "A little irregular, but that is to be expected. What I need is spectacles, the best European spectacles. They are good work, those partridges. How the aged deceive themselves, grieving like children over the things which are not. They are very good, those partridges. And I grieved, thinking no more than one line in twenty fell upon the paper as I would have it fall. The end of skill is still honor. The gods have not forgotten."

Feeling blindly for the familiar brush, he added his name in feeble ideographs. There was some sense of confusion upon him, but great content. "My art is still my strength," he murmured; "to-morrow I will begin a new picture; a lotus bud opening in the dawn. But now I am weary."

T i-San slept again, smiling very ha priests came down the pil- gr the dusk. One bore a branch

of strange leaves as a gift to the master, but they did not wake him. "His feet are upon the way of the gods," they said gently, "and look!—his last work has regained the vigor and beauty of his prime. That is a great wonder. His fame will never die. He will no more be called The Honorable Old Man, but The Old-Man-With-The Brush-Of-Eternal-Youth."

Sato had returned thanks for his dinner.

They buried the O-Jii-San in a pleasant place, with seven giant cryptomerias, an old torii and two stone lanterns to keep watch over him, and they carved on a tablet, "Here lies The-Old-Man-With-The-Brush-Of-Eternal-Youth." The picture of the partridges, the picture which the O-Jii-San had dreamed just before that one of the lotus bud, they rolled up and put away in a cedar cabinet with a lock in the form of a pink crab.

So that is how the O-Jii-San was made happy. But Sato knew nothing of it all. He went on to Yeddo and found work in a cloisonne manufactory. And at last he gained so much fame over a pearl gray jar ornamented with peach blossoms that he was not called Sato any more, but Momotaro, which means the Peach-Boy. But that does not come into this story.

The Eye at the Knot Hole

By FREDERICK FERDINAND MOORE

DRAWINGS BY F. C. JACK

GATELY could not throw off the feeling that someone was following him. He kept looking over his shoulder down the trail. When he let his horse breathe a minute at the top of the hills, he would turn in his saddle and peer back into the jungle. At such times he would put his hand to the saddlebags to make sure that they were still hanging at the cantle.

He had left Lampoc at daybreak and at noon it was twenty miles behind. The sun was the ordinary, everyday Philippine sun, blazing steadily in the sky. Gately was accustomed to it, yet he felt that it was shriveling him this day. He had emptied two canteens of boiled water, breaking the rules, for old-timers like Gately knew, or should know, better than to drink so much water in the heat of midday while on the march. But every dozen rods he took a gulp of water and looked back over the trail.

Gately was assistant treasurer of Malaban province—or had been until that morning. Now he was an embezzler, with sixty thousand dollars in Philippine bills and American gold in his saddlebags. He was making for the · where he hoped to get a British tramp steamer, bound anywhere. He simply wanted to get his Philippine money turned into gold and then reach China or Madagascar or Singapore—any place where he could buy luxury and pleasure and fine clothes and a carriage and good eating and drinking.

Allison was treasurer of Malaban province and Allison was raving with the fever. Gately started out for a doctor. Before he got away he saw the sixty thousand dollars in the field safe and could not resist the temptation to take it and go; but he didn't intend to come back. He didn't like Allison anyway and he was very sick of life in Lampoc, of poring over books and doing Allison's clerical work.

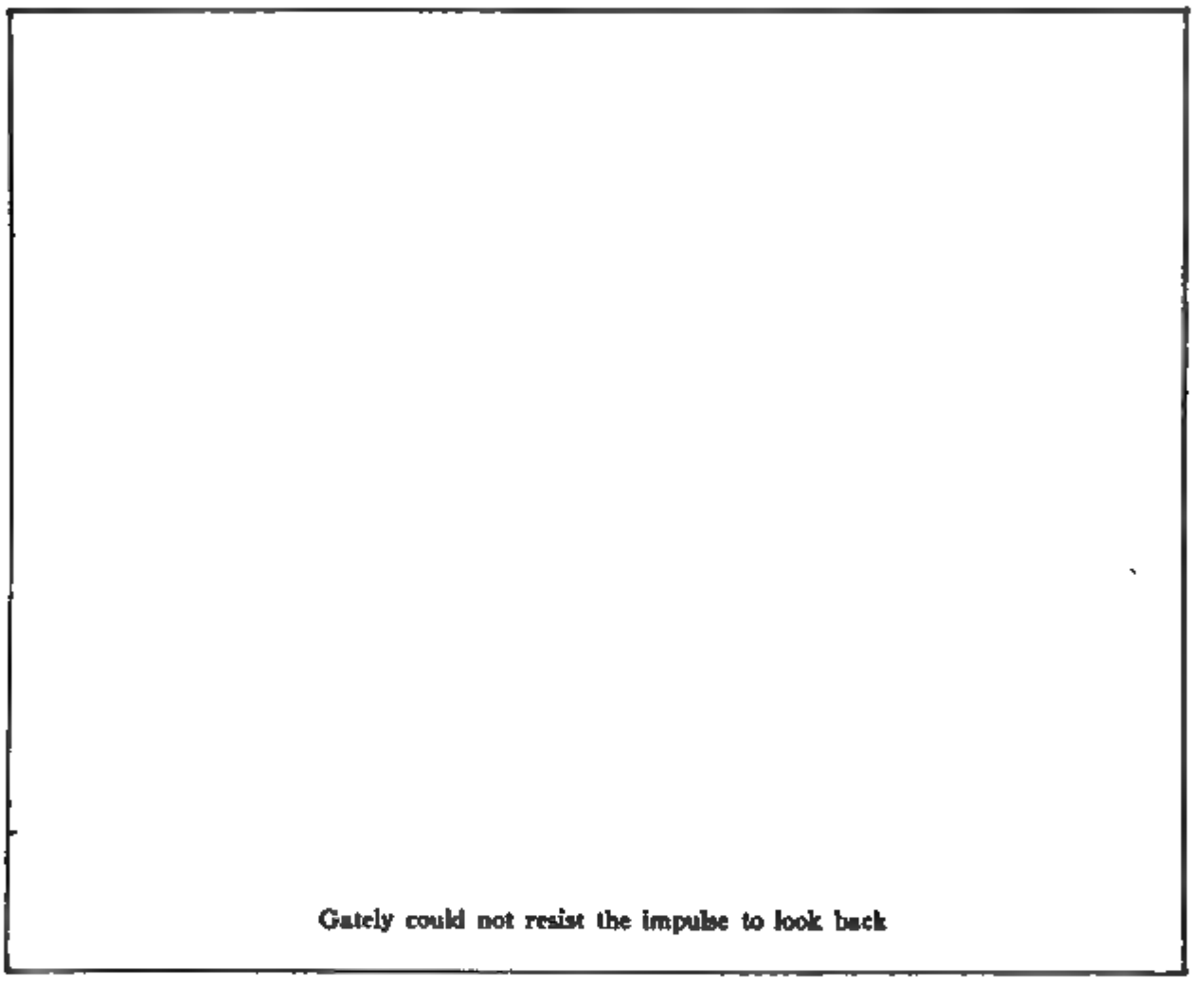
"I'm a fool," he muttered, as he gave his horse the spur and rode on, "a big fool to be so nervous, when they can't get wise to this thing for a week, and if Allison dies it may be a month. I reckon he'll cash in right enough—he always worried himself sick over a few dollars and worked my head off at trial balances. That's no life for me. I could hammer away all my life and die poor and I might as well make this clean-up and get out with it."

But in spite of his self-assurance he couldn't resist the impulse to look back. He had the unquenchable thirst and at the top of the last ridge finished his fourth and last canteen. Before he started downward he surveyed the route he had followed all morning. Lampoc was below him, a tiny splotch of red-tiled roofs surrounded by the brown jungle. He scanned the bits of trail which he could make out, but he could find no pursuing party. The China sea was off to the right, thirty miles by the trail, yet apparently at his feet, in the shimmering, heat-laden tropical air.

would be glad to see him and would assume that Gately was making a trip to San Fernando on official business. The money couldn't be missed, for the empty safe was locked and he had the key, and his absence was accounted for and Allison would not get well for awhile if ever. So he turned off the trail and made his way to Quinn's, where he could get water and food and rest.

Quinn was reading on the veranda of his bungalow as Gately rode up.

"This is certainly a visit to the sick and in prison," said Lieutenant Quinn. "My wife and kiddie have gone back to the States



Gately could not resist the impulse to look back

"Good-by Lampoc," he said gaily, waving his hand at the town. "Bye bye Allison—hope you beat the fever."

The horse trotted into the downward jungle trail and the sacks of gold coin began to jingle as the saddlebags pounded against Gately's thighs. The rider's throat became parched and he perspired until his clothes were wet through and steaming from the heat.

Gately knew that it would be folly to try and make the seaport town of San Fernando by night. He knew of a constabulary detachment at the headwaters of the Abu river, a few miles off the trail. Quinn was the lieutenant in command and he decided to spend the night with Quinn. The officer

to get out of the hot season and I am all alone except for fourteen Pampangans and a Dutch clock that strikes twelve every hour. Great Snakes! I am glad of a white man!"

He called a constable to take the horse. Gately stripped off the saddlebags and threw them over his shoulder.

"I've got to keep an eye on this; where will I put it—where will I sleep?"

Lieutenant Quinn showed him to a room off his own bedroom, and Gately carefully deposited the saddlebags under the cane bed, taking care that he did not let it down hard, for it was heavy, and he did not want Quinn to know that he was packing a dozen sacks of double-eagles.

with cord and arranged the packets into two evenly sized bundles. The room was very hot and he worked cautiously, so that Quinn would not hear the gold chinking.

He stopped a second to wipe the perspiration from his brow. He glanced at the wall—and then collapsed and sat down on the bed and buried his face in his moist, clammy hands. An eye was watching him through a knot hole!

Gately wondered what he should do. He knew that he was caught, for the eye at the knot hole was the blue eye of Lieutenant Quinn, and it was the duty of Lieutenant Quinn to arrest him and hand him over to the civil authorities as an embezzler.

It was half an hour before he moved. He had made up his mind to confess his guilt to Quinn and beg for mercy. The gold could be returned and he could leave the Philippines; if Quinn refused, it meant at least ten years in Bilibid.

Gately threw a blanket over the gold and packets and stumbled across the room to the door. He could not look up and meet that eye, which he felt was still watching him.

Quinn was not in the next room. Gately instinctively looked for the knot hole in the wall through which Quinn had watched him packing up the loot. The wall was littered with pictures, clothing, mounted carabao horns, calendars from Manila, and the odd bric-a-brac of the tropics. Among the articles Gately observed a big doll, suspended by its hair from a nail, facing the wall. He turned the figure outward. The wax face had large blue eyes, and one of the eyes was over the knot hole when the doll hung with its face to the wall.

Gately gazed for a minute at the doll, and then drew a deep breath and sighed.

"I thought I was a thief," he said. "I supposed it was easy to be a thief. I'm lucky I learned the truth before it is too late. Let's see—it's twenty-two miles to San Fernando—I ought to get back to Lampoc to-morrow night with the port surgeon, life for Allison and my own honor."

How Fire Helps Forestry

The Practical vs. The Federal Government's Theoretical Ideas

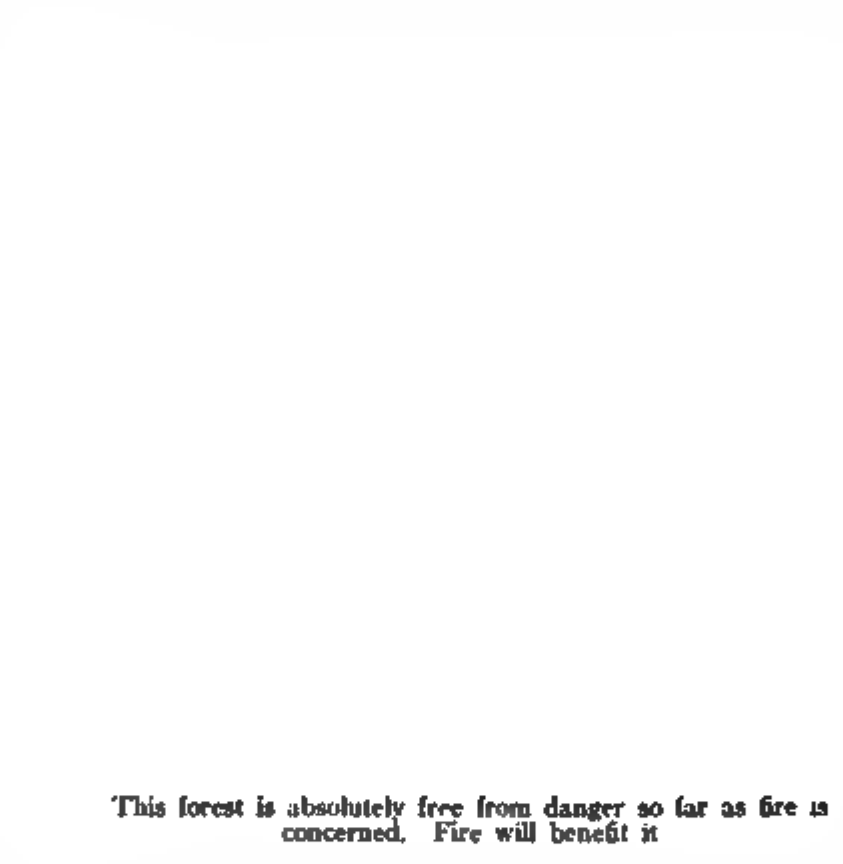
By GEORGE L. HOXIE, C. E.

The forest fire is a name of terror to all who love trees and who recognize the economic importance of forests. Fire rages in the great woods of the West every summer, doing untold damage. It must be apparent that measures to prevent this destruction are vitally necessary. Therefore it will surprise the majority of readers to learn that prevention of fire may be made so complete as to menace the forests with greater danger than they now incur. In this article Mr. Hoxie, a practical lumberman, in collaboration with Mr. S. O. Johnson and Mr. G. X. Wendling, two men of wide experience and large interests in forestry, tells how fire must be fought with fire and sounds a note of warning against the theoretical policy of the Federal Service:

PRACTICAL foresters contend and can demonstrate that from time immemorial fire has been the salvation and preservation of our California sugar and white pine forests. The white man found these forests to his liking five hundred to two thousand years after they sprang from the soil and it is admitted that the Indian for centuries, for his own convenience, no doubt, fired the forests at periods of about three years, it is stated; that is to say, he burned certain forest areas one year and certain other areas another, and so on, to the end that the burnings were about three years apart.

The practical invites the *aid* of fire as a *servant*, not as a *master*. It will surely be master in a very short time unless th

and that the damage on this account would be irreparable. The claim will also be made by the theorists that the vegetable mold or forest carpet is subjected by this enemy fire to total destruction. The practical answer to this is that in the forests described an average from say five to fifteen trees (very much oftener the former number) is all an acre will sustain. In nature it is simply the survival of the fittest, so that in mature forests the fittest control and, in effect, stunt and make dormant the younger growth by depriving it of the life-giving light and heat. And this younger growth will never make any considerable headway until the parent tree is removed, as can be readily demonstrated by cutting any of the trees subjected to the conditions described and counting the yearly rings. The writer has cut trees growing under the conditions described, not exceeding two inches in diameter, and found them to be upwards of fifty years of age. Had conditions of light and heat been favorable, these same trees would have been at least twelve to fifteen inches in diameter in this period of time. The horticulturist knows that for the same reasons it is extremely difficult to grow a young fruit-tree in an old orchard.



This forest is absolutely free from danger so far as fire is concerned. Fire will benefit it

The practical answer to the destruction of the vegetable mold or forest carpet is that during even the driest period of the year it is protected by green growths of varied kinds that in themselves will not burn. These growths include what is locally called bear clover, snow-brush, squaw carpet, elk grass, manzanita, white thorn, and deer brush, lupine, and natural grasses, such as thrive at high altitudes with a limited amount of sunlight, usually a species of bunch-grass. But the forest cover or carpet has been wet by the first fall rains, before the practical subjects the forest areas to fire and the only portions of forest carpet that would be even damaged would be those portions directly under a pile of brush, previously placed for burning, or under decayed logs, and a search-warrant will be necessary to find these burned spots a season or two after the burning.

The damage by fire to forest trees of all kinds will be noted almost universally to have occurred at the butts and on the uphill side of the particular tree damaged—evidence that extra hazard in the shape of accumulated inflammable matter, drifting downhill, was the direct cause.

It is a mistaken idea that fire in the California forest areas climbs green trees and destroys them. It is also an undeniable fact that the greatest fire hazard is that portion of the forest area situated on the slopes of mountains, as such slopes conduce more or less of a draught that does not exist on the level or mesa portions of forest areas. For this reason these slopes should receive the greatest amount of attention in preparing for the servant fire. This would include filling in, with earth, depressions immediately at the foot of trees damaged by fire, to prevent the creation of draught and to eliminate thereby in a great measure damage that might otherwise result from subsequent fires.

These conditions would seem to direct that in practical forestry fires should be started at the proper time of year on the summits of the timbered areas selected to be cleaned by the use of the servant fire, as this would tend to eliminate the draught created by the fire itself on the slopes.

The theorists say at time of harvesting the forest crop of logs sufficient seed trees must be left to insure and perpetuate the forest growth. The practical knows

The Whirlpool Gorge

By EDWARD LUCAS WHITE

Author of THE MAN WHO HAD SEEN THEM

FOWCHA NIPSILATH had been a thief, pilfering from families of his own tribe and incorrigibly thievish among them. Slow of wrath are they against their own, indulgent and easy going. His roguery had been forgiveness. The marks of trial and punishment he bore for life upon both hands, where the hatchet of justice had lopped off three digits of each and left him two only to fish for others' belongings.

He had a habit of twiddling his little fingers against his thumbs and watching them as he sat silent, his narrow eyes staring down his thin nose, his gaze meditative but not regretful, rather sly and cheerful.

So he sat just now, a slender brown figure, naked save for waistcloth and turban, his sallow face expressionless and secretive.

"Why do you tell me this?" Uttarity asked.

"Solitary," he said, "I possess not the force to extricate the effigy."

Fowcha Nipsilath had learned English at the mission school long before he lost his fingers. He not only spoke English but read it, had read everything he could lay hands on in English, even the school dictionary, which had been one of his prizes for scholarship at the mission. Not once nor twice, but scores of times he had read it through. Mentally translating from his vernacular—for however much he read and talked English he had never come to think in it—he chose the mouth-filling words by preference.

"Dalkeith is stronger than I am," Uttarity demurred.

"Mister Dalkeith," Fowcha Nipsilath spoke slowly, "abides ineffably autocratical. Coparcener of my secret, he would impropriate the entirety, relegate me to the subordinacy of cat's-pawship and arrogate himself proprietor of the total bonanza. Upon your evenhandedness I can repose."

Uttarity said nothing.

His thought was:

"Yes, you designing scoundrel, you know Dalkeith too keen and wary to be fooled at any step of the proceedings. You think you can use me and put me out of the way at your convenience."

There was just enough decency in Uttarity for him to feel for a moment that the only safe, as the only honest, course was to wait for Dalkeith and tell him the whole story. His avarice and self-conceit got the better of him as the Oriental had calculated. He felt cocksure of being able to outwit Fowcha Nipsilath. His dominant idea was to land the prize and get away before Dalkeith returned. He did not even formulate a plan of evasion, but trusted to the vague possibilities he saw in his mind's eye and to his cleverness at a pinch.

He questioned Fowcha Nipsilath as to distances and directions.

"But that will take us over the border," he protested.

Fowcha Nipsilath nodded.

Uttarity became serious, even gloomy. The temptation was severe, but the risk was daunting. He did not hesitate long over Dalkeith's wrath at his breaking their parole or over troubles with the authorities on the way down. He staked everything on being off before Dalkeith returned and on reaching the coast ahead of any rumor of his perjury that might trickle down country. But the actual danger was enough to scare a bolder man than he. His greed triumphed. Prudence he ignored as well as decency.

Thereupon he catechized Fowcha Nipsilath rigorously. Presently a light broke on his intelligence.

"Why," he exclaimed, "that will take us mighty close to the Miang-Miangs."

"Their confines," Fowcha Nipsilath stated placidly, "border upon the verge of the precipices eastwardly."

"We might as well cut our throats now," said Uttarity, "as venture that near to them."

"I have returned alive," Fowcha Nipsilath reminded him.

"But," Uttarity demurred, "we may have to wait more than one day for our chance. They are certain to see us."

"Into the chasm," Fowcha Nipsilath explained. "No Miang-Miang ever ventures for fear of the nats and phees with which their tribal superstitions people its abysses."

Uttarity conceived that this might be true. His innate recklessness reinforced his cupidity. The fascination of excitement lured him on where greed of gain beckoned. To match his wits against those of the treacherous native seemed a prospect, an exhilarating game. The narrow margin by which he might win added to its enticement. He made sure of one fact only: that they could return in a single march without sleeping. True, he must take Fowcha Nipsilath's word for this, but he flattered himself that he had put the questions too indirectly for their purpose to be conjectured. He might sleep fearlessly until the loot was in their possession.

Methodically he prepared for the expedition. He must omit nothing available which they might need, must carry not one ounce of superfluous weight.

Fowcha Nipsilath was wiry and enduring. Burdened to the utmost, he accepted the load without a murmur. Uttarity himself carried little besides his rifle and cartridge-belt, with his revolver in its holster.

His Celtic blood tempted him to venture unarmed. But they might encounter a tiger, and were likely to meet more than one leopard, while his fighting gorge rose at the thought of being captured without resistance. Also, the arms would strengthen his superiority on the march home. He would have been more comfortable and freer for threading the jungle with Fowcha Nipsilath as gun-bearer. But it would intensify the difficulties of his diplomacy to assume all the weapons only after the treasure was in hand.

Fowcha Nipsilath in the lead, they set out. The last sight Uttarity had of the camp was when he glanced back through the big trees and closing undergrowth and saw the Chinese cook still staring after them.

In one respect Fowcha Nipsilath was entirely to be trusted. Between Tawang and Lung-Chau, from Tasso southward, there was no better woodsman. His sense of direction was perfect, his deviations and doublings genuine savings of effort and ultimate economies in both time and distance. Uttarity followed without question or comment, but every sense he could spare from immediate obstacles was bent on his compass or on landmarks and bearings.

They rested in the hottest part of the day and pushed on until dusk. The last two hours were a heart-breaking climb through dense underwood up broken, rocky gullies. Fowcha Nipsilath did not halt till it was too dark to see to travel. They fed hastily, and Uttarity, at least, slept at once. His last sensation as he drowsed was hearing the short, shrill yelp of a barking muntjac deer, some distance off in the scrub.

The next morning they reached the crest in a short half-hour and came out into a vast rock-amphitheater full of the roar of water. At first Uttarity caught mere glimpses of sunlit cliff-tops against the intense, clear sky, but after much sliding and zigzagging they emerged upon a treeless shelf from which the entire enormous bowl was visible. Behind and above them the great, red cliff down which they had scrambled towered a full two thousand feet to ragged pinnacles, whose rampart extended east and west and curved round to the northward more than three-quarters of a full circle. Facing them from due north a huge wedge of grim black rock jutted out, like the prow of an ocean liner. Uttarity felt the resemblance and mentally calculated

that an ocean liner, with a prow like that, would be more than eleven miles long. To the left of it, through a widening forested valley, opening from the tree-clad gorge, the river wound snakily away northwestward. Far as he could see, Uttarity could not conjecture the curve where it must turn south again. Its shining surface was visible in diminishing streak beyond streak on the broadening vista. To the right of the prodigious black chisel-edge, between it and the beetling pink precipice, was the menacing and forbidding throat of the narrow chasm down which the river snarled and fought its way. Below them, a thousand feet below them, the whirlpool churned and growled. The moan of baffled and groping currents found a guttural undertone to the boom of the falls and rapids and the bellowing of ten thousand impounded echoes.

From the warm sunlight they dived into wet woods, at first steaming and suffocating, later dank and almost chill. Finally Fowcha Nipsilath led Uttarity out upon a ten-foot apology for a beach barely above the water-level, half sandbank, half mud-flat. Gnarled and crooked teak trees, misbegotten in that soggy soil, hung over it; flecks of brown foam and blistery patches of viscous, muddy bubbles streaked it near the water's edge; little waves lapped lazily along it and their silty lips sucked at it as the sleepy current sulked past. That current, the outermost movement of the mighty vortex, crawled deceptively slow. Yet its unhurried motion heaved and throbbed with sudden uneven swirls too strong for any swimmer.

Out of the mud-bank points of rock projected, and a sort of ring of them, sharp as dogs' fangs, stuck out of the water at its right-hand end, forming a sheltered pool. Some thirty to forty feet beyond them a rock stood clear of the water. It was jagged with worn cusps, like the shark-tooth projections around the pool and through the sand-bar. Beyond it the surface of the whirlpool eddied and hurtled, leaping up in spray, boiling in circles that spread and broke, contracted and vanished.

The torrent issuing from the chasm was tilted sideways as it rushed into the pool, spurting out highest at the foot of the titanic black wedge of jutting cliff. The effect was as Fowcha Nipsilath had described—all floating things were shot into the vortex and there whirled round and round forever. The gush of the current hurled them back again and again. Nothing on the surface of the whirlpool ever went down river.

There were many things on the surface: entire trees with splintered, stripped branches; logs bare of bark and frayed against the rocks; bits of wood of all sizes from mere chips to bulky squared balks; even a raft of mountain pine, still holding together.

"I do not see it," Uttarity said.

"Contemplate unremittingly," Fowcha Nipsilath responded. "Espial will eventually ensue."

Uttarity's gaze swept the surface of the whirlpool and conned every salient object, every difference of color, every glint of light.

Far to their left it seemed he could descry two long, cleanish stretches of shingle.

"Why did we not go there?" he inquired.

"No flotsam trends thither its destination," said Fowcha Nipsilath, pointing to the bits of wood stranded at their feet, split sticks, like firewood, three logs about a foot thick and some ten feet long, and a peeled sapling trunk slender and thin, not four inches thick at the butt, and all of thirty feet in length.

Uttarity took this and sounded the little pool between the tusky rocks. The butt of the sapling, totally water-logged, went straight down as if it had been an iron pole. It knocked against smooth sides of stone slabs, but touched no bottom. He tried beyond the rocks where he could reach the outer water. The pole sank easily as before, then suddenly its buoyancy asserted itself; it pushed gently upward against Uttarity's thrust. The resistance grew stronger, grew rapidly stronger, and though he clung to it with both hands it tore itself from his grasp, leapt lance-like into the air for more than half its length and toppled over on the mud-flat.

Doggedly Uttarity tried it again. Again it touched no bottom. But this time, as he probed with it, it pulled against him, almost dragged him down, was wrenched from his clutch and vanished into the depths. Uttarity watched for its reappearance and watched long in vain.

So watching he became fascinated. He climbed between the teak trees, found a point of view on a rock and sat and watched. After a while he came down to the mud-flat and watched from there. Between the two he alternated as his whim took him. No

part of the surface was long the same. Tumultuous upbursts of white spray and boiling foam abated to tossing waves, to jostling wavelets, to slapping ripples and quieted in oily rings that swirled slowly, then in accelerating whirls. Gathering speed, the new vortex would hasten its rotation till the shreds of bark and bits of wood began to be sucked under. Faster and faster the gyration spun until it dragged down into its maw beams, logs, even perhaps one of the great trees entire. Then the smooth funnel of foamless water would deepen and spin awhile, sometimes a long while, sometimes only a moment, until its center slowly or suddenly lifted, the rotation slowed and stopped, the surface smoothed to an oily flat, heaved, creased into ropy curves, pulsed, leapt, and shot up into a spout of hissing foam and silvery spray.

From watching the alterations of the surface Uttarity passed to following the fates of its playthings. The big trees now sailed languidly, now levered sideways, now rolled over lumberingly, their branches sweeping in slow arcs like stiff arms of uneasy sleepers. He saw one drawn bodily down, its rigid boughs like palsied fingers beckoning vainly for help. Many a log and beam he saw disappear. Most spun dizzily, upended and plunged almost vertically down, but the smaller sometimes went under suddenly flatwise into the wider and stronger indrafts. The larger logs occasionally rode out a vortex and sailed on; the big trees generally, the raft, though twice it seemed about to yield, never wholly was submerged. It remained mostly near the center of the pool. The trees circled about it, it and the dozen of them changing places and weaving in and out among each other. When one or another of them came round to the mouth of the chasm it accelerated its speed, was caught in the down-rush, whirled over and over against the cross-current and hurled back into the pool. Beams and logs so drawn always went under, but always reappeared, though sometimes after a long interval.

From noting their vanishings Uttarity passed to watching for their reappearances. Some he watched for in vain. They might be held under for hours. The sapling pole with which he had sounded he did not see again for half the day.

So intent, he became aware that many captive derelicts never came wholly into view. He grew absorbed in watching for half-guessed tantalizing hints of what milled about below the surface. Out of the space where a vortex had dissipated or in the calmer intervals a half-seen momentary difference of color told of some sudden shape that failed to reach the air. Roundish things shouldered cumberously into the sunlight, wallowed like a porpoise on the flank of an ocean billow, and sank again. Watching for these and greedily eying them, Uttarity, after more than an hour in a cramped position of intentness, caught a glint of blue, as it were of lapis lazuli, awash in the greenish blackness of a foamless quake and reel of currents.

As he thought he saw it Fowcha Nipsilath yelled shrilly.

Uttarity saw him pointing where the glimpse of blue had vanished.

"You beheld?" Fowcha Nipsilath cried. "You credit my veracity?"

Uttarity turned again to the pool.

The sun was visibly lowering and the shadow of the black cliff lay broad on the slope behind them, when, out of an oily swell, emerged what he had hoped to see. The hair of the head was gilded, the face a ruddy, brownish pink. The eyes, as Fowcha Nipsilath had narrated, white crystals of great size, flashing with rainbow tints. The teeth, two rows of them, were manifestly pearls, and the three-strand necklace around the neck was all of great rubies, flat-cut but very large.

Evidently it was an escape from some flood-ravaged temple of some nameless cult in the vast mysterious region known to Uttarity, and indeed to all Europeans, merely as "up river."

The painted robe was blue, a brilliant enamel-surfaced blue, and in the two hands was clasped to its wooden bosom the figure of a horse, painted blood-red.

The face of the idol was not that of a Buddha, nor yet of any Hindoo god. Its nose was high and aquiline, its cheek-bones broad.

The force of the up-current shot it out into the air nearly to its robed knees. Its blue length toppled with a sort of reluctant dignity and it lay awash. So, barely visible, they kept it in view as it swam slowly round to below the chasm, was caught in the down-rush and swept under in the twirl of the cross-currents.

that an ocean liner, with a prow like that, would be more than eleven miles long. To the left of it, through a widening forested valley, opening from the tree-clad [illegible] the river wound snakily away north[illegible] ward. Far as he could see, Uttari[illegible] not conjecture the curve where [illegible] turn south again. Its shining [illegible] visible in diminishing streak [illegible] on the broadening vist[illegible] the prodigious black [illegible] it and the beetling [illegible] menacing and for[illegible] narrow chasm dow[illegible] and fought its [illegible] sand feet bel[illegible] and growl[illegible] groping [illegible] to the [illegible] bellow[illegible]

Fr[illegible] [illegible]pointment be[illegible] [illegible] The other, [illegible] [illegible]ean throw from [illegible] Nipsilath being in [illegible] times that day [illegible] at the strength of his [illegible] and at his accurate [illegible] the spear bit deeply, the [illegible] the prize voyaged easily [illegible] almost into reach of the pole-[illegible] Nipsilath had made from [illegible] sapling when it returned [illegible] At that crisis the suck of [illegible] checked its course, pulled the [illegible] their hands and dragged idol, [illegible] and rope under and out of sight, the [illegible] submergence the statue suffered all that day. When it came again to the surface the spear and rope had vanished.

The next day at dawn, waking suddenly from the long, deep slumber of exhaustion, Uttarity saw the god not ten feet from the bank. The pole-hook failed to catch it. Fowcha Nipsilath staggered to his feet, drunk with drowsiness and his throw missed entirely; his second throw, for he had time to throw again, just nudged the idol on its way.

The next time it came near, after pirouetting about all over the midst of the pool, was afternoon and it floated right to their hands, feet first. Uttarity caught the splintered toes and guided it between the two nearest rock-points into the little pool.

With a shout of triumph he straightened up, his face to the sun, his arms flung wide and high, his fingers spread, yelling his exultation to the sapphire sky.

[illegible] Nipsilath had him [illegible] with the momentum of a [illegible]

[illegible] a born wrestler. Totally [illegible] as he was, he did not [illegible] his footing and he did in[illegible] his assailant.

[illegible] the oozy flat they struggled, neither [illegible] down, each often almost in the air. [illegible] lower end they pitched off into the [illegible] Fowcha Nipsilath further from shore. As they fell an upward seethe swept them out.

Uttarity was a strong swimmer. He reached the rock with his last strength, after a battle that lasted some minutes and seemed to him to have lasted hours.

When he looked about for Fowcha Nipsilath he saw him on the raft, far away across the commotion of waters. The raft sailed round, farther from the center of the whirlpool than Uttarity had yet seen it, and passed within a few yards of the rock. The baffled cunning and impotent hate on Fowcha Nipsilath's face, Uttarity hardly noticed; Fowcha Nipsilath seemed as distant as Lake Titicaca, as far off as Achilles.

The idol was still in the little pool, tetering slowly on the tiny ripples. Somehow it did not seem as remote as Fowcha Nipsilath. He watched it as intently as if he might ever hope to touch it again. It bobbed up and down less slowly. Eying it and the tusks of rock about it, he saw that the water was rising. Conning the marge of the mud-flat, he made sure of it. Within an hour he had the mortification of seeing the idol, after much bumping against the rocks, edge its way on the slow current out between the two widest-set rock-points, and drift away to the outer confusion. He followed it with his eyes until it went under.

Then he fell to watching Fowcha Nipsilath, where the raft now staggered and tossed in the center of the turmoil.

So watching, he began to feel as if eyes were fixed scrutinizingly on himself from behind.

He turned.

Some twenty sallow-skinned, nearly naked men stood or squatted on the mud-flat, silently regarding him. For an instant he thought them Miang-Miangs. Then a difference, many differences, the peculiar make of their clubs, spears, and bows, a greater breadth of shoulder, a stockier build, a more striking show of brawn, an intenser ferocity

of expression revealed to him the probable reason why the Miang-Miangs kept out of the gorge. All wore necklaces of teeth, some of several strands. One, the tallest and heaviest, wore the horse-jaw head-ornament of a hill Tsobwa and carried a gun, a muzzle-loading smooth-bore of an antique pattern recognizable even at that distance.

Presently one of the youngest rose and poised his spear. Uttarity did not pray; he was not a praying man. His one thought was not to disgrace his fellow-Europeans in the eyes of the savages. He found it took all his self-control to conserve an appropriately defiant expression and attitude.

The lance would undoubtedly have finished Uttarity had not the spearman's aim been spoiled by the clubbed gun-butt of the Tsobwa, which thudded on his skull the fraction of a second before he loosed his weapon.

There followed a great deal of jabbering. Uttarity needed no interpreter to convey to him that, in the Tsobwa's opinion, a quick death was too good for him. The chief apparently explained to his men that the thought of the intruder dying by inches on his hopeless perch would be a relishable pleasure for days to come.

This, or whatever else was their subject, satisfactorily settled and the rash youth properly subordinated to the Tsobwa's authority, the Singphoos, or whatever they might be, examined his revolver, belt, cartridges and rifle, ate everything eatable, made various derisive gestures toward Fowcha Nipsilath and Uttarity and departed gravely in single file, the Tsobwa in the lead. Of the adventurers' outfit they left not a vestige.

A hazy murkiness crept over the sun, the sky clouded over, the twilight was unusually long.

Night came with but one or two stars, then the impenetrable blackness of windless, lowering darkness settled over Uttarity.

His Celtic optimism was no worthless asset. He fitted himself into the depressions of the rock, composed himself and slept off and on. The thunderous roar all about him soothed him and he was not yet weak and his hunger was bearable.

Some time in the night it began to rain, a chilling and depressing drizzle. Through the grayness of this the dawn light filtered. The drizzle increased and became a downpour. Uttarity, even in his discomfort, remarked its astonishing effect in beating down the spasms of the eddies. Fowcha Nipsilath on his raft circulated evenly, passing Uttarity's rock within fifty feet at each round. Not far from the raft, slower in its wider orbit, was a sixty-foot squared beam of newly hewn timber. The idol was nowhere in view.

When the light became full day the rain stopped suddenly and within a few moments blue sky showed overhead. Uttarity turned his face to the mud-bank and ignored what went on behind him. Within a half an hour after he had adopted this posture of contempt, the statue, as little battered as when he first saw it, slid out of the depths a mere arm's-length from his rock. He grasped it easily.

For a time the water about the crag was as still as a horsepond. Between him and the shore no current showed. For a breath Uttarity was tempted to swim for it. Then he towed the idol to the left extremity of his rock, aimed it toward the widest opening between the protecting rocks about the little pool, took a firm hold of its feet and pushed. Released from his grasp, with the impetus of his thrust, it forged majestically across the interval and its head jolted on the rock-points, passed between them and there the statue rested, caught firmly by the neck.

Uttarity regretted that he had not ventured to swim. But scarcely was the idol fast in the fork of the two rocks when a vicious uprush of water boiled fiercely past. He was glad of his foothold.

Then he sat down and wondered and wondered why he had sent that idol ashore. He perceived that he had had some crazy idea of afterwards reaching the shore himself. He might have hauled it up on his rock and dug the gems out of it. Might? He had no knife or tool of any kind and the rocks had scant room for himself. He comforted his chagrin by reflecting that he might not have been able to pull the statue clear of the water: he had no idea how heavy it might be.

He felt his arms and legs. He was not weak yet, nor did he feel faint. The night had not stiffened his muscles, chilly as he had been in his coatless condition. He was still hopeful. He sat and thought.

So sitting, he saw the big new-hewn balk pass between him and the mud-bank.

After a long interval it came round again, farther from him. Its end butted into the innermost rock-point about the little pool. It did not bound back, but nosed joltily against the rocks. Its other end swung out from shore.

Uttarity became tense with expectancy.

Slowly the beam swung outward, rolling a trifle in the gentle current. Slowly it neared his rock. It was, yes, it was, longer than the interval of water.

It jammed solidly against his crag. Uttarity slid down, clinging cautiously to the cusps of the rock, reaching eagerly for a grasp on the balk. His feet were in the water, his legs.

A clutch, a vice-like grip of a talon of a thumb and a claw of a finger, gripped his right ankle.

Instinctively and with the best possible judgment, Uttarity threw all his strength into gripping the rock. He kicked, too, kicked with all his strength. Kicking under water, the force of his strength was muffled.

He realized, too, instantly, that Fowcha Nipsilath, with Asiatic malignity, had put by all hope of the jewels, of escape, even of life. The concentrated venom of his malevolence was focused on killing Uttarity; he was not merely ready to sacrifice his life for that end, but had already resigned any expectation of survival; he meant to die with him and was not trying for anything beyond.

He dared not lessen either hand-hold, dared not try to look round, could only struggle blindly. Once he did catch a glimpse of Fowcha Nipsilath's black shock head, barely out of the water. The splenetic barbarian was throwing himself low, risking the swish of the next eddy, to drag Uttarity down.

Face down on the crag Uttarity clung, weakening.

A rifle shot rang out.

The clutch on his ankle loosened.

He collapsed on the rock.

When he opened his eyes a crimson commotion in the water by the crag was the first sight he beheld.

Then he saw that the beam was still bridging the gulf.

Dalkeith's reassuring voice sounded full and strong above the thunder of the waters.

"Stop where you are till you are rested."

The balk chafed and champed against the crag and Uttarity made as if to start across it.

"Take your time," Dalkeith yelled, and then,

"Can you catch?"

Uttarity signaled an affirmation.

It was a half-pint flask that he caught, full of brandy.

Next Dalkeith deftly threw him a small size tin of their precious Berlin meat-biscuits and last a cake of Swiss chocolate.

While he ate, Uttarity watched Dalkeith and Vudjva Laiwaporn drag the statue up on the bank.

Unhurriedly Dalkeith gouged out the inlaid gems.

Uttarity saw him pile them in two heaps on the flat of his spread coat, an eye in each pile, wrap each heap up separately and put both packages inside his shirt.

Only after that did Dalkeith call to him to catch a rope.

Vudjva Laiwaporn threw it accurately. With this tied about his body he essayed the crossing, the horizontal climb along the bobbing balk. Once the undertow sucked greedily at his legs. Otherwise he might have been in a vat.

Dalkeith and Vudjva Laiwaporn, grinning sociably, leaned over and drew him to shore. While he rested they stood and watched him. When he stood up and stretched himself, Dalkeith put his hand inside his shirt, drew out one of the packets and handed it to him. Uttarity pocketed it without a word.

"And now," Dalkeith said, "we'd best be off."

"How did you find me?" Uttarity asked.

"Lung Chung is no fool," Dalkeith answered, "and Vudjva Laiwaporn can follow any trail. Getting here was easy. The point is, getting back. If we can steal a march on the gentry who left these tracks we have half a chance of dodging the Miang-Miangs."

Antitoxin for Cost-of-Livingitis

By BERTHA H. SMITH

PHOTOGRAPHS BY THE AUTHOR

DID you ever pick up a doctor book and read idly the symptoms of various diseases? If so, before you laid the book down, had you not discovered in yourself symptoms of so many dreadful diseases that you were ready to make your will and call in the family doctor? It is very much the same with this question of the high cost of living. You may have been jogging along comfortably, having most of the things you want, paying your bills, and believing that you and your neighbors and the country at large were enjoying prosperity, until a little while ago you began to read in every newspaper and magazine you picked up something about the abnormally high cost of living. And now the more you read, the worse off you think yourself.

You read about the exorbitant price of eggs and flour and butter and meat, and you find yourself in a cold chill of fear when you open your grocer's or your butcher's bill.

You read how the bakers have been gradually cutting down the size of the five-cent loaf of bread, and you are in a fever of wrath at being thus imposed upon, even though you get so much more than you can use that your wife throws a panful every few days across the back fence to the neighbors' chickens.

You read of the advance in the cost of fuel and clothing, and all other necessities, and you feel a pain in the legs whenever you step into a shop to buy anything. Then you begin to talk over your symptoms with other men on the street-car and in the office, and the first thing you know you are suffering from *cost-of-livingitis* in an acute form.

You go on reading everything you can find on the subject. In one place you read that it is the new tariff that has increased the cost of living, and your fever rises a few degrees as you talk about the men that dictated the tariff. Then you read that since 1890 the share of customs revenue paid by the average family has actually been reduced instead of increased, and your temperature goes down a little.

Elsewhere you read that it is the trusts that keep the prices soaring, and as you read of the meat riots of the New York ghetto you grow apoplectic because the Government doesn't go ahead and put the trusts out of business and give the farmers and laboring men a chance.

And perhaps the very next thing you read is that Kansas farmers are getting more than a dollar a bushel for wheat that for years never brought more than sixty cents; and ten cents a pound on foot for hogs instead of five cents as formerly. And in the next column you see that some labor union has just secured an increase in the wage scale, with shorter hours. Ouch! the pain is in your liver, not your head.

And so you go on trying to locate the seat of the trouble, with a certain morbid plea-

frocks, and because they all do it there's no gossiping and pointing the finger at anyone. And here in California where everyone wears cotton so much of the year, we don't worry very much about the high tariff on wool."

Just here an actor neighbor came in and was asked to corroborate the testimony of the sage.

"Wow!" he ejaculated. "Is the cost of living high? Well, rather. It's all I can do to make my salary cover my expenses."

This sounded more like the talk in the eastern magazines and newspapers, more like the talk one expects from a stock actor. Here was the man I had started out to find. Here was the chance for swapping symptoms.

"Obviously you have neither a garden nor chickens?"

"No," he said, "we only go in for flowers —lots of them—and dogs Oh, yes, and we keep a pony and a cow. You see, I'm the pioneer of this colony, because I always was a sort of a farmer, and thank God I'm a farmer still. I'm not ashamed to carry butter in town to sell to my friends. They're always crazy to get it. I don't know much about the cost of foodstuffs because we board with one of the neighbors, but my trouble comes in trying to be ready to meet the payments on a ranch I'm buying not far from Los Angeles. You see I've been in this company for five years, and have been very lucky, and I want to own a ranch in California."

So after all, an actor who goes in for flowers and dogs and horses and cows and buying ranches could not be suffering very acutely from the high cost of living.

Further search for someone with a cost-of-living tale of woe led to a city official who began keeping bees for recreation and found that they not only paid their own way but produced enough honey for him to make a little money on the side; and a school-teacher who also keeps a few, less for the recreation than the income.

And there was a man with an acre of poor ground who found it was just the right sort for raising artichokes, which always bring a good price in the market. And a retired judge with a seventy-five-foot lot just outside the city limits on which he has planted more than twenty varieties of fruit-trees, which furnish more fruit than his family can use for summer eating and winter preserving.

If these people are exceptions to the rule, it is because they have made themselves so. Almost any other person in Greater Los Angeles could go and do likewise, for here it is the rule for people to own at least a fifty-foot lot.

A college professor has figured that the present high cost of living in America is the result of one hundred years of the cheapest living the world has known, and that the hundred years of cheap living was due to the fact that the price of food represented little beyond the cost of labor, since the farmer paid little for his land and cattle roamed at will upon the public domain. Now, however, not only is the land expensive, but the handling of grain and cattle by modern methods has brought labor in many branches of agriculture from common to the skilled class. The deduction is that the next hundred years must pay for the cheapness of the last hundred.

In California, where things grow willingly outdoors for twelve months of the year, this condition can be counteracted in part. Of course no one would think of trying to grow on half of a city lot wheat or oats or barley or field corn, and these are the foodstuffs economists use as a basis for their calculations. But anybody can put in a few rows of potatoes and green corn, peas, beans, turnips, cabbage—what not? and a tomato vine or two in some corner, that will furnish enough tomatoes for a family, and a few berry bushes against the fence, and a few fruit-trees in angles of the house or where the front lawn joins the back garden, and the product of this small planting will relieve the pressure on the agricultural lands, and on any pocket-book that is not equal to the present cost of food.

This is the antitoxin Southern California offers for *cost-of-livingitis*.

A Glimpse of the World

By Denison Halley Clift

THE Orphanage stood upon the crest of a bare hill, a big, prosaic yellow building with a hundred windows that shimmered like eyes of gold in the evening when the sun slipped over the Fairfax hills. The children never were quite certain where it was, for it was tucked away in a tiny corner of this world, in a little golden valley, and all that was really known of it was that it was bounded on the east by Red Hill, on the north by the yellow fields of Joe Maghetti's pasture, on the west by the young Fairfax hills, and on the south by the great unknown world.

From the dormitory windows on the third floor the boys making the beds of a morning could get a wonderful outlook on the little valley. For a few moments at a time they would jerk off the clean, white sheets, the crazy quilt and immaculate spread, hurl them back with considerable slight of hand, slap the pillow into place and turn to the open window out of which lay the glistening morning fields and the pale faraway mountains and the splendor of rugged Tamalpais, and beyond that—Paradise itself.

Lying across the yellow and brown meadows like a gray ribbon ran the county road. It wound around the base of Red Hill, where was the outlet to the world, and crawled past the gates of the Orphanage up the sunny slopes toward Fairfax. It was always supposed that the road reached Fairfax. Nobody really knew. Twice daily a weather-beaten stage rolled around Red Hill from the station and crept away over the hills—where, no one was sure. Some months before the odd two hundred came very near finding out, the time Willie Yelland ran away. But Willie's abbreviated legs could carry him just so fast and his disappearance was discovered in time to allow Jenny, the ancient horse, driven by Old King, the superintendent, to overtake the flying young hopeful just as he was descending into Fairfax town. So the mystery of Fairfax remained one of the problems of the outer world.

The other end of the road was never in doubt; it led to San Anselmo, where you took the train for San Francisco. Everyone who came to the Orphanage plowed through the dust along this road from the station. Around the station was the beginning of a township—a few scattered houses, Bailey's blacksmith-shop, the station house of pale yellow with a couple of trunks piled on the platform, and a plain, nondescript little candy store boasting a huge sign proclaiming:

ICE-CREAM SODA, 5C

a sign that remained in your memory forever.

All this you would never forget if you were being taken to the Orphanage, and as you trod along the road under towering Red Hill you would think about that candy store and what it meant to you. There would be a few trees to shelter you from the hot sun, tall, quivering poplars and cork elms, and the farther you walked the farther you entered into the beautiful country where all you could see were rolling blue foothills and luscious green meadows and small patches of swimming purple iris. It was along this very road, too, that rich ladies came and 'dopted children, and returned again to their world of magnificence.

One pleasant day in midsummer a red motor brought one of these fine ladies down the road to the Orphanage. Syria, the dark one, first made the discovery. He was busily making a horse-hair chain on the front steps when his black eyes, set like glowing coals in the brown of his face, caught sight of the big automobile.

Like wildfire the news spread, and soon the multitude was gathered to greet the approaching car. Was it some fine lady from the city come to 'dopt one of them? The beautiful red machine whirled up the hill with a series of staccato coughs. And when it came to a standstill the multitude saw, settled down in the big tonneau like a real prince, no one else but Cottontop, one of their number whom the fine lady had taken away into the wonderful outside world three months before.

The multitude wanted to know why he had returned. He became the center of all interest. "What's the matter; did yer ma give yer the go-by?" questioned Nutty Fraser, rather pointedly.

"My mamma is going to Yurop," whispered the thin little voice of the pale child, "but she says she coming back to get me again some day."

"She ain't yer ma!" retorted Turkey Moore, the champion, with a tinge of envy in his words.

"She gave yer the go-by," taunted Doctor Knowles. "Well, before I'd let any woman give me the go-by!"

"What did yer see in the city?" asked Syria, quiet until now.

Cottontop was silent for a moment. Then, "Oh, what didn't I see?" he cried, swelling with pride. "I saw what you fellers never seen. Ma took me to all the shows. None of youse ever went to shows!"

There was an envious silence. Nobody could deny the truth of the terrible indictment. The multitude stared with open-mouthed wonder and admiration—Cottontop had become the bridge to the outside world.

"Tell us about the shows," suggested Syria.

"The best one I seen was last night," went on Cottontop, growing eloquent as he proceeded. "It was the biggest show in the world. There were packs of horses an' a lot of clowns, an' elephants an' camels, and everybody was doing things all at once. One lady in a red dress jumped through a big hoop an' landed on a white horse. Gee, but she was great! None of youse ever seen a show like that."

The blow was a crushing one, but, hiding their true feelings, they extracted bit by bit the details of the wonderful show that Cottontop had seen. At his magic descriptions of things that seemed more dreamlike than real, they hungered for a vision of horses and elephants and camels and just enough experience in the unknown world to place them on an equality with the triumphant Cottontop.

The seed of discontent, once sown, soon blossomed into the flower, and before nightfall twenty of the multitude were working out theories of seeing the show. In the big boys' dormitory that night, Nutty Fraser gave utterance to the thoughts that were uppermost in many fertile minds.

"Old King will never let us go if we ask him," he vociferated hotly. "He keeps us penned up here all the time an' we never see nothin'. Fellers, I'm not going to stand it. If youse want to be downtrodden like slaves youse can stay here, but I'm going to kick out!"

It was a strong declaration, and it had a magnetic ring to it. "I'm with yer, Nutty!" exclaimed Turkey Moore. This started an epidemic. "Count me in," said John Henry. "They can't walk over me, neither," affirmed Gint. "Nor me, either," suggested half a dozen others.

It was evident that tyranny must end.

In whispers Nutty revealed the plot. "Saturday after lunch we must all meet at the engine-house, sneak along the creek so Flanders can't see us, get over the fence and beat it for the station. Skinny, you can get Cottontop down by the engine-house. He'll have to come along to tell

how to get to the show. If he balks twist his arm till he hollers."

Nutty's scheme filled every youthful imagination with glowing pictures. Turkey, the champion, took up the slogan of independence and would down Tyranny itself. The mob was satisfied to follow.

There were thirty in the movement when Saturday morning came at last, a clear, fine California morning with sky and mountain a still, pale blue. After breakfast every boy went about his work, but those in the plot could hear their hearts thumping. Turkey Moore superintended the washing of a hundred pair of overalls in the laundry; Nutty Fraser scrubbed out the kitchen mechanically; Syria, the dark one, beat the carpets on the knoll in the rear; John Henry scrubbed out the boys' dormitories, twice upsetting his pail of water out of sheer nervousness; Gint, like a slave-driver, stood over the smaller fry as they picked up sticks and papers on the playground; and Klondike swept and dusted the reception-room, all the time trembling strangely under the eyes of Old King.

To the multitude that morning Old King was a hardened criminal, a tyrant who must be reduced to humbleness. The man who had an innate love for boys was transformed into a pitiless wretch.

It was precisely at one o'clock by the kitchen clock that Turkey Moore set the wheels of action in motion. He sauntered over the knoll behind the kitchen toward the barn. Near the barn, Jenny, the ancient horse, was tethered. Cutting the rope, he turned the wobbly old animal loose and chased it far across Joe Maghetti's pasture.

With his heart beating wildly, but with an air of outward indifference, he wandered carelessly back toward the building and went upstairs and into the dormitory over the office. The telephone wires were run in here to the roof, thence to the office below. Creeping out of the window Turkey slid along the roof and reached the edge unseen. With a quick movement he cut through the insulation with his knife and severed the wires.

Then back inch by inch up the sloping, shingled roof he crawled, scrambled hastily through the window to the floor, and came face to face with Syria. At first Turkey was startled; then he remembered that Syria had somehow wriggled himself into the plot.

"Look here, Syria!" he exclaimed, half angrily, "you're not coming with the gang. You gotta stay home."

Syria's face fell. After all, was he to be denied the show? "I'm—I'm—" he began.

"You gotta stay right here. Ain't that plain enough? And if you peach—" A cold glitter came into Turkey's eye. "I've got a job for you. You're to hang around the office and as soon as Old King gets wise you're to run up and say, 'Oh, Mr. King, some of the fellows have run away. I just saw them going over toward Fairfax.' See? And if you don't—!"

There was a strange chilly, deathlike sensation creeping over Syria when Turkey left him muttering something vague in the middle of the big room with its snow-white beds. Turkey ran downstairs, hurried through the playroom into the open, and—came face to face with Old King.

"I was looking for you," said King. "Go up to the office." The words sounded as the edge of a sharp knife feels against your skin. Turkey was frozen with horror. He made his way stumblingly toward the office, while long shudders zigzagged along his spine.

Old King entered a few minutes later. He fixed Turkey with that cold eye that at times had the look of blue steel. This, then, was the end of Turkey's freedom. He would be placed in the bread-line for months, he would never be able to play ball again for an eternity, he would not taste apple sauce and gingerbread for many interminable weeks! Old King's voice sounded ghostly and far away:

"So you think you washed your overalls clean this morning? Do you call this clean?" He reached into a basket and dragged forth several streaked pair of brown overalls. "Look at these!"

Turkey could have cried aloud in his joy. He muttered something about doing better next time, and Old King sent him below to try his washing skill again. "When you are through report to the office," finished the superintendent as he left.

A moment later Turkey threw the armful of dirty overalls into the washing-machine and started down the hill toward the engine-house. It was long after one! The ground flew under his legs and suddenly he was in the midst of the eager gang.

"Where you been?" demanded Nutty Fraser.

"The old man jumped me about the overalls. Scared the devil outer me. Come on, we'll never get the train."

He leaped into the creek bed and thirty nervous boys sprang along in his wake, running low till they came to the fence. Over the fence they went, one by one, like an acrobatic family in a circus. There were a number of little children playing house under the shadow of the tall golden poplars, and when they saw the gang dart up the road the impulse to follow became too strong and they crawled between the pickets and fled up the road after the flying crowd.

On along the dusty road the string of culprits fled, hidden from the sight of the big yellow building by the glittering, swaying poplars. Turkey led, with his resourceful lieutenant, Nutty, a close second, and after them came the original gang of twenty-eight, and after them the reserve of seven gleeful little boys, three adventurous little girls with pigtails flying, and at the tail end, Baby Billings.

It was a very queer runaway crew that had set out to get a glimpse of the world. Very soon Turkey's desire to get as far away as possible from Old King led to a quickened pace; the gang struggled manfully to keep up, the three little girls panted along in the dust, and Baby Billings found himself outdistanced. Thereupon, thoroughly disgusted with the way things were starting, he sat down in the middle of the road and set up such a howl as only his kind could be guilty of.

His shrieks reached Turkey's ears—they might have reached to the top of Tamalpais. Wondering where they came from, he turned back and his eyes lit full upon Baby Billings seated in the middle of the road.

"Who brought that kid along?" he shouted.

Nobody answered him.

"The dirty little imp," he cried, anger shaking his voice, "he'll queer the whole thing." He ran back and viciously picked up the crying baby, dangling him in air. At that moment his eyes lighted on Syria, skulking on the outskirts of the crowd.

"Syria, didn't I tell you to stay home? What'd you come for?"

"Make him take the kid back," suggested Nutty. Turkey liked the idea.

"Here, Syria, you gotta do what I tell you or we're going to have trouble. Now you take this brat back and hush him up. And don't forget what I told yer!"

Turkey dropped the shrieking baby into Syria's reluctant arms and started back up the road again. The dark one, ludicrously holding the yelling three-year-old, glanced after the flying mob with abject sadness.

Turning quickly he went back along the road a short distance to the Orphanage fence that skirted the pasture of belated yellow buttercups and a few blue flowers. Grasping Baby Billings by his clothes in back he swung him over the pickets and dropped him onto the ground into a patch of brilliant yellow. The train whistled in the distance and turning swiftly Syria ran like a deer up the road after the disappearing gang.

When he gained the top of the road and swung down he saw the excited group lined up on the station platform and the train drawing up at the siding. With a final effort he reached the station just as the little girls were jumping up the steps of the coach after the boys who were crowded into the seats inside the third car. The engine gave a great pouf! the bell rang and the train started again.

With a mad roar the great snorting engine tore down the valley, carrying the runaways to freedom. How glorious it was! The throb and lurch of the cars, the shrill whistle and the clanging bell, the long, black tunnel and the reverberating trestles filled their hearts with an overflowing measure of that unknown joy for which they had hungered all these years.

Oh, but it was great, this pounding along at fifty miles an hour toward the big city far away! Turkey's eyes glowed with the joy that was in his heart; Nutty's blue eyes searched the swimming landscape for new sights such as the mighty power-house or a lazy blue heron that lifted itself slowly out of the silver-gray marsh; John Henry, with his fat cheeks and pudgy hands, held to his seat with fists clenched; and the three little girls clapped their hands and giggled.

Syria, at one end of the car, was crouching behind a fat man with a round red face and staring out of his deep black eyes at the whirling landscape—the silver marshes tinged with gold, the blue slough winding like a great snake through the vivid lush grass, many miles away the white sail of a little boat skimming across the azure, and

in the blue afternoon sky the tracery of drifting white clouds.

Suddenly a man with brass buttons on his blue coat opened the door and called in a sharp voice:

"Tickets!"

Turkey gulped and his teeth shivered. Tickets? Oh, Lord, they didn't have any tickets! John Henry's face turned the color of ashes. Klondike bit his tongue and the little girls, fearing something in the general atmosphere, stopped giggling and crouched low.

"Tickets, please!"

Turkey felt as if a chunk of ice was slipping down his back.

"Tickets! Here, kid, where's your ticket?"

The conductor clutched Turkey's arm to call his attention from the scenery. The champion's eyes were eloquent with appeal as they encountered Nutty's.

"Ticket—why I—didn't—"

"Mr. King's in the next car," quickly expostulated Nutty. "He's got all the tickets."

"Mr. — Who?"

"Mr. King," added Nutty. "You know him, Mr. King of the Orphanage."

"Oh, so you're all from the Orphanage, are you? All right, I'll see Mr. King. Where are you all going?"

"To the city," broke in Klondike.

"To the show," explained Gertie Myers across the aisle.

"Well, isn't that nice now," patronized the conductor, "tickets, tickets!"

The train raced on, past Ross and Kentfield, villages lying on the open hills, and presently the conductor returned.

"Where's Mr. King?" he demanded.

"Isn't he there?" asked Turkey in great surprise.

"In that car? No! Are you sure he's on the train?"

"Oh, sure he's on the train," explained Nutty. "Maybe he's in the other car ahead."

The conductor hurried away and after a few minutes came back on the run. "Now look here, kid," he said, "I know Mr. King, and he isn't on this train."

"He isn't!" exclaimed Nutty, in evident alarm. "Then what shall we ever do?"

"Get off," replied the conductor, "every last one of you. I believe you're running away, anyhow. Well, I'll put you off here between these stations and let the next train cart you all back." He pulled a cord overhead and the train came to a dead stop.

"Go on now, get out, all of you!" One by one the cowed runaways tumbled out of the car, the little girls were assisted to the ground gallantly, and Syria, caught hiding behind the fat man, was sent flying out the rear door urged to tremendous speed by the conductor's shoe, much to the amusement of the passengers who were laughing uproarously at the whole proceeding.

The train started again, gathered speed and disappeared behind a curve.

"Well," said Nutty, "he jobbed us sure!"

"The dirty imp," was Turkey's only comment.

"We're in for it now," observed Klondike, surveying the marshy landscape.

John Henry had been taking in the good points of the situation in silence, and he now delivered himself of this unique remark:

"Let's go swimming!"

Every eye turned to the slough, blue and inviting, a mile away across the marsh.

"Go it," sanctioned Turkey.

With Turkey's approval they forgot for the moment all about the show and their ultimate mission and started on the run through the tules. Their feet sank deep into the oozing mud, clear up to their knees, and every time they drew their legs out they made a funny gurgling sound. The little girls liked this and as they followed on they jumped up and down to see who could make the loudest gurgling noise. Milicent Saunders was, if anything, a little ahead of Gertie Myers.

Then, without warning, Gracie Smith got stuck in the mud and began to cry for help. Syria was close at hand and ran to her rescue, extricating her and helping her along until at length they caught up with the gang on the edge of the slough. The gang was half undressed, and Turkey, concealed only in a large pink shirt, saw Syria bringing up the girls.

The champion's jaw dropped with horror. He had been too excited to notice the girls on the train and he never thought but that Syria was patiently minding Baby Billings back on the Orphanage road.

"What, Syria again?" he bellowed in amazement, clutching for more clothes. "You dirty black-faced heathen, who told

you you could come here? What cher want ter bring them gals here for when we're goin' swimmin'?"

The gang, caught unawares, became filled with indignation.

"Get out o' here, Gertie Myers!" cried John Henry, struggling to conceal himself with a pair of stockings.

"And you, too, Gracie Smith!" exploded modest Doctor Knowles, leaping behind the bath-house. "What cher wanta come for, anyhow?"

Gertie Myers, bristling with anger and indignation on her own part, stuck out her dainty tongue.

"You don't own the creek!" she snapped. "Think yer fresh, don't yer, Turkey Moore? Didn't get to the show, did yer?"

The taunt cut Turkey like a new jack-knife.

"You're to blame for this, you dirty Syrian!" he roared, shaking his fist at frightened Syria. "Wait till I get dressed! If you don't take them gals away this minit I'll—I'll—" He fairly foamed at the mouth.

Syria heard the terrible words of the champion. It seemed as if he was forever hearing the commanding words of the biggest boy, ringing with threats. Syria led the three girls away in the direction of the railroad tracks.

Splash! Splash! Splash! One after the other the adventurous gang dived into the muddy depths and came up spitting and shaking their heads to get the muggy water out of their hair and eyes. The afternoon was hot and the water was fine and cold. They swam and dove and fetched under water and turned handsprings off the springboard until at length the novelty wore off for the moment and they turned their minds toward something else.

They lay on the mud-dry bank under the sun's fierce rays and let nature dry them and their clothes. The afternoon sun burned their backs but little did they care.

"Let's walk to the city," said John Henry, looking off across the flats toward the rails.

"Sure, let's walk," assented Turkey, falling in with the idea. The thought of seeing the show set the whole crowd to yelling, and when they found Cottontop safe and undrowned they gave a whoop of delight and started back for the track. Halfway they met Syria running toward them, panting and wild-eyed.

"Old King's coming!" he cried.

The words of the Syrian smote upon their ears. Old King coming! They were caught like rats in a trap.

"See over there! In the rig!"

The fearful glances turned in the direction Syria indicated. There, far away on the white road, was the ambling figure of old Jenny pulling Old King in the ramshackle phaeton.

"Oh, Lord," gasped Klondike.

"Oh, we'll get it now," boohooed Gertie Myers. "You got me into this, Turkey Moore!"

"Shut up, cry baby!" answered Nutty Fraser. "What did yer come for?"

"Boohoo, hoo," sobbed Gertie Myers, and her two frightened sisters, with eyes glued on the horrible sight of approaching old Jenny, joined her in a grand chorus.

Far away, getting bigger and bigger on the road, old Jenny struggled on under the lashings of Old King. There was no mistaking the movements of the ancient horse; she had a known speed per minute.

While they gazed alone, and horror-stricken on the marsh, with no place to flee, a new idea came into the fertile mind of Nutty. He noticed a flat-car standing on the siding near the main track, and his brilliant young mind was quick to see its possibilities.

"I know what to do," he told the mournful Turkey.

"What?" gasped Turkey in a shaking voice.

"I'll show yer." With that Nutty was off, racing for dear life, and the mob, ready to do anything, followed fleetly.

The next moment Nutty sprang upon the flat-car and was helping the smaller of the runaway crew aboard. When at last they had pulled the three blubbering girls over the edge Nutty kicked out the ratchet that held the brake, whirled the wheel to the left, and, almost imperceptibly, the car began to move.

There was a tremendous shout of joy; Turkey jumped into the air in rapture; John Henry chewed his cap and waved his arms in bliss; and, without knowing quite why, the three little girls began to cry again.

The car gained in speed very slowly, and meanwhile Jenny, like the snail in the proverb, had come dangerously near, about a quarter of a mile away. Turkey was anxious now. The nearer Jenny came the more he longed for speed. Seeing Syria

hanging onto the back he suddenly pushed him off on the track. "Push the car along!" he shouted to the dark one who picked himself up and ran toward the car with eyes full of terror.

Syria, desperate at the thought of being left behind, and finding Turkey standing above him menacingly, placed his little black hands along the back of the car and pushed with all his might. "Faster," yelled Turkey in a strident voice, "faster, faster, faster!"

It did not take much strength to help the car on the down grade, and with Syria's strength behind it the car rolled down the siding and slid onto the main track, where it began its whirlwind journey. Syria was running now to keep up. Then he tried to jump aboard. But his leg slipped, his clutch was torn loose and he fell back into the middle of the track in a cloud of dust, while the flat-car sped on with the gathering speed of an express-train.

With shouts of joy and shrill yells of triumph the runaway gang flew along the glistening rails; away and away with the old world flying backward in confused blurs and old Jenny and Syria lost in the distance. It was a glorious moment while it lasted; everything was forgotten: the conductor that had put them off the train, the swimming, the fate of the Syrian—everything was forgotten in the mad joy of that moment.

Oh, but it was great! Out again into the daylight and through a little village of scattered houses they sped. They knew they were going to the city now; soon they would see the monkey and the elephants and the wild kangaroo that Cottontop had boasted of.

The car raced on, straight toward a tall hill ahead. They took the hill with ease and grace, rushing up the side toward the summit, but very perceptibly the speed slackened. Up, up, slower and slower went the car, letting the girls get their breath and the boys hear themselves talk. And then suddenly and without warning something terrible happened. The car came to an instant stop and began to slide back down the hill!

A look of abject terror came into every face. Down, down, down slid the car and soon it was too late to jump off. Back along the track the car throbbed, down the level road along which they had just come. Around the curve they whirled and there far along the road Turkey beheld the wobbling form of old Jenny. His heart sank within him. He sat down beside the silent Nutty to await his fate.

The car rattled and banged along, slower and slower on the up grade, and the girls continued wailing in the stillness of the evening. The sight of old Jenny and the car rushing toward each other was too much.

Old Jenny stopped and Old King got out of the phaeton. There in the road he stood, patiently waiting. The car came to a dead stop. There was a deep silence like the stillness of death. Then Old King's unruffled voice broke the spell.

"Well, did you all have a good time?"

No one answered.

"Beautiful day for a ride to the city, isn't it?"

They scarcely believed their ears.

"How was the show, Moore?"

"The show—what show?" The words stuck in Turkey's throat.

"I hope you all had a good time. It seems a shame to stand in the bread-line three months for nothing."

The hearts of all stood still. The worst had happened. Life was no longer worth living.

"Boohoo, hoo," commented Gertie Myers. "What did you bring us for, Turkey Moore?"

"Bring you?" stammered Turkey, "bring—*you*—" At this moment Turkey espied the dark face of little Syria in the old phaeton. "This is what I get," he said aloud, "for listening to Syria."

"We should have refused to go with him," suggested Nutty Fraser.

They all went back on the next train, trudged with heavy feet along the road beneath Red Hill and entered the Orphanage gates where the poplars shivered like golden spires above.

A slice of bread was their supper that night. They ate it in silence, standing against the wall of the dining-room. Then they went to bed resigned to any fate that might overtake them.

"It's too bad," whispered Nutty Fraser across the dormitory, "that we listened to Syria. We should have known better."

"The lobster," commented Turkey sleepily, "to get us into this fix!"

But it was noted by the multitude the next day that Syria, the dark one, was not in the longest bread-line the Orphanage had ever known.

THE morning of March 15th Parker Barrett and Jim Dunn felt blue and forlorn. For a week they had been trying to raise some cash by selling an interest they owned in a deep hole in the ground—a hole which had been swallowing money daily for nearly a year and a half, but no one would bite. They came down as low as fifteen hundred dollars for their interest in the hole and still prospective buyers crossed over to the other side of the streak of dust called a street when Dunn and Barrett laid a course for them. Disappointed in their fond hopes of finding a victim, the two discouraged partners on the morning of March 15th were hunting a job instead of chasing the elusive buyer. They were builders of rigs, of the tall tapering scaffold that rises above the surface of ground suspected of containing oil. Sad and disheartened, on that bright, warm March morning, they cast aside all dreams of fifteen hundred round, hard dollars—a small fortune in their eyes—and prepared once more to buck the sagebrush, to acquire a few more calluses on the palms of their hands, to irrigate a few more patches of greasewood with the sweat of their brow, in order to pay the butcher, the grocer and the landlord.

On the evening of the same day Barrett and Dunn were walking on air, gliding over the surface of the arid slopes without feeling the ground, shaking hands all around, setting 'em up to squads of fifty at a time, scanning automobile catalogues, looking over diamond price-lists, consulting the time-tables of the transcontinental lines and smiling, smiling, smiling with an irrepressible joy that fought for expression without finding an adequate vent. To-day, four months after the memorable event that blew the partners high up on the ladder of fortune, Dunn owns two motor-cars, and his helpmate, as a reward for the seven lean years, may, with the aid of a maid, adorn her comely person with several thousand dollars' worth of diamonds every morning before breakfast; Parker Barrett, however, the older and more stable of the partners, was satisfied with one seven-passenger touring-car and a trip East for his family.

Between the morning and evening of March 15th the forces hidden far from human eyes half a mile below the sagebrush slope of the Coast Range, in the extreme southwest corner of the San Joaquin valley,

found a vent through the deep iron-bound hole containing the hopes of the two partners and, on the top of a jet-black fountain spouting two hundred feet into the air, the forces sent out a steady stream of potential automobiles, gold pieces and banknotes, of jewelry and precious stones, of power, reputation and esteem—a stream of all the good, bad and foolish things that men strive and toil for. All over the slope the gigantic fountain sent a shower of oily spray, spread a coat of black over gray sagebrush and brown, dry ground. Wherever the spray fell, and for miles beyond, the value of the land leaped joyfully into the blue sky, jumped and bounded up and up as the Lakeview gusher kept on playing day after day, week after week, month after month, the greatest, most consistent and continuous producer of liquid black gold ever struck in any oil field in the world—a geyser of oil that made scores of poor men rich and added millions to the wealth of men of means.

The story of this wonderful gusher, the sight of which, as the barker at the door of the side-show says, "is alone worth the price of admission," is the story of the California oil industry. Into the making of this gusher entered all the elements that were woven into the epic of the Forty-niners, the romance of oil differing from the golden ballad of the Argonauts only in its accentuation of the

that a little more experience, a little more luck might have put the gusher or the rich land adjoining it into his hands ten years ago, saving him a decade of heart-breaking effort and toil. However, the struggle of this and other pioneers with the desert was not futile; it helped to open up one of the richest oil fields in the world, to increase the wealth of the Golden West by many millions, to lay the foundations for a great industrial structure and, as a concrete reward, the well-fought battle will bring the pioneer a fair measure of the

A pumping station in an established field

sides and brows of the heights. The hills and cañons were then considered the only promising territory. The gentle, gradual slope leading to the valley's broad floor was thought to be barren, dry territory. Had not this ground been proved worthless by the dry 700-foot well on fractional section 25, so worthless that M. C. Platz, the city attorney of Bakersfield, was able to buy the land upon which the dry well had been drilled at a sheriff's sale for five dollars, allowing his chance five-dollar investment to go to waste?

Just as a flyer, Barrett and Dunn stuck up their location notices on the ground abandoned years ago by the McCutchen brothers and began to do a little assessment work in their spare hours. One day a stranger from the Coalinga oil field, Julius Fried, drifted in, looked over the ground, considered the indications worth while and joined the locators.

Fried was the man with the money—the angel with the needed supply of manna. Locating a claim in the arid sagebrush plain is no child's play; but compared with the effort required to locate the cash for its development it is a soft snap, a task no harder than lying in a shady hammock with the lemonade within reach of the right hand. Fried could supply the sinews of war, having gathered them in the Coalinga oil field during an up-and-down career of eight years. He had entered the oil business through the doors of the San Francisco stock exchange in 1900, leaving railroad employment to invest his savings in petroleum shares during the first boom, with such success that he opened a brokerage office which left him as bare as a burnt-over hillside when the bubble burst. Nevertheless he stuck to the business and won out, and the same determination that induced him to stay in the oil business after the bottom had dropped out of it, helped him to become the father of the Lakeview gusher.

For a one-sixth share of the expected production, the locators, Barrett, Dunn and Fried, leased the land to the Lakeview Oil Company, organized by Fried with a capital of $100,000, the shares selling for 50 cents. Fried received 10,000 shares; like amounts were taken by G. S. Seifert of Los Angeles, the president of a trucking company, and F. P. Wells, the "oar king" of Buffalo, who was induced by Fried to help paddle the canoe of the newly organized concern. Banker Wickersham of Arizona subscribed for five thousand shares and the Santa Maria Crude Oil Company, having no more use for its machinery in the Santa Maria field, where it had failed to strike the pay sand, sold its equipment to the Lakeview concern for thirty thousand shares.

In the fall of 1908 Fried staked out the site for the new well and drilling began. It continued for a year and a half. It ate all the cash received from the sale of stock; it ate the proceeds of four assessments and called for more; it ate a hole into Fried's bank account when he had to make one loan after another in order to keep the Lakeview drill going, and still it insistently clamored for more cash. The operators and drillers farther up on the hills smiled at the costly efforts of the Lakeview people out "on the flat" and predicted that the Lakeview would find about as much oil as the first drillers did ten years ago. The geologist of one of the largest companies

Loading oil cars at the end of a pipe-line in the Bakersfield country

operating in the field came down from the hill regularly to assure Fried that his well would be a failure, that according to all the rules of geology the herculean efforts would be rewarded by bringing forth a mouse of a flow, until the exasperated operator silenced the man of science by betting him a stack of new hats that the well would come in better than one thousand barrels a day.

The well had gone down three times the depth of the old hole drilled ten years ago, had penetrated the first stratum of oil sand with a flow of only two hundred barrels a day and still the expected wealth was not forthcoming. Unwilling to advance any more of his money to the concern, Fried proposed to the stockholders that the offer of the Union Oil Company, which wanted the land for a pipe-line pumping station and storage tanks, be accepted and that fifty-one per cent of the Lakeview stock be sold to the big corporation. The stockholders, having tasted nothing but assessments, joyfully assented, especially the Santa Maria Crude Oil Company, which parted with twenty-seven thousand of its shares at 50 cents, glad to receive the cash for its second-hand equipment.

With the new capital the well was slowly sent farther down. It passed the two-thousand-foot level, advanced to two thousand one hundred feet, to two thousand two hundred feet, to two thousand two hundred and fifty feet and still no new oil sand was found. A few days before the middle of March an order was sent out from headquarters to stop drilling and to perforate the casing at the first stratum of oil sand, headquarters having given up all hope of finding a better pay streak; but before the

Oil from untroubled waters. Derricks that pump oil from under the sea at Summerland

order was executed the drill had gone sixty feet farther and the oil was shooting three hundred feet over the top of the derrick, carrying with it tools, rig, everything in sight. The Lakeview gusher, the spouter which exceeded in aggregate output, in steadiness and length of production the far-famed gushers of Spindletop hill in Texas, the vast geysers of oil in the Baku field in the Caucasus, the richest strike in the black history of oil, was brought in and the shares of the Lakeview company jumped in value every day it kept on sending forth its stream of wealth.

There have been many gushers that at the start produced more than two and three times the daily output of the Lakeview well, but not one has ever kept up the performance longer than a month. When two months and a half had passed the Lakeview well had produced three and a half million barrels of oil and its flow had increased to sixty thousand barrels a day. Though Dunn and Barrett had a royalty of only one-twenty-fourth of the output, their income from this source alone amounted to four or five hundred dollars a day, while the stockholders who had paid fifty cents saw their stock rise to twenty and thirty dollars a share within three months.

For many days after its birth the gusher threw a column of oil hundreds of feet into the air, drenching the landscape for miles with the spray until its black hand left an indelible mark upon the hill—a mark visible twenty miles away, standing forth like a blot of ink upon the silky sheen of the slope spread like a Persian rug of neutral brown tints at the foot of bare, smooth

An oil train in the San Joaquin valley, heading toward the world's market

Tankage of the Standard Oil Company in the Kern country

of oil fell, down and down, until it touched ten cents a barrel. Even the glare of the desert sun shining upon the sagebrush slopes and barren hills could not disperse the gloom; the sight of the flowing wells only enhanced the despair of the men whose dreams of sudden riches had been rudely shattered by the superabundance of wealth yielded forth by the arid land.

From four million barrels in 1900 the production of the California oil fields increased to twenty-four million barrels in 1903. Within three years twenty million barrels were added to the supply per annum; but transportation facilities and the market scarcely doubled in the same period. The inevitable logic of these figures forced the price down until hundreds, thousands of operators gave up the financial ghost. Almost every day during this period of depression funeral processions started out from the forest of derricks to the burying-ground of defunct oil companies in the office of the referee in bankruptcy. Cheap oil stimulated consumption; cheap oil forced the men owning it to seek new and bigger markets, to get rid of it at better prices, and cheap oil taught the well owners that only in union lies sufficient strength to subdue petroleum.

Up to 1900 the use of crude petroleum as fuel in California had been limited because the supply was limited. The railroads were burning oil, but only locally and mostly on engines pulling passenger trains; the burners were crude and the available supply did not warrant increased changes from coal to oil. The same condition prevailed in practically every line of industry depending upon steam-power. When the San Joaquin fields were opened up, the railroads and

entry all lands supposed to contain oil, and the validation of this order was attempted by the Pickett bill pending before Congress at the time of writing. Against this order and the bill confirming it a storm of protest arose. While recognizing the wisdom of conserving and husbanding the Nation's resources of soil, forest and stream, the California oilmen maintain that this conservation policy cannot apply to the golden state's oil lands without modification. They call attention to the fact that, through its original land grant, the Southern Pacific is the owner of every alternate section in the major portion of the San Joaquin oil belt, while many other companies have acquired immense holdings adjacent to public land. They maintain that these companies, on the lines of their sections, could drill wells and pump the oil from underneath the government land, thereby defeating the purpose of conservation. This argument is based on the assumption that the withdrawal of oil lands from entry will last many years and that the land in private ownership will be developed at once.

As a second argument against the withdrawal order and the Pickett bill, the oilmen point to the injustice of that feature of the order which pulls the ground from under the feet of individuals and corporations who, at the time the order was issued, had been doing assessment and development work on their claims, had spent large sums in building roads and drilling wells, but had not as yet reached the oil sand. Under the provisions of the order every acre of oil land was withdrawn from entry except those unpatented claims which were producing oil. By a strict interpretation of [illegible] locators and leasers who [illegible] been drilling [illegible] large sums and the [illegible] hundreds [illegible] ground upon which [illegible] stands would [illegible] because the gusher did [illegible]

until March 15th, six months after Secretary Ballinger issued his withdrawal order. It is scarcely to be feared, however, that locators and leasers who were drilling in September, 1909, will be deprived of their investment. Amendments to the Pickett bill protecting their rights have been introduced, though those companies which, relying upon the advice of eminent counsel declaring the Secretary's order illegal and without authority of law, entered upon government land after September, 1909, in open defiance of the withdrawal edict, and began drilling, may have to fight for the wells on public land out of which oil is flowing every day into their tanks.

In the production of petroleum California is far ahead of any other field in the country, having left its nearest competitor, the Kansas-Indian Territory field, in the rear by more than ten million barrels in 1909. Last year California's production was fifty-six million barrels, this year it will probably reach seventy millions, with a value of four times the gold output. Despite this startling increase overproduction is no longer feared. If this fear prevailed, British capital would not pour into the oil fields in a steady stream. Every year more oil is burned crude in the Southwest, and every year the size of the oil-burning zone is increasing. The California oil industry, with a supply of eight and a half billion barrels still in the ground in the eight hundred and fifty square miles of proven oil land, according to the United States Geologic Survey, is standing in a [illegible] a healthy [illegible] the Panama [illegible] with the crude [illegible] in the country [illegible]

The Rules of the Game

By Stewart Edward White

Author of The Blazed Trail; Arizona Nights; The Riverman, Etc.

ILLUSTRATED BY J. A. CAHILL

PART III, CHAPTERS XII TO XVI

BEGUN IN THE FEBRUARY NUMBER

THE establishment of the store attracted a great many campers. California is the campers' state. Immediately after the close of the rainy season they set forth. The wayfarer along any of the country roads will everywhere meet them, either plodding leisurely through the charming landscape or cheerfully gipsying it by the roadside. Some of the outfits are very elaborate, veritable houses on wheels, with doors and windows, stovepipes, steps that let down, unfolding devices so ingenious that when they are all deployed the happy owners are surrounded by complete convenience and luxury. The man drives his ark from beneath a canopy; the women and children occupy comfortably the living-room of the house—whose sides perchance fold outward like wings when the breeze is cool and the dust not too thick. Carlo frisks joyously ahead and astern. Other parties start out quite as cheerfully with the delivery wagon, or the buckboard, or even—at a pinch—with the top buggy. For all alike the countryside is golden, the sun warm, the sky blue, the birds joyous, and the spring young in the land. The climate is positively guaranteed. It will not rain; it will shine: the stars will watch. Feed for the horses everywhere borders the roads. One can idle along the highways and the byways and the noways-at-all, utterly carefree, surrounded by wild and beautiful scenery. No wonder half the state turns nomadic in the spring.

And then, as summer lays its heat—blessed by the fruit man, the irrigator, the farmer alike—over the great interior valleys the people divide into two classes. One class, by far the larger majority of the coast. There the trade-winds blowing softly from the Pacific temper the semi-tropic sun; the Coast Ranges bar back the furnace-like heat of the interior; and the result is a summer climate even nearer perfection—though not so much advertised—than is that of winter. Here the populace stays in the big winter hotels at reduced rates, or rents itself cottages or lives in one or the other of the unique tent cities. It is gregarious and noisy and healthy and hearty and full of phonographs and a desire to live in bathing-suits. Another and smaller contingent turns to the Sierra.

We have here nothing to do with those who attend the resorts such as Tahoe, Shasta, Yosemite or Klamath; nor yet with that much smaller contingent of hardy and adventurous spirits who, with pack-mule and saddle, lose themselves in the wonderful labyrinth of granite and snow, of cañon and peak, of forest and stream that makes up the high Sierra. But rather let us confine ourselves to the great middle class, the class that has *not* the wealth *nor* the desire *for* resort hotels *nor* the skill *nor* the equipment to explore a wilderness. These people hitch up the farm team, or the grocer's cart, or the family horse, pile in their bedding and their simple cooking utensils, whistle to the dog, and climb up out of the scorching inferno to the coolness of the pines.

They have few but definite needs. They must have company, water and the proximity of a store where they can buy things to eat. If there is fishing, so much the better. At any rate there is plenty of material for bonfires. And since other wants are practically unknown above the six-thousand-foot winter limit of habitability it follows that each lumbermill is a

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that attracts its own community of these visitors to the out-of-doors.

As early as the beginning of July the first outfit drifted in. Below the mill a half-mile there happened to be a small, round lake with meadows at the upper and lower ends. By the middle of the month two hundred people were camped there. Each constructed his abiding place according to his needs and ideas and promptly erected a sign naming it. The names were facetiously intended. The community was out for a good time, and it had it. Phonographs, concertinas, and even a tiny transportable organ appeared. The men dressed in loose, rough clothes; the women wore sunbonnets; the girls inclined to bandana handkerchiefs, rough-rider skirts and leggins, cowboy hats caught up at the sides, fringed gauntlet gloves. They were a good-natured, kindly lot, and Bob liked nothing better than to stroll down to the lake in the twilight. There he found the arrangements differing widely. The smaller ranchmen lived roughly, sleeping under the stars perhaps, cooking over an open fire, eating from tinware. The larger ranchmen did things in better style. They brought rocking-chairs, big tents, chinaware, camp stoves and Japanese servants to manipulate them. The women had flags and Chinese lanterns with which to decorate, hammocks in which to lounge, books to read, tables at which to sit, cots and mattresses on which to sleep. No difference in social status was made, however. The young people undertook their expeditions together; the older folks swapped yarns in the peaceful enjoyment of the forest. Bob found interest in all, for as yet the California ranchman has not lost in humdrum occupations the initiative that brought him to a new country, nor the influences of the experience he has gained there. To his surprise several of the parties were composed entirely of girls. One, of four members, was made up of students from Berkeley, out for their summer vacation. Late in the summer these four damsels constructed a pack of their belongings, lashed it on a borrowed mule, and departed. They were gone for a week in the back country and returned full of adventures over the detailing of which they laughed until they gasped.

To Bob's astonishment none of the men seemed particularly wrought up over this escapade.

"They're used to the mountains," he was assured, "and they'll get along all right with that old mule."

"Does anybody live over there?" asked Bob.

"No, it's just a wild country, but the trails is good."

"Suppose they got into trouble?"

"What trouble? And 'tain't likely they'd all get into trouble to once."

"I should think they'd be scared."

"Nothin' to be scared of," replied the man comfortably.

Bob thought of the great, uninhabited mountains, the dark forests, the immense loneliness and isolation, the thousand subtile and psychic influences which the wilderness exerts over the untried soul. There might be nothing to be scared of, as the man said. Wild animals are harmless, the trails are good. But he could not imagine any of the girls with whom he had acquaintance pushing off thus joyous and unafraid into a wilderness three days beyond the farthest outpost. He had yet to understand the spirit, almost universal among the native-born Californians, that has been brought up so intimately with the large things of nature that the sublime is no longer the terrible. Perhaps this states it a little too pompously. They have learned that the mere absence of mankind is "nothing to be scared of"; they have learned how to be independent and to take care of themselves. Consequently, as a matter of course, as one would ride in the park, they undertake expeditions into the big country.

Many of these travelers, especially toward the close of the summer, complained bitterly of the scarcity of horse-feed. In the back country where the mountains were high and the wilderness unbroken, they depended for forage on the grasses of the mountain meadows. This year they reported that the cattle had eaten the forage down to the roots. Where usually had been abundance and pleasant camping, now were hard, close lawns and cattle overrunning and defiling everything. Under the heavy labor of mountain travel the horses fell off rapidly in flesh and strength.

"We're the public just as much as them cattlemen," declaimed one grizzled veteran, waving his pipe. "I come to these mountains first in sixty-six and the sheep was bad enough then, but you always had some

horse meadows. Now they're just plumb overrunning the country. There's thousands and thousands of folks that come in camping and about a dozen of these yere cattlemen. They got no right to hog the public land."

With so much approval did this view meet that a delegation went to Plant's summer quarters to talk it over. The delegation returned somewhat red about the ears. Plant had politely but robustly told it that a supervisor was the best judge of how to run his own forest. This led to declamatory denunciation, after the American fashion, but without resulting in further activity. Resentment seemed to be about equally divided between Plant and the cattlemen as a class.

This resentment as to the latter, however, soon changed to sympathy. In September the Pollock boys stopped overnight at the Lake Meadow on their way out. Their cattle, in charge of the dogs, they threw for the night into a rude corral of logs, built many years before for just that purpose. Their horses they fed with barley hay bought from Merker. Their camp they spread away from the others, near the spring. It was dark before they lit their fire. Visitors sauntering over found George and Jim Pollock on either side the haphazard blaze stolidly warming through flapjacks and occasionally settling into a firmer position the huge coffeepot. The dust and sweat of driving cattle still lay thick on their faces. A boy of eighteen, plainly the son of one of the other two, was hanging up the saddles. The whole group appeared low-spirited and tired. The men responded to the visitors by a brief nod only. The latter thereupon sat down just inside the circle of lamplight and smoked in silence. Presently Jim arose stiffly, frying-pan in hand.

"It's done," he announced.

They ate in silence, consuming great quantities of half-cooked flapjacks, chunks of overdone beef, and tin cupfuls of scalding coffee. When they had finished they thrust aside the battered tin dishes with the air of men too weary to bother further with them. They rolled brown paper cigarettes and smoked listlessly. After a time George Pollock remarked.

"We ain't washed up."

The statement resulted in no immediate action. After a few moments more, however, the boy arose slowly, gathered the dishes clattering into a kettle, filled the latter with water and set it in the fire. Jim and his brother too bestirred themselves, disappearing in the direction of the spring with a bar of mottled soap, an old towel and a battered pan. They returned after a few moments, their faces shining, their hair wetted and sleeked down.

"Plumb too lazy to wash up," George addressed the silent visitor by way of welcome.

"Drove far?" asked an old ranchman.

"Twin Peaks."

"How's the feed?" came the inevitable cowman's question.

"Poor, poor," replied the mountaineer, "ain't never seen it so short. My cattle's poor."

"Well, you're overstocked; that's what's the matter," spoke up someone boldly.

George Pollock turned his face toward this voice.

"Don't you suppose I know it?" he demanded. "There's a thousand head too many on my range alone. I've been crowded and pushed all summer and I ain't got a beef steer fit to sell, right now. My cattle are so poor I'll have to winter 'em on foothill winter feed. And in the spring they'll be poorer."

"Well, why don't you all get together and reduce your stock?" persisted the questioner. "Then there'll be a show for somebody. I got three packs and two saddlers that ain't fatted up from a two weeks' trip in August. You got the country skinned, and that ain't no dream."

George Pollock turned so fiercely that his listeners shrank.

"Get together! Reduce our stock!" he snarled, shaken from the customary impassivity of the mountaineer. "It ain't us! We got the same number of cattle, all we mountain men, that our fathers had afore us! There ain't never been no trouble before. Sometimes we crowded a little, but we all know our people and we could fix things up and so long as they let us be we got along all right. It don't *pay* us to overstock. What for do we keep cattle? To sell, don't we? And we can't sell 'em unless they're fat. Summer feed's all we got to fat 'em on. Winter feed's no good. You know that. We ain't going to crowd our range. You make me tired!"

"What's the trouble then?"

"Outsiders," snapped Pollock. "Folks that live on the plains and just push in to summer their cattle anyhow and then fat 'em for the market on alfalfa hay. This ain't their country. Why don't they stick to their own?"

"Can't you handle them? Who are they?"

"It ain't they," replied George Pollock sullenly; "it's him. It's one of the richest men in California. But he'll come up here and take a poor man's living away from him for the sake of a few hundred dollars saved."

"Old Simeon, hey?" remarked the ranchman thoughtfully.

"Simeon Wright," said Pollock. "The same damn old robber. Forest reserves!" he sneered bitterly. "For the use of the public! Hell! Who's the public? me and you and the other fellow? The public is Simeon Wright. What do you expect?"

"Didn't Plant say he was going to look into the matter for next year?" Bob inquired from the other side the fire.

"Plant! He's bought," returned Pollock contemptuously. "He's never seen the country anyway, and he never will."

He rose and kicked the fire together.

"Good night!" he said shortly, and, retiring to the shadows, rolled himself in a blanket and turned his back on the visitors.

XIII

THE season passed without further incidents of general interest. It was a busy season, as mountain seasons always are. Bob had opportunity to go nowhere; but in good truth he had no desire to do so. The surroundings immediate to the work were rich enough in interest. After the flurry caused by the delay in opening communication, affairs fell into their grooves. The days passed on wings. Almost before he knew it the dogwood leaves had turned rose, the aspens yellow, and the pines, thinning in anticipation of the heavy snows, were dropping their russet needles everywhere. A light snow in September reminded the workers of the altitude. By the first of November the works were closed down. The donkey-engines had been roughly housed in, the machinery protected, all things prepared against the heavy Sierra snows. Only the three caretakers were left to inhabit a warm corner. Throughout the winter these men would shovel away threatening weights of snow, see to the damage done by storms. In order to keep busy they might make shakes or perhaps set themselves to trapping fur-bearing animals. They would use skees to get about.

For a month after coming down from the mountain Bob stayed at Auntie Belle's. There were a number of things to attend to on the lower levels, such as anticipating repairs to flumes, roads and equipment, systematizing the yard arrangements and the like. Here Bob came to know more of the countryside and its people.

He found this lower, but still mountainous, country threaded by roads; rough roads to be sure, but well enough graded. Along these roads were the ranch houses and spacious corrals of the mountain people. Far and wide through the wooded and brushy foothills roamed the cattle, seeking the forage of the winter range that a summer's absence in the high mountains had saved for them. Bob used often to "tie his horse to the ground" and enter for a chat with these people. Harboring some vague notions of southern crackers, he was at first considerably surprised. The houses were in general well-built and clean, even though primitive, and Bob had often occasion to notice excellent books and magazines. There were always plenty of children of all sizes. The younger women were usually attractive and blooming. They insisted on hospitality: and Bob had the greatest difficulty in persuading them that he stood in no immediate need of nourishment. The men repaid cultivation. Their ideas were often faulty because of insufficient basis of knowledge: but, when untinged by prejudice, apt to be logical. Opinions were always positive, and always existent. No phenomenon, social or physical, could come into their ken without being mulled over and decided upon. In the field of their observations were no dead facts. Not much given to reception of contrary argument or idea, they were always eager for new facts. Bob found himself often held in good-humored tolerance as a youngster when he advanced his opinion; but listened to thirstily when he could detail actual experience or knowledge. The head of the house held patriarchal sway until the grown-up children were actually ready to leave the parental roof for homes of their own. One and all loved the mountains,

though incoherently, and perhaps without full consciousness of the fact. They were extremely tenacious of personal rights.

Bob, being an engaging and open-hearted youth, soon gained favor. Among others he came to know the two Pollock families well. Jim Pollock, with his large brood, had arrived at a certain philosophical though watchful acceptance of life; but George, younger, recently married, and eagerly ambitious, chafed sorely. The Pollocks had been in the country for three generations. They inhabited two places on opposite sides of a cañon. These houses possessed the distinction of having the only two red-brick chimneys in the hills. They were low, comfortable, rambling, vine-clad.

"We always run cattle in these hills," said George fiercely to Bob, "and got along all right. But these last three years it's been bad. Unless we can fat our cattle on the summer ranges in the high mountains we can't do business. The grazing on these lower hills you just *got* to save for winter. You can't raise no hay here. Since they begun to crowd us with old Wright's stock it's t'urble. I ain't had a head of beef cattle fitt'n to sell, bar a few old cows. And if I ain't got cattle to sell, where do I get money to live on? I always been out of debt; but this year I done put a mortgage on the place to get money to go on with."

"We can always eat beef, George," said his wife with a little laugh, "and miner's lettuce. We ain't the first folks that has had hard times—and got over it."

"Mebbe not," agreed George, glancing with furrowed brow at a tiny garment on which Mrs. George was sewing.

Jim Pollock, smoking comfortably in his shirt-sleeves before his fire, was not so worried. His youngest slept in his arms; two children played and tumbled on the floor; buxom Mrs. Pollock bustled here and there on household business; the older children sprawled over the table under the lamp reading; the oldest boy, with wrinkled brow, toiled through the instructions of a correspondence school course.

"George always takes it hard," said Jim. "I've got six kids, and he'll have one—or at most two—mebbe. It's hard times all right, and a hard year. I had to mortgage, too. But, Lord love you, a mortgage ain't so bad as a porous plaster. It'll come off. One good year for beef will fix us. We ain't lost nothing but this year's sales. Our cattle are too poor for beef, but they're all in good enough shape. We ain't lost none. Next year'll be better."

"What makes you think so?" asked Bob.

"Well, Smith, he's superintendent at White Oak, you know, he's favorable to us. I seed him myself. And even Plant, he's sent old California John back to look over what shape the ranges are in. There ain't no doubt as to which way he'll report. Old John is a cattleman and he's square."

One day Bob found himself belated after a fishing excursion to the upper end of the valley. As a matter of course he stopped overnight with the first people whose ranch he came to. It was not much of a ranch and its two-room house was of logs and shakes, but the owners were hospitable. Bob put his horse into a ramshackle shed, banked with earth against the winter cold. He had a good time all the evening.

"I'm going to hike out before breakfast," said he before turning in, "so if you'll just show me where the lantern is, I won't bother you in the morning."

"Lantern!" snorted the mountaineer, "you turn on the switch. It's just to the right of the door as you go in."

So Bob encountered another of the curious anomalies not infrequent to the West. He entered a log stable in the remote backwoods and turned on a sixteen-candle-power electric globe! As he extended his rides among the low mountains of the First Rampart, he ran across many more places where electric light and even electric power were used in the rudest habitations.

The explanation was very simple: these men had possessed small water rights which a nearby hydro-electric company had needed. As part of their compensation they received from Power-House Number One of that company what current they required for their own use.

Thus reminded, Bob one Sunday visited Power-House Number One. It proved to be a corrugated iron structure through which poured a great stream and from which went high-tension wires strung to mushroom-shaped insulators. It was filled with the clean and shining machinery of electricity. Bob rode up the flume to the reservoir, a great lake penned in cañon walls by a dam sixty feet high. The flume itself was of concrete, large enough to carry a rushing stream. He made the acquaintance of some of the men along the works. They

tramped and rode back and forth along the right of way, occupied with their insulations, the height of their water, their watts and volts and amperes. Surroundings were a matter of indifference to them. Activity was of the same sort, whether in the city or in the wilderness. As influences, city or wilderness, it was all the same to them. They made their own influences—which in turn developed a special type of people—among the delicate and powerful mysteries of their craft. Down through the land they had laid the narrow, uniform strip of their peculiar activities; and on that strip they dwelt satisfied with a world of their own. Bob sat in a swinging chair talking in snatches to Ward, between calls on the telephone. He listened to quick, sharp orders as to men and instruments, as to the management of water, the undertaking of repairs. These were couched in technical phrases and slang, for the most part. By means of the telephone Ward seemed to keep in touch not only with the plants in his own district, but also with the activities in Power-Houses Two, Three and Four, many miles away. Ward had never once in four years been to the top of the first range. He had had no interest in doing so. Neither had he an interest in the foothill country to the west.

"I'd kind of like to get back and kill a buck or so," he confessed, "but I haven't got the time."

"It's a different country up where we are," urged Bob. "You wouldn't know it for the same state as this dry and brushy country. It has fine timber and green grass."

"I suppose so," said Ward indifferently, "but I haven't got the time."

Bob rode away a trifle inclined to that peculiar form of smug pity a hotel visitor who has been in a place a week feels for yesterday's arrival. He knew the coolness of the great mountain.

At this point an opening in the second growth of yellow pines permitted him a vista. He looked back. He had never been in this part of the country before. A little portion of Granite, framed in a pine-clad cleft of the first range, towered chill, rugged and marvelous in its granite and snow. For the first time Bob realized that even so immediately behind the scene of his summer's work were other higher, more wonderful countries. As he watched, the peak was lost in the blackness of one of those sudden storms that gather out of nothing about the great crests. The cloud spread like magic in all directions. The faint roll of thunder came down a wind, damp and cool, sucked from the high country.

Bob rounded a bend in the road to overtake old California John, jingling placidly along on his beautiful sorrel. Though by no means friendly to any member of this branch of government service, Bob reined his animal.

"Hullo," said he, overborne by an unexpected impulse.

"Good day," responded the old man, with a friendly deepening of the kindly wrinkles about his blue eyes.

"John," asked Bob, "were you ever in those big mountains there?"

"Granite?" said the ranger, "Lord love you, yes. I have to cross Granite 'most every time I go to the back country. There's two good passes through Granite."

"Back country!" repeated Bob. "Are there any higher mountains than those?"

Old California John chuckled.

"Listen, son," said he, "there's the First Range, and then Granite Creek, and then Granite. And on the other side of Granite there's the cañon of the Poquito which is three thousand foot down. And then there's the Burro mountains, which is half again as high as Granite, and all the Burro country to Little Burro. That's a plateau covered with lodge-pole pine and meadows and creeks and little lakes. It's a big plateau, and when you're a-ridin' it, you shore seem like bein' in a wide, flat country. And then there's the Green mountain country; and you drop off five or six thousand foot into the box cañon of the north fork; and then you climb out again to Ore mountain; and after that is the Pinnacles. The Pinnacles is the Fourth Rampart. After them is Brown meadow and the Twin Peaks. Then you get to the main crest. And that's only if you go plumb due east. North and south there's all sorts of big country. Why, Granite's only a sort of taster."

Bob's satisfaction with himself collapsed. This land so briefly shadowed forth was penetrable only in summer: that he well knew. And all summer Bob was held to the great tasks of the forest. He hadn't the time! Wherein did he differ from Ward? In nothing save that his right of way happened to be a trifle wider.

"Have you been to all these places?" asked Bob.

"Many times," replied California John. "From Stanislaus to the San Bernardino desert I've ridden."

"How big a country is that?"

"It's about four hundred mile long, and about eighty mile wide as the crow flies—a lot bigger as a man must ride."

"All big mountains?"

"Surely."

"You must have been everywhere."

"No," said California John, "I never been to Jack Main's cañon. It's too fur up and I never could get time off to go in there."

So this man, too, the ranger whose business it was to travel far and wide in the wild country, sighed for that which lay beyond his right of way! Suddenly Bob was filled with a desire to transcend all these activities, to travel on and over the different rights of way to which all the rest of the world was confined until he knew them all and what lay beyond them. The impulse was but momentary, and Bob laughed at himself as it passed.

" 'Something hid beyond the ranges,' " he quoted softly to himself.

Suddenly he looked up and gathered his reins.

"John," he said, "we're going to catch that storm."

"Surely," replied the old man looking at him with surprise. "Just found that out?"

"Well, we'd better hurry."

"What's the use? It'll catch us anyhow. We're shore due to get wet."

"Well, let's hunt a good tree."

"No," said California John, "this is a thunderstorm and trees is too scurce. You just keep ridin' along the open road. I've noticed that lightnin' don't hit twice in the same place mainly because the same place don't seem to be thar any more after the first time."

The first big drops of the storm delayed fully five minutes. It did seem foolish to be jogging peacefully along at a fox-trot while the tempest gathered its power, but Bob realized the truth of his companion's remarks.

When it did begin, however, it made up for lost time. The rain fell as though it had been turned out of a bucket. In an instant every runnel was full. The water even flowed in a thin sheet from the hard surface of the ground. The men were soaked.

Then came the thunder in a burst of fury and noise. The lightning flashed almost continuously, not only down, but aslant, and even—Bob thought—*up*. The thunder roared and reverberated and re-echoed until the world was filled with its crashes. Bob's nerves were steady with youth and natural courage, but the implacable rapidity with which assault followed assault ended by shaking him with a sort of confusion. His horse snorted, pricking its ears backward and forward, dancing from side to side. The lightning seemed fairly to spring into being all about them, from the substance of the murk in which they rode.

"Isn't this likely to hit us?" he yelled at California John.

"Liable to," came back the old man's reply across the roar of the tempest.

Bob looked about him uneasily. The ranger bent his head to the wind. Star, walking more rapidly, outpaced Bob's horse, until they were proceeding single file some ten feet apart.

Suddenly the earth seemed to explode directly ahead. A blinding flare swept the ground, a hissing crackle was drowned in an overwhelming roar of thunder. Bob dodged and his horse whirled. When he had mastered both his animal and himself he spurred back. California John had reined in his mount. Not twenty feet ahead of him the bolt had struck. California John glanced quizzically over his shoulder at the sky.

"Old Man," he remarked, "you'll have to lower your sights a little if you want to git me."

XIV

AT Christmas Bob took a brief trip East, returning to California about the middle of January. The remainder of the winter was spent in outside business and in preparatory arrangements for the next season's work. The last of April he returned to the lower mountains.

He found Sycamore Flats in a fever of excitement over the cattle question. After lighting his post-prandial pipe he sauntered down to chat with Martin, the lank and leisurely keeper of the livery, proprietor of the general store and clearing-house of both information and gossip.

"It looks like this," Martin answered Bob's question. "You remember Plant sent back old California John to make a report on the grazing. John reported her

overstocked, of course: nobody could have done differently. Plant kind of promised to fix things up and the word got around pretty definite that the outside stock would be reduced."

"Wasn't it?"

"Not so you'd notice. When the permits was published for this summer they read good for the same old number."

"Then Wright's cattle will be in again this year."

"That's the worst of it: they *are* in. Shelby brought up eight thousand head a week ago and was going to push them right in over the snow. The feed's *just* starting on the low meadows in back and it hasn't woke up a mite in the higher meadows. You throw cattle in on that mushy, soft ground and new feed and they tromp down and destroy more'n they eat. No mountain cattleman goes in till the feed's well started, never."

"But what does Shelby do it for, then?"

Martin spat accurately at a knot hole.

"Oh, he don't care. Those big men don't give a damn what kind of shape cattle is in as long as they stay alive. Same with humans; only they ain't so particular about the staying alive part."

"Couldn't anything be done to stop them?"

"Plant could keep them out, but he won't. Jim and George Pollock, and Tom Carroll and some of the other boys put up such a kick, though, that they saw a great light. They ain't going in for a couple of weeks more."

"That's all right, then," said Bob heartily.

"Is it?" asked Martin.

"Isn't it?" inquired Bob.

"Well, some says not. Of course they couldn't be expected to drive all those cattle back to the plains, so they're just naturally spraddled out grazing over this lower country."

"Why, what becomes of the winter feed?" cried Bob aghast, well aware that in these lower altitudes the season's growth was nearly finished and the ripening about to begin.

"That's just it," said Martin, "where, oh, where?"

"Can't anything be done?" repeated Bob, with some show of indignation.

"What? This is all government land. The mountain boys ain't got any real exclusive rights there. It's public property. The regulations are pretty clear about preference being given to the small owner and the local man: but that's up to Plant."

"It'll come pretty hard on some of the boys, if they keep on eating off their winter feed and their summer feed too," hazarded Bob.

"It'll drive 'em out of business," said Martin. "It'll do more; it'll close out settlement in this country. There ain't nothing doing *but* cattle and if the small cattle business is closed up the permanent settlement closes up too. There's only lumber and power and such left: and they don't mean settlement. That's what the government is supposed to look out for."

"Government!" said Bob with contempt.

"Well, now, there's a few good ones, even at that," stated Martin argumentarily. "There's old John, and Ross Fletcher and one or two more that are on the square. It may be these little grafters have got theirs coming yet. Now and then an inspector comes along. He looks over the books old Hen Plant or the next fellow has fixed up; asks a few questions about trails and such; writes out a nice little recommend on his pocket typewriter and moves on. And if there's a roar from some of these little fellows, why it gets lost. Some clerk nails it and sends it to Mr. Inspector with a blue question mark on it; and Mr. Inspector passes it on to Mr. Supervisor for explanation; and Mr. Supervisor's strong holt is explanations. There you are! But it only needs one inspector *who inspects* to knock over the whole apple-cart. Once get by your clerk to your chief, and you got it."

Whether Martin made this prediction in a spirit of hope and a full knowledge or whether his shot in the air merely chanced to hit the mark it would be impossible to say. As a matter of fact within the month appeared Ashley Thorne, an inspector who inspected.

By this time all the cattle, both of the plainsman and the mountaineers, had gone back. The mill had commenced its season's operations. After the routine of work had been well established, Bob had descended to attend to certain grading of the lumber for a special sale of uppers. Thus he found himself on the scene.

Ashley Thorne was driven in. He arrived late in the afternoon. Plant, with his coat on and a jovial expression illuminating his

fat face, held out both hands in greeting as the vehicle came to a stop by Martin's barn. The inspector leaped quickly to the ground. He was seen to be a man between thirty and forty, compactly built, alert in movement. He had a square face, aggressive gray eyes, and wore a small mustache clipped at the line of the lips.

"Hullo! Hullo!" roared Plant in his biggest voice. "So here we are, hey! Kind of dry, hot travel, but we've got the remedy for that."

"How are you," said Thorne crisply, "are you Mr. Plant? Glad to meet you."

"Leave your truck," said Plant. "I'll send someone after it. Come right along with me."

"Thanks," said Thorne, "but I think I'll take a wash and clean up a bit first."

"That's all right," urged Plant, "we can fix you up."

"Where is the hotel?" asked Thorne.

"Hotel!" cried Plant. "Ain't you going to stay with me?"

"It is kind of you and I appreciate it," said Thorne briefly, "but I never mix official business with social pleasure. This is an invariable rule and has no personal application, of course. After my official work is done and my report written I shall be happy to avail myself of your hospitality."

"Just as you say, of course," said Plant, quite good-humoredly. To him this was an extraordinarily shrewd grandstand play, and he approved of it.

"I shall go to your office at nine to-morrow," Thorne advised him. "Please have your records ready."

"Always ready," said Plant.

Thorne was assigned a room at Auntie Belle's, washed away the dust of travel and appeared promptly at table when the bell rang. He wore an ordinary business suit, a flannel shirt with white collar, and hung on the nail a wide felt hat. Nevertheless his general air was of an out-of-door man, competent and skilled in the open. His manner was self-contained and a trifle reserved, although he talked freely enough with Bob on a variety of subjects.

After supper he retired to his room, the door of which, however, he left open. Anyone passing down the narrow hallway could have seen him bent over a mass of papers on the table, his portable typewriter close at hand.

The following morning, armed with a little hand satchel, he tramped down to Henry Plant's house. The supervisor met him on the veranda.

"Right on deck!" he roared jovially. "Come in! All ready for the doctor!"

Thorne did not respond to this jocosity.

"Good morning," he said formally, and that was all.

Plant led the way into his office, thrust forward a chair, waved a comprehensive hand toward the filing cases, over the bill files, at the tabulated reports laid out on the desk.

"Go to it," said he cheerfully. "Have a cigar! Everything's all ready."

Thorne laid aside his broad hat and attacked at once with keen concentration the tabulations. Plant sat back watching him. Occasionally the fat man yawned. When Thorne had digested the epitome of the financial end, he reached for the bundles of documents.

"That's just receipts and requisitions," said Plant, "and such truck. It'll take you an hour to wade through that stuff."

"Any objections to my doing so?" asked Thorne.

"None," replied Plant dryly.

"Now rangers' reports," requested Thorne at the end of another busy period.

"What, that flapdoodle?" cried Plant. "Nobody bothers much with that stuff! A man has to write the history of his life every time he gets a pail of water."

"Do I understand your ranger reports are remiss?" insisted Thorne.

"Lord, there they are. Wish you joy of them. Most of the boys have mighty vague ideas of spelling."

At noon Thorne knocked off, announcing his return at one o'clock. Most inspectors would have finished an hour ago. At the gate he paused.

"This place belong to you or the government?" he asked.

"To me," replied Plant. "Mighty good little joint for the mountains, ain't it?"

"Why have you a United States forest ranger working on the fences then?" inquired Thorne crisply.

Plant stared after his compact, alert figure. The fat man's lower jaw had dropped in astonishment. Nobody had ever dared question his right to use his own rangers as he damn well pleased! A slow resentment surged up within him. He

would have been downright angry could he have been certain of this inspector's attitude. Thorne was cold and businesslike, but he had humorous wrinkles at the corners of his eyes. Perhaps all this monkey business was one elaborate josh. If so, it wouldn't do to fall into the trap by getting mad. That must be it. Plant chuckled a cavernous chuckle. Nevertheless he ordered his ranger to knock off fence mending for the present.

By two o'clock Thorne pushed back his chair and stretched his arms over his head. Plant laughed.

"That pretty near finishes what we have here," said he. "There really isn't much to it, after all. We've got things pretty well going. To-morrow I'll get one of the boys to ride out with you near here If you want to take any trips back country, I'll scare up a pack."

This was the usual and never-accepted offer.

"I haven't time for that," said Thorne, "but I'll look at that bridge-site to-morrow."

"When must you go?"

"In a couple of days."

Plant's large countenance showed more than a trace of satisfaction.

On leaving the supervisor's headquarters, Thorne set off vigorously up the road. He felt cramped for exercise and he was out for a tramp. Higher and higher he mounted on the road to the mill, until at last he stood on a point far above the valley. The creak and rattle of a wagon aroused him from his contemplation of the scene spread wide before him. He looked up to see a twelve-horse freight team plowing toward him through a cloud of dust that arose dense and choking. To escape this dust Thorne deserted the road and struck directly up the side of the mountain. A series of petty allurements led him on. Yonder he caught a glimpse of tree fungus that interested him. He pushed and plunged through the manzanita until he had gained its level. Once there he concluded to examine a dying yellow pine farther up the hill. Then he thought to find a drink of water in the next hollow. Finally the way ahead seemed easier than the brush behind. He pushed on, and after a moment of breathless climbing reached the top of the ridge.

Here Thorne had reached a lower spur of that range on which were located both the sawmill and Plant's summer quarters. He drew a deep breath and looked about him over the topography spread below. Then he examined with an expert's eye the wooded growths. His glance fell naturally to the ground.

"Well, I'll be—" began Thorne, and stopped.

Through the pine-needles at his feet ran a shallow, narrow and meandering trough. A rod or so away was a similar trough. Thorne set about following their direction.

They led him down a gentle slope, through a young growth of pines and cedars to a small meadow. The grass had been eaten short to the soil and trampled by many little hoofs. Thorne walked to the upper end of the meadow. Here he found old ashes. Satisfied with his discoveries, he glanced at the westering sun and plunged directly down the side of the mountain.

Near the edge of the village he came upon California John. The old man had turned Star into the corral and was at this moment seated on a boulder, smoking his pipe, and polishing carefully the silver inlay of his Spanish spade bit. Thorne stopped and examined him closely, coming finally to the worn brass ranger's badge pinned to the old man's suspenders. California John did not cease his occupation.

"You're a ranger, I take it," said Thorne curtly.

California John looked up deliberately.

"You're an inspector, I take it," said he, after a moment.

Thorne grinned appreciation under his close-clipped mustache. This was the first time he had relaxed his look of official concentration, and the effect was most boyish and pleasing. The illumination was but momentary, however.

"There have been sheep camped at a little meadow on that ridge," he stated.

"I know it," replied California John tranquilly.

"You seem to know several things," retorted Thorne crisply, "but your information seems to stop short of the fact that you're supposed to keep sheep out of the reserve."

"Not when they have permission," said California John.

"Permission!" echoed Thorne. "Sheep are absolutely prohibited by regulation. What do you mean?"

"What I say. They had a permit."

"Who gave it?"

"Supervisor Plant, of course."

"What for?"

California John polished his bit carefully for some moments in silence. Then he laid it one side and deliberately faced about.

"For ten dollars," said he coolly, looking Thorne in the eye.

Thorne looked back at him steadily.

"You'll swear to that?" he asked.

"I sure will," said California John.

"How long has this sort of thing gone on?"

"Always," replied the ranger.

"How long have you known about it?"

"Always," said California John.

"Why have you never said anything before?"

"What for?" countered the old man. "I'd just get fired. There ain't no good in saying anything. He's my superior officer. They used to teach me in the army that I ain't got no call to criticize what my officer does. It's my job to obey orders the best I can."

"Why do you tell me, then?"

"You're my superior officer too—and his."

"So were all the other inspectors who have been here."

"Them—hell!" said California John.

Thorne returned to his hotel very thoughtful. It was falling dark, and the preliminary bell had rung for supper. Nevertheless he lit his lamp and clicked off a letter to a personal friend in the land-office requesting the latter to forward all Plant's vouchers for the past two years. Then he hunted up Auntie Belle.

"I thought I should tell you that I won't be leaving my room Wednesday, as I thought," said he. "My business will detain me longer."

XV

THORNE curtly explained himself to Plant as detained on clerical business. While awaiting the vouchers from Washington he busily gathered the gossip of the place. Naturally the cattle situation was one of the first phases to come to his attention. After listening to what was to be said he despatched a messenger back into the mountains requesting the cattlemen to send a representative. Ordinarily he would have gone to the spot himself; but just now he preferred to remain nearer the center of Plant's activities.

Jim Pollock appeared in due course. He explained the state of affairs carefully and dispassionately. Thorne heard him to the end without comment.

"If the feed is too scarce for the number of cattle, that fact should be officially ascertained," he said finally.

"Davidson—California John—was sent back last fall to look into it. I didn't see his report, but John's a good cattleman himself and there couldn't be no two opinions on the matter."

Thorne had been shown no copy of such a report during his official inspection. He made a note of this.

"Well," said he finally, "if on investigation I find the facts to be as you state them—and that I can determine only on receiving all the evidence on both sides—I can promise you relief for next season. The land-office is just, when it is acquainted with the facts. I will ask you to make affidavits. I am obliged to you for your trouble in coming."

Jim Pollock made his three-day ride back more cheered by these few and tentative words than by Superintendent Smith's effusive assurances or Plant's promises. He so reported to his neighbors in the back ranges.

Thorne established from California John the truth as to the suppressed reports.

Some rumor of all this reached Henry Plant. Whatever his faults, the supervisor was no coward. He had always bulled things through by sheer weight and courage. If he could outroar his opponent, he always considered the victory as his. Certainly the results were generally that way.

On hearing of Thorne's activities, Plant drove down to see him. He puffed along the passageway to Thorne's room. The inspector was pecking away at his portable typewriter and did not look up as the fat man entered.

Plant surveyed the bent back for a moment.

"Look here," he demanded, "I hear you're still investigating my district—as well as doing 'clerical work.'"

"I am," snapped Thorne without turning his head.

"Am I to consider myself under investigation?" demanded Plant truculently. To this direct question he of course expected a denial—a denial which he could proceed to demolish with threats and abuse.

"You are," said Thorne, reaching for a fresh sheet of paper.

Plant stared at him a moment; then went out. Next day he drove away on the stage and was no more seen for [illegible]

This did not trouble [illegible] to reach in all direction[illegible]

first there came to him only those like the Pollock boys who were openly at outs with Plant and so had nothing to lose by antagonizing him further. Then, hesitating, appeared others. Many of these grievances Thorne found to be imaginary; but in several cases he was able to elicit definite affidavits as to graft and irregularity. Evidence of bribery was more difficult to obtain. Plant's easy-going ways had made him friends and his facile suspension of grazing regulations—for a consideration—appealed strongly to self-interest. However, as always in such cases, enough had at some time felt themselves discriminated against to entertain resentment. Thorne took advantage of this both to get evidence and to secure information that enabled him to frighten evidence out of others.

The vouchers arrived from Washington. In them Plant's methods showed clearly. Thorne early learned that it had been the supervisor's habit to obtain duplicate bills for everything—purchases, livery, hotels and the like. He explained to the creditors that a copy would be necessary for filing and of course the mountain people knew no better. Thus, by a trifling manipulation of dates, Plant had been able to collect twice over for his expenses.

"There is the plumb limit," said Martin, while running over the vouchers he had given. He showed Thorne two bearing the same date. One read:

To team and driver to Big Baldy postoffice.. . . . . .$4.00

"That item's all right," said Martin, "I drove him there myself. But here's the joke."

He handed the second bill to Thorne.

To saddle-horse Big Baldy to McClintock claim $2.00

"Why," said Martin, "when we got to Big Baldy he put his saddle on one of the driving horses and rode it about a mile over to McClintock's. I remember objecting on account of his being so heavy."

"Say," reflected the liveryman after a moment. "He's right out for the little stuff, ain't he? When his hand gets near a dollar, it cramps!"

In the sheaf of vouchers Thorne ran across one item repeated several hundred times in the two years. It read:

To M. Plant—team $3.00

Inquiry disclosed the fact that "M. Plant," was Minnie, Plant's niece. By the simple expedient of conveying to her title in his team and buckboard the supervisor was enabled to collect three dollars every time he drove anywhere.

Thus the case grew, fortified by affidavits. Thorne found that Plant had been grafting between three and four thousand dollars a year. Of course the whole community soon came to know all about it. The taking of testimony and the giving of affidavits were matters for daily discussion. Thorne inspired faith, because he had faith himself.

"I don't wonder you people have been hostile to the forest reserves," said he. "You can't be blamed. But it is not the office's fault. I've been in the land-office a great many years, and they won't stand for this sort of thing a minute. I found very much the same sort of thing in one of the reserves in Oregon, only there was a gang operating there. I got eleven convictions, and a new deal all round. The office is all right, when you get to it. You'll see us in a different light, after this is over."

The mountaineers liked him. He showed them a new kink by which the lash rope of a pack could be jammed in the cinch-hook for convenience of the lone packer; he proved to be an excellent shot with the revolver; in his official work he had used and tested the methods of many wilderness travelers and could discuss and demonstrate. Furthermore he got results.

Austin conducted a roadhouse on the way to Power-House No. One: this in addition to his saloon in Sycamore Flats. The roadhouse was as a matter of fact on government land, but Austin established the shadow of a claim under mineral regulations, and by obstructionist tactics had prevented all the red tape from being unwound. His mineral claim was flimsy: he knew it, and everybody else knew it. But until the case should be reported back, he remained where he was. It was up to Plant: and Plant had been lenient. Probably Austin could have told why.

Thorne become cognizant of all this. He served Austin notice. Austin offered no comment, but sat tight. He knew by previous experience that the necessary reports, recommendations, endorsements and official orders would take anywhere from one to three months. By that time this inspector would have moved on—and Austin knew the game. But three days

later Thorne showed up early in the morning followed by a dozen interested rangers. In the most businesslike fashion and despite the variegated objections of Austin and his disreputable satellites, Thorne and his men attached their ropes to the flimsy structure and literally pulled it to pieces from the saddle.

"You have no right to use force!" cried Austin, who was well versed in the regulations.

"I've saved my office a great deal of clerical work," Thorne snapped back at him. "Report me if you feel like it!"

The debris remained where it had fallen. Austin did not venture again—at least while this energetic youth was on the scene. Nevertheless, after the first anger, even the saloon keeper had in a way his good word to say. "If they's anythin' worse than a ——of a—— comes out in the next fifty year, he'll be it!" stormed Austin. "But, damn it," he added, "the little devil 's worse'n a catamount for fight!"

Thorne was little communicative, but after he and Bob become better acquainted the inspector would tell something of his past inspections. All up and down the Sierra he had unearthed enough petty fraud and inefficiency to send a half-dozen men to jail and to break another half-dozen from the ranks.

"And the office has upheld me right along," said Thorne in answer to Bob's skepticism regarding government sincerity. "The office is all right, don't make any mistake on that. It's just a question of getting at it. I admit the system is all wrong where the complaints can't get direct to the chiefs: but that's what I'm here for. This Plant is one of the easiest cases I've tackled yet. I've got direct evidence six times over to put him over the road. He'll go behind the bars sure. As for the cattle situation, it's a crying disgrace and a shame. There's no earthly reason under the regulations why Simeon Wright should bring cattle in at all: and I'll see that next year he doesn't."

At the end of two weeks Thorne had finished his work and departed. The mountain people with whom he had come in contact liked and trusted him in spite of his brusque and businesslike manners. He could shoot and pack a horse, ride and follow trail, swing an ax as well as any of them. He knew what he was talkii He was square. The mountain men "happened around"—such of them as were not in back with the cattle—to wish him farewell.

"Good-by, boys," said he. "You'll see me again. I'm glad to have had a chance to straighten things out a little. Don't lose faith in Uncle Sam. He'll do well by you when you attract his attention."

Fully a week after his departure Plant returned and took his accustomed place in the community. He surveyed his old constituents with a slightly sardonic eye, but had little to say.

About this time Bob moved up on the mountain. He breathed in a distinct pleasure over again finding himself among the pines, in the cool air, with the clean, aromatic woods-work. The Meadow lake was completely surrounded by camps this year. Several canvas boats were on the lake. Bob even welcomed the raucous and confused notes of several phonographs going at full speed. After the heat and dust and brown of the lower hills, this high country was inexpressibly grateful.

At headquarters he found Welton rolling about, jovial, good-natured, efficient as ever. With him was Baker.

"Well," said Bob to the latter, "where did you get by me? I didn't know you were here."

"Oh, I blew in the other day. Didn't have time to stop below; and, besides, I was saving my strength for your partner here." He looked at Welton ruefully. "I thought I'd come up and get that water right's matter all fixed up in a few minutes and get back to supper. Nothing doing!"

"This smooth-faced pirate," explained Welton, "offers to take our water if we'll pay him for doing it, as near as I can make out—that is, if we'll supply the machinery to do it with. In return he'll allow us the privilege of buying back what we are going to need for household purposes. I tell him this is too liberal: We cannot permit him to rob himself. Since he has known our esteemed fellow-citizen, Mr. Plant, he's falling into that gentleman's liberal views."

Baker grinned at his accusor appreciatively, but at the mention of Plant's name Bob broke in.

"Plant's landed," said he briefly. "They've got him. Prison bars for his."

"What?" cried Welton and Baker breath.

Bob explained; telling them of Thorne, his record, methods, and the definite evidence he had acquired. Long before he had finished both men relaxed from their more eager attention.

"That all?" commented Baker. "From what you said I thought he was in the bastile!"

"He will be shortly," said Bob. "They've got the evidence direct. It's an open-and-shut case."

Baker merely grinned.

"But Thorne's juggled them all up the range," persisted Bob. "He's convicted a whole lot of them—men who have been at it for years."

"H'm," said Baker.

"But how can they dodge it!" cried Bob. "They can't deny the evidence! The department has upheld Thorne warmly."

"Sure," said Baker.

"Well," concluded Bob, "do you mean to say that they'll have the nerve to pass over such direct evidence as that?"

"Don't know anything about it," replied Baker briefly. "I only know results when I see them. These other little grafters that your man Thorne has bumped off probably haven't any drag."

"Well, what does Plant amount to once he's exposed?" challenged Bob.

"I haven't figured it out on the Scribner scale," admitted Baker, "but I know what happens when you try to bump him. Bet you a thousand dollars I do," he shot at Welton. "It isn't the wraith-like Plant you run up against: it's *interests*."

"Well, I don't believe yet a great government will keep in a miserable, petty thief like Plant against the direct evidence of a man like Thorne!" stated Bob with some heat.

"Listen," said Baker kindly. "That isn't the scrap. Thorne *vs.* Plant—looks like easy money on Thorne, eh? Well now, Plant has a drag with Gay; don't know what it is, but it's a good one, a peacherino. We know because we've trained some heavy guns on it ourselves and it's stood the shock. All right. Now it's up to Gay to support his cousin. Then there's old Simeon Wright. Where would he get off at without Plant? He's going to do a little missionary work himself. You got to show me. If it came to a mere choice of turning down Plant or Thorne, they'd turn down Plant every time. But when it comes to a choice between Thorne and Gay, Thorne and Simeon Wright, Thorne and a dozen others—why Thorne is just lost in the crowd!"

"I don't believe it," protested Bob. "It would be a scandal."

"No, just politics," said Baker.

XVI

THE sawmill lay on the direct trail to the back country. Every man headed for the big mountains by way of Sycamore Flats passed fairly through the settlement itself. So every cattleman out after provisions or stock salt followed by his docile string of pack mules, paused to swap news and gossip with whoever happened for the moment to have leisure for such an exchange.

The variety poured through this funnel of the mountains comprised all classes. Professional prospectors with their burros, ready alike for the desert or the most inaccessible crags, were followed by a troupe of college boys afoot leading one or two old mares as baggage transportation. The businesslike, semimilitary outfits of geological survey parties, the worn but substantial hunters' equipments, the marvelous and oftentimes ridiculous luxury affected by the wealthy camper, the makeshifts of the poorer ranchmen of the valley, out with their entire families and the farm stock for a "real good fish"—all these were of never-failing interest to Bob. In fact he soon discovered that the one absorbing topic—outside of bears, of course—was the discussion, the comparison and the appraising of the various items of camping equipment. He also found each man amusingly partisan for his own. There were schools advocating—heatedly—the merits respectively of the single or double cinch, of the Dutch oven or the reflector, of rawhide or canvas kyacks, of sleeping-bags or blankets. Each man had invented some little kink of his own without which he could not possibly exist. Some of these kinks were very handy and deserved universal adoption, such as a small rubber tube with a flattened brass nozzle with which to encourage reluctant fires. Others expressed an individual idiosyncracy only—as in the case of the man who carried clothes hooks to screw into the trees. A man's method of packing was also closely watched. Each had his own favorite hitch. The strong preponderance seemed to be in favor of the diamond, but

single and double, but many proved strongly addicted to the lone packer, or the basco, or the miners', or the square, or even the generally despised squaw, and would stoutly defend their choices, and give reasons there for. Bob sometimes amused himself practising these hitches in miniature by means of a string, a bent nail, and two folded handkerchiefs as packs. After many trials, and many lapses of memory, he succeeded on all but the double diamond. Although apparently he followed every move, the result was never that beautiful all-over tightening at the last pull. He reluctantly concluded that on this point he must have instruction.

Although rarely a day went by during the whole season that one or more parties did not pass through or camp overnight at the Meadow lake, it was a fact that, after passing Granite, these hundreds could scatter so far in the labyrinth of the Sierra that in a whole summer's journeying they were extremely unlikely to see each other —or indeed anyone else, save when they stumbled on one of the established cow-camps. The vastness of the California mountains cannot be conveyed to one who has not traveled them. Men have all summer pastured illegally thousands of head of sheep undiscovered, in spite of the fact that rangers and soldiers were out looking for them. One may journey diligently throughout the season and cover but one corner of the three great maps that depict about one-half of them. If one wills he can, to all intents and purposes, become sole and undisputed master of kingdoms in extent. He can occupy beautiful valleys miles long, guarded by cliffs rising thousands of feet, threaded by fish-haunted streams, spangled with fair, flower-grown lawns, cool with groves of trees, neck-high in rich feed. Unless by sheer chance, no one will disturb his solitude. Of course he must work for his kingdom. He must press on past the easy travel, past the wide cattle country of the middle elevations, into the splintered, frowning granite and snow, over the shoulders of the mighty peaks of the high Sierra. Nevertheless the reward is sure for the hardy voyager.

Most men, however, elect to spend their time in the easier middle ground. There the elevations run up to nine or ten thousand feet; the trails are fairly well defined and traveled; the streams are full of fish; meadows are in every moist pocket; the great box cañons and peaks of the spur ranges offer the grandeur of real mountain scenery.

From these men, as they ended their journeys on the way out, came tales and rumors. There was no doubt whatever that the country had too many cattle in it. That was brought home to each and every man by the scarcity of horse feed on meadows where usually an abundance for everybody was to be expected. The cattle were thin and restless. It was unsafe to leave a camp unprotected; the half-wild animals trampled everything into the ground. The cattlemen, of whatever camp, appeared sullen and suspicious of every comer.

"It's mighty close to a cattle war," said one old lean and leathery individual to Bob. "I know, for I been thar. Used to run cows in Montana. I hear everywhar talk about Wright's cattle dyin' in mighty funny ways. I know that's so, for I seen a slather of dead cows myself. Some of 'em fall off cliffts, some seen to have broke their legs. Some bogged down. Some look like to have just laid down and died."

"Well, if they're weak from loss of feed, isn't that natural?" asked Bob.

"Wall," said the old cowman, "in the first place, they're pore, but they ain't by no means weak. But the strange part is that these yere accidents always happens to Wright's cattle."

He laughed, and added:

"The carcasses is always so chawed up by b'ar and coyote—or at least that's what they *say* done it—that you can't sw'ar as to how they *did* come to die. But I heard one funny thing. It was over at the Pollock boys' camp. Shelby, Wright's straw boss, come ridin' in pretty mad, and made a talk about how it's mighty cur'ous only Wright's cattle is dyin'.

" 'It shorely looks like the country is unheaithy for plains cattle,' says George Pollock, 'ours is brought up in the hills.'

" 'Well,' says Shelby, 'if I ever comes on one of these accidents a-happenin', I'll shore make someone hard to catch!'

" 'Someone's likely one of these times to make you almighty *easy* to catch!' says George.

"Now," concluded the old cattleman, "folks don't make them bluffs for the sake of talkin' at a mark—not in this country."

Nevertheless, in spite of that prediction, the summer passed without any personal

clash. The cattle came out from the mountains rather earlier than usual, gaunt, wiry, active. They were in fine shape, as far as health was concerned; but absolutely unfit, as they then stood, for beef. The Simeon Wright herds were first, thousands of them, in charge of many cowboys and dogs. The punchers were a reckless, joyous crew, skylarking in anticipation of the towns of the plains. They kissed their hands and waved their hats at all the women, old and young, in the mill settlement; they played pranks on each other; they charged here and there on their wiry ponies, whirling to right, to left, "turning on a ten-cent piece," throwing their animals from full speed to a stand, indulging in the cowboys' spectacular "flash riding" for the sheer joy of it. The leading cattle, eager with that strange instinct that, even early in the fall, calls all ruminants from good mountain feed to the brown lower country, pressed forward, their necks outstretched, their eyes fixed on some distant vision. Their calls blended into an organ note. Occasionally they broke into a little trot. At such times the dogs ran forward, yelping, to turn them back into their appointed way. At an especially bad break to right or left one or more of the men would dash to the aid of the dogs, riding with a splendid recklessness through the timber, over fallen trees, ditches, rocks, boulders and precipitous hills. The dust rose chokingly. At the rear of the long procession plodded the old, the infirm, the cripples and the young calves. Three or four men rode compactly behind this rear guard, urging it to keep up. Their means of persuasion were varied. Quirts, ropes, rattles made of tin cans and pebbles, strong language were all used in turn and simultaneously. Long after the multitude had passed the vast and composite voice of it re-echoed through the forest; the dust eddied and swirled among the trees.

The mountain men's cattle, on the other hand, came out sullenly, in herds of a few hundred head. There was more barking of dogs, more scurrying to and fro of mounted men, for small bands are more difficult to drive than large ones. There were no songs, no boisterous high spirits, no flash riding. In contrast to the plains cowboys, even the herders' appearance was poor. They wore blue jeans overalls, short jeans jumpers, hats floppy and all but disintegrated by age and exposure to the elements. The cowboys, being nothing but cowboys, without other profession, ties or interests, gave more attention to details of professional equipment. Their wide hats were straight of brim and generally encircled by a leather or hair or snakeskin band; their shirts were loose; they wore handkerchiefs around their necks and oiled leather "chaps" on their legs. Their distinguishing and especial mark, however, was their boots. These were made of soft leather, were elaborately stitched or embroidered in patterns, possessed exaggeratedly wide and long straps like a spaniel's ears and were mounted on thin soles and very high heels. They were footgear such as no mountain man, nor indeed any man who might ever be required to go a mile afoot, would think of wearing. The little herds trudged down the mountain. While the plainsmen anticipated easy duty, the pleasures of the town, fenced cattle growing fat on alfalfa raised during the summer by irrigation, these sober-faced mountaineers looked forward to a winter range much depleted, a market closed against such wiry, active animals as they herded, and an impossibility of rounding into shape for sale any but a few old cows.

"If it wasn't for this new shake-up," said Jim Pollock, "I'd shore be gettin' discouraged. But if they keep out Simeon Wright's cattle this spring, we'll be all right. It's cost us money, though."

"A man with a wife and child can't afford to lose money," said George Pollock.

Jim laughed.

"You and your new kid!" he mocked. "No, I suppose he can't. Neither can a man with a wife and six children. But I reckon we'll be all right as long as there's a place to crawl under when it rains."

[TO BE CONTINUED]

President Diaz leaving Chapultepec

Growling at Mexico

By ROBERT H. MURRAY

FIRST class in spelling and subtraction, arise!

Question: "Take away the 'e' from 'American,' put in a 'u,' and what do you have?"

Answer: "An 'Amurican,' teacher."

"Correct. Be seated."

The man aboard the Mexico-bound ship was an "Amurican." He admitted it, and was ever on the job, scornful of union hours, squawking all over the place and flapping oratorical wings like a supreme grand lecturer of the Improved Order of Let-the-Eagle-Screamers. If further proof was necessary, we had it upon the authority of his own mush-thick pronunciation of the word and his intemperate asseverations of the fact that he was an "Amurican." To clinch the matter, he sported a knot of red, white and blue ribbon in his lapel. By this sign ye know them—the Americans and the Amuricans—off their native heath, and can tell them apart. The Amuricans flaunt the flag. The Americans don't.

There was only one day of the seven between Wall street wharf in New York and the customhouse dock in Vera Cruz in which the man didn't make a noise like an Amurican. Twenty-four hours of storm and cumboberous waves off that dear old Hatteras brought to the smoking-room coterie brief, but rarely grateful, surcease from his society. He got from Neptune all that was coming to him. Next morning he was feeble, but we knew he would live, because he was able to say "Gr-r-r-r-r!" whenever a polite and self-effacing Mexican passenger walked within hooting distance.

"You do not like Mexicans?" I suggested.

"Gr-r-r-r-r-r!" and then some, replied the Amurican.

"Nor Mexico, either?"

Louder "gr-r-r-r-rs," with slight foam flecks on the lips. Also gnashing of teeth. I was curious, for someone aboard-ship who knew the Amurican had told me his history. Fifteen years ago he had gone from the States to Mexico. He drove an engine on wages approximating $3.13 gold per diem, and his wife—entirely to her credit—did her own work and gave musical Mondays on the back stoop, playing sudsy sonatas on the zinc ribs of a washboard. He was thrifty and frugal. Pretty soon the impecunious members of the roundhouse gang realized that Jim—the Amurican—was always good for a loan. There were conditions, to be sure, involving the prompt liquidation of the loan, with forty or fifty per cent per week interest added. Jim couldn't lose. The paymaster was his partner. He saw to it that the borrowers' envelopes were depleted of the sum that was coming to Jim before they were passed out to the debtors. One day Jim got stuck. He had loaned a man $200 on a ream or so of mining stock. The par value of the stock was $15,000; its current market worth was

Bill Jones is back from Mexico, with slathers of opals and drawn-work. To Mr. Jones goes the reporter for the local paper, approaching him in diffidence and awe commensurate with contact with such a distinguished traveler. B. Jones submits to an interview.

"And, Mr. Jones," says the reporter, "these dreadful stories about Mexico—are they true?"

Whereupon Mr. Jones opens up. The reporter's eyes bug out as Mr. Jones saturates him with tales more or less apochryphal anent the wrongs of the peon and the Yaqui, and with accounts of governmental tyranny, circumstantial enough to be veracious. The reporter takes notes until his tongue protrudes and his strong right arm succumbs to writers' cramp.

"My goodness, Mr. Jones," gasps the reporter when Mr. Jones has spun his yarn. Down at the grocery that night they wagged their heads over the B. Jones's interview in the *Daily Bazoo*.

"I vum," say the graybeards, "ain't it turrible! By heck! How kin Bill abide to live in such an awful country?"

That's it. How can he? The answer is easy. Mr. Jones, along with thousands of his fellow-Amuricans and Americans, is living in Mexico because it pays him to. Nine-tenths of our countrymen in Mexico are established there under better financial and social conditions than they could ever hope to attain at home. If they were not, the dawn of to-morrow would see them hiking back to the States. Mexico City has hundreds of homes that exist on a scale which entitles them to be described as palatial. Some of the finest of these residences are owned and occupied by Americans—and Amuricans. They were built with money made in Mexico, in mining, banking, commercial enterprises, to succeed in either of which vocations the Yankee—yes, the Mexicans call us Yankees—is better equipped by training and inclination than the average Mexican. The biggest and most costly automobiles that whirr up and down the Paseo are owned by Yankees. In the glittering beauty show which the advent of the fashionable driving hour daily sees framed in the magnificent old cypress trees of Chapultepec park, or hedged within the narrow limits of the Avenida San Francisco, no ladies are more beautiful or richly gowned than the wives and daughters of the successful emigres from the United States.

Most of the growling at Mexico is done by Amuricans. Nine-tenths of the disagreeable stories reflecting upon governmental processes in Mexico which came to me in the course of a four months' stay in the country, were told by those who spell it with a "u." Why? A charitable theory is that such loose and unseemly utterances from persons to whom the ripe opportunities in Mexico and the friendliness of the Mexican Government toward aliens from the republic to the north, has made possible the accumulation of bank accounts, the attainment of social position and the ownership of fine homes and motor-cars, arise from mistaken impulses of superebullient patriotism. There is no country like the United States. Granted. Let's hurrah for her. All right. But why not tack on a hurrah for Mexico, too? The American men there, whose position in the profession and in business entitles them to be ranked as "leading Americans," hurrah for Mexico a-plenty. Probably all of them cherish an expectation of eventually retiring and going back to the States to live. Very commendable and desirable. But while they are there they are decent enough to stand up for Mexico, being at the same time sufficiently sane and well-balanced to acknowledge that the governmental fabric of the country has just as many soft spots in it as that of the United States, England, Germany, or any other nation. These are the sort of men who repay in kind some of the obligations under which they feel they have been placed by the amicable attitude of the Mexican Government and people by telling the folks up North, when they are asked, of the accomplishments and virtues with which Mexico may justly be credited.

John Hay once said something that seems to fit the foolish Amuricans who tattle of Mexico to her disadvantage. He caustically referred to:

"These so-called citizens of ours who go south without a second shirt to their backs, and failing to collect fifty per cent on their investments, hurry home to the United States, making speeches from the rear platform of the train all the way from New Orleans to Washington, and so creating a buckram grievance in idle and empty minds."

No one will dispute that Mr. Hay was an American with an "e." Something of

with the peon and study him a bit at close range. With the inspection will come a realization of why the Mexican peon, at election time, does not march manfully up to the polls and cast his vote at the behest of a ward boss, as do our sturdy, independent and untrammeled citizenry. Probably a few Yaqui Indians from Sonora will be in the throng, provided they can get in their crops and realize on them so that they can afford the price of an excursion ticket to the capital and back. Are there Yaquis left in Sonora? Bless you, yes. About twenty-five thousand of them. You thought they were all murdered or transported to Yucatan, did you? How curious! Isn't it funny what stories get out about Mexico!

Yes, it will be a whopping big show, but what the visitors will see will be glitter, mostly. The real goods, the substance, the thing about the centennial that means most to Mexico, will have to be sought in countless cities and villages throughout the country. When the plans for the centennial were making, President Diaz said in effect:

"Pie and cake are all right in their place, but they are not nourishing. Let us have some bread and meat in connection with the centennial. Public improvements are needed. Let every city and town spend what it can afford in providing new buildings and public works. They will remain and benefit the country when the parades and the fireworks are past and forgotten, and the money they cost is spent."

In all Mexico, masons, carpenters, plumbers, painters, artisans of every trade and laborers are pitching in and working overtime to get schoolhouses, municipal buildings, water, electric light and street-car systems, bridges, parks, prisons, markets, clocks, avenues, meteorological observatories and other improvements completed by September. These projects are costing millions of pesos and providing work and wages for thousands of men. Not bad, that, for a barbarous country like Mexico.

But to return to our growls. It must be owned that, after a fashion, the growlers are right. Diaz is a failure, all reports to the contrary notwithstanding. He has fallen down hard. For thirty-four years he has had things all his own way. He has been IT. The Mexicans have jumped through hoops, rolled over and played dead at his behest. Yet he has failed absolutely to turn out a perfect and finished product in the shape of a nation. Think what an Amurican citizen could have done if he had had Diaz's chance! Gee whiz! Of course Diaz has managed to do two or three little things that aren't half bad, don't you know. He has broken the Mexicans of the habit of breaking out in revolution every fifteen or twenty minutes, and has got them used to having one president a term, instead of four or five a twelfth-month. He has lifted the nation from bankruptcy, given it an AAA rating in international finance statistics and made it necessary for the government to buy several new safes in which to hoard the $85,000,000 cash reserve which Mexico is carrying at present. He has brought the army, which used to be the tail that wagged the national dog, into subjection to the civil arm of the government, so that it is now a source of national strength, instead of weakness. By enforcing law and order and making militarism take a back seat, he has attracted billions of dollars into the country from the United States and Europe, with which to exploit a comparatively small portion of the immense resources of the country, which the Mexicans lacked capital and enterprise to exploit themselves. He has caused a web of steel rails to be spun north, south, east and west from the capital, thus binding the units of the Mexican federation into a closer and more sympathetic bond and assisting vitally in developing the commerce. He has established schools in every city and town, increased the federal expenditures for education from $1,000,000 a year to $7,000,000, exclusive of what the separate states spend for the same purpose, and diligently sought to prepare the way for ultimately elevating his people to full self-governing capacity. He has refused to allow politics to interfere with progress. Before the Diaz regime Progress and Politics in Mexico had lain together for many years, but always Progress slept on the floor while Politics monopolized the bed. By encouraging industrial and commercial development he has put bread into the mouths of the people and practically demonstrated to them that it is easier and more comfortable to be patriotic on a full stomach than to be militantly patriotic with a musket in hand and one's belt tightened to the last notch to soothe the fretful complaints of an empty wame.

The Splicin' o' Miss Brown

By GIBBS ADAMS

DRAWINGS BY J. A. CAHILL

WELL, beau, I see you can land on them typewriter keys pretty pert and lively.

Started to learn that trade myself, once. Takes a man to do it smart, now don't it? Women's all right for lookin' 'tractive and smellin' sweet and actin' pretty; when it comes to them things there's nobody else but them on top o' earth, take a sojer's word for it! When there's things to be done, though, gimme men. Take punchin' that machine, for instance: looks easy, don't it! But I'm a-tellin' you! Takes backbone same's it does fingers and eyes and women's ain't stiffened proper as a rule. But I knew an exception once; Miss Brown, her name was.

When the Spanish war broke out and turned my head t'other way, I was a kid in San Francisco, good kid, too, that time—in one o' them big bizni colleges, practisin' typewritin' myself. So when I say typewriter, I know what I'm a-shoutin' about. Now I knew this woman typist 'long 'bout nineteen hundred, and at the same time a man typist. But if you're goin' to tell a story, you might as well begin at the head as the tail.

So, as I was sayin', I was learnin' to be a expert st'nag'pher, back in ninety-eight. But when the excitement began, and ever'body was shoutin' "Remember the Maine," and I seen them big army transpo
sailin' in through the Golden G
and go out again ratty to the s

young sojers, and watched processions of the boys in blue go marchin' up Market street and down Mission street, hikin' back and forth 'tween the Presidio and the Transport dock; and women wavin' and cheerin' at 'em ever'wheres and decoratin' 'em like unwillin' Christmas trees with ribbons and roses; and all the girls sportin' brass buttons for ornaments and hatpins and bangles; and all the newspapers comin' out with red headlines ever' two or three hours; and heard them coaxin' bugle calls soundin' day and night at the posts, I tell you I couldn't stand sittin' around no longer. Typewritin' wasn't in my line, anyhow. So I just put on the lid, said I was twenty-one—only lied a year—and hiked away to the Islands with the rest o' them.

Now when we'd been out in them infernal, cussed "Gems of the Sea" fer a couple o' years or so, tamin' black Philipino devils—main war was over before that time, but they was plenty o' tamin' to be done—and a-growin' skinnier and yellower ever' day, and learnin' to think o' white women like saints and angels and such things you hear about but don't never see standin' around; couple o' years, I was sayin', when there come an American gal to work for the Quartermaster-General—little st'nag'pher—Miss Brown.

Course, by that time, they was three or four majors' and colonels' wives out there. But what show did a buck private get to look at them? Anyhow, they was most
ren'ly indoors, preservin' complexions.

Maybe you don't think that little st'nag-'pher was a cure for sore eyes! Nobody never knew how she got out there; and soon they was nobody makin' inquiries, 'cause it didn't take 'em long to learn she could dodge a question neater and sweeter than anybody ever they saw. Heard later they was somethin' about a mean stepfather that her reg'lar mother was spliced to. Anyhow, there she was, a-runnin' typewriter for the old Quartermaster-General and a-doin' it mighty spry, too.

Now I'm a-tellin' you, that little st'nag-'pher was the real thing. She sure was the candy! Nice brown hair and big blue eyes and little white chin, and a real waist in the middle of her! We boys was mighty sick by that time of barrel shapes and black skins and black hair and black eyes, black ever'thing, after two whole years of 'em; for them native Greaser women that throw themselves at the sojers, they're black all over. But this little white lady gal, why the biggesy bully of a buck private in the regiment wouldn't a-looked sidewise at her, any more'n he'd a-dared to eye the colonel's wife herself. That's the kind Miss Brown was.

And pleasant! Nobody ever once seen her fly off the handle; and them climates makes most anybody pernickety. And talk! Why, she could describe a dog fight in a alley so's you'd think it was the battle o' Mindanao! And remember! Never seen anything like her for names. Why, fin'ly she knowed the name o' the orneriest buck in the regiment as well as she did the colonel's, and treated the both o' them alike, too: played no favorites.

Tell you, when a feller's gone through a war like that and fought niggers and bugs and snakes and fevers and drunk out o' water-buffalo wallows and tramped through death swamps and never once set his lamps on the cheerin' sight of a white gal's face, he's a pretty ornery article. But a nod from a little one like Miss Brown was, and a "Good mornin'," by his own real name sends a shiver all the way up his backbone and down again. A few o' them shivers 'd turn him white again.

Most gen'ly a gal's got no snap in the Army like that. If she's friendly with the privates, the officers' women says she's common; and if she 'sociates with the officers, then they say she's no good at all. But Miss Brown, she was the big exception: before she'd been out there three months they was all for her, high and low.

But them things never come between Miss Brown and her duties. All for bizni, that little gal. And say, she was the goods at it, too! You'd ought to seen her smash the rattles out o' that old machine! Pounded it as quick and a half as any other bunch o' skirts ever you see, keepin' her lamps off the keys, too.

Wasn't 'bliged to work, neither, 'cause ever' young officer at the post, 'cept those that was already spliced, was fightin' desprit hard to marry that little gal and support her. But she wouldn't listen to none of 'em; just shooed 'em off, one after another, and went on typin', cool as a cucumber. 'Twas said they was a lot o' rich bachelor guys after her back in Frisco, where she came from, and I heard she could a-married the millionest millionaire in the town if she'd said yes. She used to say to all them proposin' young officers out there at the post—just joshin'—that she was willin' to surrender and marry just as soon as she found a man that could beat her at her own line o' bizni. Just like a Indian gal that won't marry no buck that can't beat her in a foot-race.

Well, inside o' three months she'd had 'casion to recite that little piece 'bout marryin' the man she couldn't beat in her line o' work, three times at least to ever' captain and lieutenant 'round the post. Didn't keep 'em off, though.

Now they was one feller—young man st'nag'pher in the Pay department, Mack, they called him, that was troubled with the worst case o' Miss Brown in the whole bunch: gone on her somethin' fierce. Hit him harder'n it would a gay young officer, first 'cause he had one o' them quiet natures where things sinks deep, and second, 'cause when he looked at her he seen a woman—nothin' but a woman, mind you—that could beat him at his own trade. Pretty tough, hey? And him no slouch at it, either, lemme tell you; they thought he was a crackerjack till the time she come expertin' around.

Well, he was soon proposin' as hot as all the others. Guess it ain't no snap to be the only livin' gal in the landscape and have a whole army strong [illegible] you. Anyhow, she turned [illegible] like the rest, 'cept she n[illegible] out marryin' him when h[illegible]er

He was soon proposing to Miss Brown—like all the others

trade. Not that she was scared he could, but Miss Brown was those kind of a gal wouldn't hurt the feelin's of a bug.

That ain't sayin' he never heard about it other ways. Fact is, that was about all the poor devil did hear. Had it throwed at him ever' time he turned around. The boys guyed him something fierce, mornin', noon and night, askin' why he'd let a little slim gal skin him at his game. Never meant nothin', 'cause they knew how p'ficient he re'ly was; liked him, too; but fellers is terrible mean that way. Called at him from behind trees and over fences and through knot holes; so they was always some voice he couldn't see nobody 'tached to, sayin', falsetto and pleadin', that it'd marry him if he only had more speed and ac'racy. Just about had him dippy in the noodle with it. Them things spreads fast in a crowd. The boy pretty near got rats in his garret. What with shamin' that he couldn't beat her and frettin' that he couldn't have her, he just about got bats in his belfry.

All of a sudden, though, a change come over him. One mornin' I seen they was fire in his eye and starch in his backbone, signs o' somethin' doin'; and from that day on he never hung around the old time-killin' places like he used to. Wasn't seen at none o' the rooster fights, nor swimmin's in the river, nor "America" and "Home, Sweet Home" singin's on the moonlight nights. Just stuck shut in his office ever' hour he wasn't at mess or bunk. Some said

he was mopin' and pinin'; but I seen better: that was just the time he stopped mopin' and pinin'.

Well, fin'ly one day the old Quartermaster-General and the Paymaster got into a hot argument about they own partic'lar st'nag'phers. Old "Pay," he happened to remark that women wasn't any good around offices, ought to be all drove out of 'em, and recommended the General to get a man—someone expert like his own. That was enough! The old boy, he handed it back, and they lighted in and had it hot and heavy.

Some of us was always sure old "Pay" had somethin' up his sleeve and started it delibret. Anyhow, they was soon bettin' money, serious, on they favorites, and gettin' up plans for a contest 'tween Mack and Miss Brown to prove it.

That was just nuts for ever'body—some excitement in sight for once—and they wasn't anybody willin' to let the matter be dropped or forgot. So they made the two bosses set a day and order the st'nag'phers to be ready.

Miss Brown, she refused flat, said she couldn't be mixed up in nothin' with bettin' in it. Fact was, all the young officers had bets out by that time, mostly with old "Pay" himself; even some of us non-coms was in the circle. Old boy told Miss Brown she had to do it; was to take place in working hours, and she must obey orders. He'd always treated her white, anyway, so after a while she give in. Mack was willin' as a duck from the start; so much willin' that they was a lot more bettin' his way than you'd a-looked for. I was for him all the time myself. Can't stand to see a gal beat a man at anything, 'specially his own game.

Well, the morn dawned bright and fair, as they say in the yaller-cover books. Fact is, about nine out o' ten morns out in them Islands dawn too bright and fair. The big trial was pulled off on the Requisition House veranda, where it was cool and nice under the bugle vines. The two typewriter machines was set out there ready for bizni on two little tables. You ought to seen Miss Brown's, how she had it slicked up and shined. Could a-used it for a bunch o' mirrors. That's the way she always done things.

Prompt at the 'pointed hour o' ten, Mack and Miss Brown was at their seats, each lookin' confident, but her, 'specially, wearing a 'spression like she was drove to take a mean advantage over someone that she didn't want to.

'Spose that look must a-riled Mack some; but they said "Mornin'," as pleasant as you'd ask and shook hands friendly. For that matter, I guess Mack wasn't mindin' anything very much else, if he just noticed how invitin' she looked all in her little white togs and white shoes and peek-a-boo neck; no hat on her head and no sleeves on her elbows and none o' them little jim-crack trinklets like some gals mess up their fronts with, nothin' but a stem o' yeller bugle flowers stuck over one of her little white ears. Always 'minded me of a little yeller and white canary bird, that little one.

Mack was lookin' fine, too. Folks noticed it more 'cause they hadn't been seein' him around for such a while. The two o' them made a mighty fine pair sittin' there, I'm a-tellin' you, her so little and white, and him so big and dark. Heard the Colonel's wife, "Lady Matchmaker," they used to call her, say into her old man's ear that the two ought to be spliced just for the sake o' the picture they'd make together. Yep, the ladies was there, too, and all the young officers. The General, he was a-managin' things, and had a couple o' orderlies passin' around cold lemonade, like it was a real s'iety affair.

The starters bein' ready, the old boy, he got up and said the committee—first anybody'd heard o' any committee—but that's what he slipped 'em—had decided the first test'd be for the two st'nag'phers to write the same piece same time, to show how speedy they was, the chapter in the tactics book about mobilizin' a army bein' it—which he handed 'em copies of—and that second they'd do fancy stunts o' their own to show how flossy they was.

Well, sir, when them two rooted into them machines you'd a-thought a couple o' cyclones had broke loose, sure. Gee whillikers, how they did light into 'em! Sounded like a couple o' them automatic steel riveters goin' full kilter. Reg'lar greased lightnin'!

Well, sir, the two o' them rounded up exactly the same second. So the old General had 'em try the stunt over; and they landed neck and neck again, very same stroke. So he said the quality o' the work 'd have to decide. Miss Brown's was read first—ladies first always with the old

boy—and not a flaw on the page. Then Mack's, and not a flaw on his. But there at the end was the first four lines repeated. The boy had beat her to it and started all over again!

Miss Brown, she looked plum flabegasted. She starched up again in a minute, though, ready for bizni, and took orders to show her own little tricks. Mack watched her most intense; I was afraid he'd bust 'fore she got through.

First, she smashed out ten little funny sentences, each one holdin' all the letters in the alphabet. You'd ought to seen how them scarce X's and Z's was squeezed in! And maybe she didn't make that ice wagon hum! Then she done a circle o' them little round degree marks and a star of little star marks around it, pretty as you please. That class o' fancywork's no cinch, take it from me. Then she wrote a couple o' pages, all kinds o' stuff, most mighty swift and just by touch, never once lookin' at the keys; just kept her little eyes set business-like on a mud-dauber's nest up in the vine in front o' her. Certainly done wonderful. Nobody there ever saw the like before.

Mack's turn next. Dunno what'd happened if he'd had to hold in a minute longer.

First he grabbed up that fancywork page o' hers, shoved it in the machine, and put another circle and star inside o' hers and another set outside, and a frame o' sixes and nines around 'em, and a little flag in each corner, all slick as a duck on a wet day. Then he snatched up them alphabet sentences she made, and copied them with just only his thumbs. Try something like that, and you'll find your thumbs is pretty stiff old members. Then he wrote 'em again from memory, lookin' up at the mud-dauber's nest like her, and gettin' more excited and whiter ever' minute, and speedin' up something amazin'. No wonder he hadn't been seen around any in spare time!

Next he rushed in another sheet and began to slide that carriage and shift-bar around some swift, I'm a-tellin' you. Sounded like one o' those go-devils, but nobody could tell what he was at till he jumped up and handed the General's wife

[illegible] o' her old man's profile, mustache
[illegible]in nothin' but numbers and
[illegible]nd things, sayin' lookin' at
[illegible]gnificant, that that's what
[illegible]n ought to have—a husband. "Lady Matchmaker" 'd most died for him that minute. Well, sir, hold that picture a little way off and it did look just like the old boy. Now what do you think of that for a stunt!

Dove into the typewriter again and beat out two more pages like a bunch o' whirlwinds; jumped up more excited and trembly than ever; handed 'em to Miss Brown. What do you s'pose it was he wrote? Right from memory he'd did the whole o' the "Solemnization of Matrimony," from the 'Piscopal prayer-book—speeches, cues, minister, groom, bride and all! Miss Brown was strong 'Piscopal, you see. Mack was nothin' partic'lar then. Guess he'd turned 'Piscopal, too, by now.

You'd ought to seen that poor little lady gal! Could a-picked her up with a spoon.

Mack, he jumped back, more shook-up-lookin' than ever; and then he did do a stunt for life! Wrote the words o' "Yankee Doodle Dandy," and clicked the tune out on the keys as he went! Yes, sir! Solemn truth. Tune was so plain he had ever' right foot on that v'anda goin' with him. Maybe you don't think there was some applause.

Then he jumped up, clutched his chair, and s'prised 'em with a speech:

"Ladies and gentlemen: I can hardly see you; but I hear your clapping hands and your dear voices say that I have won. But where is the prize? Should there not be a prize in a contest of this kind?

"I call to witness half the men here that my opponent Miss Brown has repeatedly given a promise that now she has opportunity to make good.

"While it has never been addressed directly to me, I arise to exact fulfilment of her word to the others, her promise to marry the first man to excel her at the typewriter. You have acknowledged me that man."

Then he turned to the little gal. She was sittin' there lookin' all kind o' scared and s'prised and puzzled and mixed up, but not angry. Mack held out his hand to her earnest and pleadin' and said:

"Miss Brown, is your word good?"

She flushed pretty, but stood up brave and took his hand right before all of 'em and answered:

"I never heard it said yet that a Brown broke a promise and nobody shall say it now!"

Macgregor's Mother

By DAVIDA FRENCH

DRAWINGS BY J. K. HILL

HIGH up in the Santa Cruz spur on a densely crested summit is perched a rude pine cabin which commands a sweep of the distant ocean. Behind it, a clearing among the redwoods opens onto a forking of two mountain roads, one winding away to the south through the tangled brush country of the Big Basin, the other into the heart of the great forests that stretch northward over the La Honda hills.

Intense silence, except for the pulsing breath of fresh sea-breezes among the surrounding trees, lends the last element of isolation to the spot. And yet, contact with the outside world was not entirely denied the plucky Scotch woman who lived there alone throughout the summer months while her son was off in the Basin camps. Rude lumbermen, on their way down into the valley or over to Pescadero on the coast, pulled up their dusty teams on the road below the house to have a moment's chat over the fence or to leave some message from the "Kid Macgregor."

Suffering had drawn the straight resisting lines of her mouth and eyes

One afternoon early in the summer the woman sat looking out over the little kitchen garden enclosed in the clearing, watching the evening fog roll in softly between the waving arms of the redwoods. Away down the Big Basin trail she could see a man's figure rapidly coming toward the forking. She watched him as he came nearer and nearer, winding in among the chaparral brush until he was opposite the end of the dilapidated fence which separated her ill-kept lawn from the wide stretches of brush around. She leaned forward with surprise as the man turned here and followed along the fence toward the house, instead of taking the little graded path which led up from the road. There was something strange in this manner of approach and the woman got up quickly to reassure herself. She took a pistol from the rack in the living-room, thrust it into the pocket of her apron and walked out briskly across the clearing to meet him as he jumped the fence and slouched toward her. One glance at the man told her that he was plainly of the Basin, with his swarthy sun-blazed face and the characteristic blue flannel shirt and jumpers of the camps.

A hoarse voice growled out at her from a distance of several yards, "God! ma'am! if you don't give me hidin' here, I'm done for. They ain't more'n an hour behind me— I'll tell you what I dc he foreman at O'F right when

I done it, ma'am—I was tipplin' overmuch last night." The dilated but bleary eyes of the man looked into hers desperately. All the strain and suspense of that day's flight had not sobered him entirely. The woman's face scarcely betrayed an emotion as she listened to his outburst of appeal, but she shuddered a little as he leaned nearer in his earnestness. The odor of his breath recalled suddenly the ugly scenes and sufferings which had drawn the straight resisting lines of her mouth and eyes. If there was any note of feeling to be deciphered in the impassivity of her face, it was one of cynical despair. Emotions seldom intruded on its non-committal control and calmness.

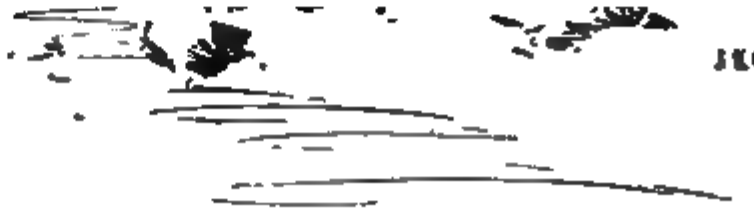
The man saw the shudder that shook her for a moment, divined the sympathies that he had awakened and pressed his advantage anxiously.

"Your boy's an old bunkie of mine, Mrs. Duff. We was sharin' diggin's last fall at Baker's. He was always tellin' me about this place and how kind you was with everyone." The s about the mouth nervous scrutiny turned with a sudde The man followed daisy-bordered pat she lit a lamp an into the sitting-roo

"You'd better cra she said simply, opening between the rafters and the ceiling "I'll get you something warm to drink presently."

The man obeyed her mechanically and found himself in a dim little room under the eaves which had evidently been a resort of Macgregor's. Curious boyish trophies were hung in savage medley from the rough rafters —birds'-nests, broken firearms and skins. Close up to the ridge-pole and just under the eaves was spread a canvas mattress of fragrant pine-needles. The man stretched himself out exhaustedly on this and buried his face in its wiry fragrance. From below there floated up to him the vague sensation of dim lights, and of softly moving but decisive steps as Mrs. Duff passed between the little sitting-room and the kitchen. The lifting of stove lids and the stirring of something warm and bubbling on the fire mingled with a drowsy sense of general aliveness below. Outside, sea-breezes from the west struck the little summit-perched cabin straight across its front, broke among the tall redwoods at the side and floated in softly through the half-open skylight.

The man found himself in a dim little room under the eaves which had evidently been a resort of Macgregor's



She recognized two of the posse who had come to her yesterday for information

It was a strange thing that she had done in helping an unknown Basin man escape the officers of the law. The stern Puritanism of her soul accused her annoyingly of a sentimentalism that bordered on moral weakness. She turned back to her simple cares around the cabin with the disturbed consciousness that for once in her life, impulse and duty had perhaps failed in reconcilement. The morning hours dragged themselves out with a terrible nervous tension for her. If the man could but get six hours start he was practically safe, she told herself as she watched the La Honda road anxiously for the dreaded sheriff. In curious contrast with this anxiety for the man's escape, there arose in her heart the half-formulated longing that the posse might discover the trick she had played them and return to clear her accusing conscience before it was too late. By noon the conflict in her mind had become harrowing; she moved restlessly about her work and struggled to shut off entirely the strain of reasoning and reproach which her Puritan soul brought to battle with her impulse of weakness.

The clatter of horses's hoofs on the open road took Mrs. Duff anxiously to the window and her face flushed with the excited beating of her heart as she recognized two of the posse who had come to her yesterday for information. They tied their horses in a little off-circle of redwoods and Mrs. Duff watched them anxiously, counting the moments of their delay as so many moments of respite in which to fortify herself for the inquisition which she felt to be coming. Motherly impulse dominated all Puritanical hesitancy for the moment. Convincing lie upon lie rushed into her mind to help in the escape of the man hurrying on to the coast down there among the chaparral hills. When she opened the door to them, no cooler eye ever met the rage of two clever men who had been baffled.

"Mrs. Duff," the sheriff opened up pointedly, "we have lost our man. We have beaten the La Honda grade all morning and we came back to know if you are quite sure of the directions you gave us last night? Mrs. Duff, the man that blackguard shot at O'Harley's died last night, and oh, ma'am I don't know how to tell you, but—it was your son."

Mrs. Duff's upright figure stiffened imperceptibly under the agonized, blunt sympathy of the sheriff's words. She swayed dizzily for a moment against the bole of the tree near her.

"Are you quite sure it was the La Honda grade?" the sheriff ventured gently.

The white, impassive lips of the woman barely moved.

"Quite sure. Now go—go—please."

She leaned there against the old tree with a strange numbness upon her until the sheriff and his companion were well off on the La Honda road and rounding the bend of a distant hill. Then she turned back into the house and closed the door behind her. From the broad outlook window, she studied out the country below her eagerly as she took down a rifle from the gleaming gun rack on the wall.

The trail down among the chaparral was a familiar one to her. She found herself hurrying along it with a sensation of flying. It was as though she was literally transported from one spot on the road to another many yards distant. She felt certain that this was real and found herself wondering at it in a half-dazed sort of way. Her eyes were as keen as those of leisurely swaying hawks that light with measured sureness on the soft-tufted nests of forest birds, hidden away with such confident security in the tops of the firs that rise from the brush near the Pacific. The road lay straight ahead only for a few yards at a stretch, then bent in sinuously, following the contour of the hills to the right, but with a series of deep ravines and gullies on the left. The woman's eyes peered suspiciously into these at each new opening road and she looked back often ely, as if fearing that she had left ehind there some place in hiding.

Noonday wore into late afternoon as she flew over the rocky trail. He must choose a safe ambush before dusk came on, she told herself, for the trail took all of a man's wit by daylight. By night it could not be traveled.

Outside, sea breezes from the west struck the little summit-perched cabin straight across its front

She could feel his presence hurrying on there before her. The touch of the overhanging brush that he had swept as he went filled her with horror almost to faintness. Instinctively she rushed on faster.

Far down in a deep cañon amidst a profusion of buckeyes and clustering azaleas, a red blur blazed suddenly upon her. She stopped, breathless, and crouched on the ground to watch more closely. The outlines of the man's figure confronted her squarely. He was standing quietly near the stream bed, the red of his jersey contrasted against the great boulder he leaned on.

Quickly molding out a place in the moist earth in front of her, for her elbow, the woman brought her gun to her shoulder, fixed the red of the sweater with her eye and moved a nerveless finger on the trigger. The numb sensation in her heart suddenly changed to a blinding inertia. A spasm of trembling shook her; her eyes followed the finder weakly as it described floundering arcs and parallels across the red bosom of the figure below her. She brought her rifle to rest helplessly and steadied her nerve before she lifted the barrel again. The shot reverberated through the hollow stillness of the gorge. She peered through the floating smoke that lay between them. The figure had not stirred. Again the rifle went to her shoulder and again a report was answered by its thundering echo from the rocky cliffs below her. The man's red-bosomed outline still stood there upright and unflinching as though no shot had been fired and another spasm of trembling shook the woman. Why was it that everything seemed so still and responseless down there? She shot again feverishly and then plunged recklessly down the sides of the gorge, slipping and springing from point to point with that same mysterious sense of superhuman aid that she had felt in her flight down the trail. Stolidly she confronted her handiwork.

Against the broad face of the boulder, the man's form leaned heavily, the palms of his inert hands stretched against its mossy freshness. From the cardinal of the jersey, just above the heart, a little stream from three overlapping wounds trickled down softly.

The Voices

By George Sterling

Last night the granite headland loomed
  A titan on the night,
About whose knees the billows boomed,
  Enormous, baffled, white.

And now to morning's throne of gold
  Murmurs the chastened sea:
Its thunder and its whispers hold
  The selfsame mystery.

The Philippines

(Continued from page 138)

twenty years fretted and fumed in seclusion and then found expression in the development of secret political organizations.

The first of these was the "Liga Filipina." It was composed of educated, wealthy or influential Filipinos and had for its purpose not separation from Spain but a fair measure of local autonomy and the correction of some alleged abuses. Agitation, political combination, a campaign of instruction, was its program in Spain; education and preparation—evolution, not revolution—its policy at home.

Whether it was the offspring of one or of many minds may be disputed. That José Rizal, a doctor of eminence, a novelist of ability, the poet of the people, was the inspiration of its wisest counsels and its most compelling force for lasting good, cannot be denied.

Rizal was born on the shores of the Laguna de Bay, the mystic lake which smiles like an angel to the sunlight and rages like a hellcat to the blast of the typhoon. The witchery of its varying moods, the appealing beauty of Susun Dalaga, attuned his soul to sentiment. From his childhood the shadows of Maquiling, the frown of Banahao, home of Bathala, the god of his ancestors, moved his mind to serious thought on somber things. And so Rizal poured out in song his love of native land and meditated on her wrongs. No hatred of old Spain found a resting place in all his heart and those who claim that ill-will to the mother country controlled his policies never understood him or did not understand him well. From her had come his education, his faith, the civilization of his race, and he was grateful. Maybe the Malay tongue has no such word as gratitude, but it *has* a word signifying "the heart's remembrance," which serves the purpose just as well.

Rizal wanted the exercise of authority according to the forms of law, equal laws for Filipino and Spaniard, equal rights for Spaniard and Filipino before the law, checks on official abuse, larger participation by responsible and capable Filipinos in local government, native representation in the Spanish Cortes—in a word, reform and a wider outlet for the mental energies and activities of his people. That he battled for these things with his pen and berated the sovereign power because it didn't grant them, no more indicated an unworthy antipathy for everything Spanish than his ridicule of Malay weaknesses and defects, whether inherited or acquired, manifested a constitutional prejudice against his own race. From the government he expected reform and from the masses of the people more dignity of character, a higher moral courage and greater willingness to suffer for the right.

It was easy to wound the sensitive Spanish heart, and sane measures, sound policies and conservative action within the bounds

Bagobo musicians in beaded jacket and trousers. The Bagobos have soft eyes and gentle faces, yet they alone of the Philippine tribes make human sacrifices

even children who were done to death in those awful days. Such acts were regrettable to a degree, but they were the natural outcome of a conspiracy which fed on race hatred, and those who provoked as well as those who did them must assume their fair share of a very gruesome responsibility.

Rizal knowing that Bonifacio sought persistently to identify him with the Katipunan and that his enemies would spare no pains to establish the connection, volunteered for military service in Cuba as a doctor. Governor-General Blanco accordingly released him from Dapitan and in company with Roxas, a prominent and very wealthy Filipino, he took his departure for Spain about the time of the Katipunan outbreak. Rizal and Roxas went ashore at Singapore and there it was that Roxas earnestly pointed out the dangers that surrounded his companion and begged him not to continue his journey but to avail himself of the British flag as a sure protection against his enemies. Conscious of no wrongdoing, Rizal insisted on proceeding to Spain and reporting for the duty which he had volunteered to perform. Roxas stayed ashore and from the date of his departure from Manila until this hour never once has his foot pressed the soil of the Philippines. The same ship that brought Rizal to Spain returned him to Manila, where he was summarily tried, court-martialed and sentenced to death. Within the walls of old Fort Santiago the night before his execution he made his peace with God and wrote his farewell to the Philippines, a poem instinct with meaning and breathing the fondest love for native land. Early next morning, smiling and smoking his last cigar, he marched to the field of Bagumbayan. The rifles of his own countrymen, soldiers of Spain, rang out sharply, pink hand struck pink hand in soft approval, "La Marcha de Cadiz" blared out its musical concurrence, and the greatest and wisest of Filipino thinkers and patriots had passed to dreamless sleep forever. In all that gathering which stood about and saw him die, not a tear was shed save that of the poor old broken-hearted Jesuit who had taught him in his childhood days and heard his last confession. Rather a sad ending, wasn't it? for one whose harshest thought was to better the land that gave him birth and to brighten the future of the peoples that in it lived.

But everything has its compensation. The ideals and principles for which Rizal struggled did not perish with him from the earth. Quite the contrary: the blood which he poured out so willingly gave them new life and strength, and the brief period of ten years saw his people blessed with all that he had asked for them and more. And—irony of fate—a stately monument commemorative of all that he was and all that he did soon will lift its graceful proportions on the very spot where, to the plaudits of the multitude and the music of the band he breathed out his life through a dozen gaping wounds. If any Filipino gazing on this memorial of Filipino sacrifice is stirred to bitterness, let him turn his eyes to that other monument, overlooking the field of Bagumbayan, commemorative of the deeds of a loyal Spanish soldier and a faithful Spanish priest, and forgetting his anger, remember only whence came the civilization and Christianity which made Rizal a possibility.

Peace

By CLIFFORD HOWARD

Upon the heights I so[illegible] precious flower,
And searched till I [illegible] o more;
When wandering h [illegible] nset hour,
I found it bloomi[illegible]

Development Section

Here are Noted Various Significant Facts Relating to the Progress and General Advancement of all the West

Mount Hood's Front Yard

Mosier Hills, Oregon, on the Banks of the Columbia, Renowned for the Excellence of Its Orchard Products

By JOHN SCOTT MILLS

ROME sat on her seven hills and ruled the world. This was prior to the time the United States began to take a hand in things, antedating the Monroe Doctrine and other tenets of American faith, American independence and American insistence on every nation having a square deal.

This story has to do with a part of Uncle Sam's domain and not with the ancient city. Its purpose is to tell of Mosier Hills, lying between Mt. Hood and the Columbia river, where fruit-growing is a science and where there is room and opportunity for the man in search of independence to take up his abode.

Mosier Hills! Would you, kind reader, find the place where the conditions of climate are most conducive to health, pleasure and happiness; where the mighty river meets the low rolling hills, which lead in turn to the higher forest-covered slopes, and onward, ever upward, to the rocky, glacier-furrowed heights, down whose glittering sides come dashing rivulets and tumbling waterfalls; where all these and more are so combined as to form a panorama of most enchanting beauty; where every point of view gives a new series of pictures, every turn of the head a new scene, every change of light and shade paints the picture in new colors, where the charm of beauty and nature makes one more content, better satisfied, happier and more thankful for being able to live where one can enjoy such a combination of blessings; where nature has so generously supplied those elements of soil and water and that happy condition of climate that combine to produce the most luxuriant as well as profitable growth of plant life—a combination of conditions that enables the attainment of perfection in fruits?

There is a reason, a good and sufficient reason, why this section has attracted the attention of the expert fruit grower, the horticulturist of experience, the man who knows good soil when he sees it; the poultry-raiser who wants the best results; the city man who wants a country home that is both productive and beautiful; the professional man who, worn out with work and care, wants a place for rest and recreation; the residents of the East who, tired of the bitter cold of long winters and the humid, enervating heat of the summers, come to the Pacific

Mt. Hood's white crest is lifted above a garden of fruitful green

imparts the exquisite flavor that is characteristic of all varieties of fruit produced in the Creswell orchards. And there is sufficient moisture retained in the soil in the autumn to give to the fruit its proper coloring.

It is the consensus of opinion of horticultural experts who have made a study of conditions of soil and climate in the Creswell area that as fine apples can be grown here as can be produced anywhere in Oregon if the proper care is given the trees and up-to-date methods of cultivation are observed. Within a few years the greater part of the apples sold in the United States will be grown in the Pacific Northwest. Oregon has the start. Its growers have shown what can be done in the production of apples where the best methods of cultivation and marketing are adapted.

Prunes are extensively grown throughout the territory surrounding Creswell and form a source of great income to those orchardists who give this widely popular fruit the benefit of proper methods of culture. One of the best orchards in the state is here. Choice areas of the older trees have frequently yielded more than $300 an acre. Prices for the prune are good, and the world is the marketplace. Ten acres in bearing will keep any man busy and give him an assured income sufficient to keep himself and family in comfort.

Like the Oregon apple, the Oregon cherry is without a peer. By reason of its climatic adaptability, the Willamette valley seems to be the cherry orchard of the continent. Single trees of the Royal Ann variety have the record of bearing 400 to 500 pounds each season and each cherry acre pays from $300 to $500.

Berry culture has played a most important part in the development of the famous fruit sections of Oregon. The fruit grower who goes into the business with limited capital must have some source of revenue before his trees come into bearing. The strawberry comes to his aid. By planting between rows of trees for the first four years this provides means for the owner of the land to continue his work. When the trees demand the space, the plants are turned under. There is large profit in strawberries. The loganberry is becoming more popular each year and the demand increases accordingly. The Willamette valley is also famous for its red raspberries. Black-cap growing is an industry that has been badly neglected in Oregon. This highly-prized berry can be grown here with the greatest degree of success. As this state is the natural home of small fruits, it will be found that there are a large number of varieties that can be profitably cultivated. Any soil that will produce good blackberries and raspberries will produce good gooseberries and currants.

Pears grown in Oregon have commanded the highest prices ever paid for this fruit. The varieties that have been grown at Creswell with great success include the Bartlett and Vicar of Wakefield.

The fame of Oregon as a hop-producing state is spread throughout the world. Hops have long been a very profitable crop and fortunes have been made in the Willamette valley in this particular industry. Dr. Withycombe, of the experiment station of the Oregon agricultural college, says there is no doubt that the Willamette valley will produce as fine flax fiber as can be grown in the world. Corn is cultivated with increasing success about Creswell. Potatoes of extra fine quality also form a staple crop. Carrots show a productiveness of thirty tons to the acre.

Good average dairy cows will net $50 to $90 a year each. Many fruit growers find it pays to carry on dairying in connection with the orchard. In young orchards kale, corn, etc., can be grown between the trees for feed. Hog-raising is also found profitable in connection with dairying. Corn, clover and vetch, the latter mixed with wheat, oats, or barley, and other suitable crops for feed can be raised here in abundance. It is a typical dairy country, with ideal climatic conditions.

Stock-raising is an important industry of this section and includes Shorthorn cattle, Cotswold, Shropshire and Southdown sheep, Berkshire, Poland-China and Duroc hogs and high-bred draft and road horses.

Pronounced success has been attendant upon the poultry industry throughout this section. Markets are easily accessible and there is a steady demand for all products at good prices.

The farm life of to-day as pursued in Oregon is altogether different from that of our forefathers. Favored with a hospitable climate and a productive soil, Creswell and its surrounding territory afford splendid opportunities for the farmer and for the horticulturist. It is not the isolated life of drudgery that characterized the past, but a life of pleasure, profit and never-ending interest.

The opportunities for settlers in and about Creswell are particularly good. Lands suitable for fruit culture, diversified farming, or for stock-raising can be bought at extremely reasonable prices and upon easy terms. The valley is being settled very rapidly and those who want to share in the general prosperity will do well to act promptly.

ordinary porthole auger and show good soil all the way. These wells are not on bottom-land, nor is the water seepage from any stream or canal. They were put down by settlers before canals were completed and before well-drilling outfits had found their way into the country and are on the level plain, several miles from any living water. With intelligent treatment such a soil will never wear out, but will produce abundant crops year after year. The soil has not been leached for ages by heavy rains, which dissolve the life-giving chemical elements and carry them away with the waste water, robbing it of its fertility, just in proportion as rain falls in excess of the ability of the soil to absorb it. In southern Idaho practically all the moisture that falls is readily absorbed and the soil retains its original strength. This, added to an abundance of sunshine, increases its producing powers and accounts for the enormous yield secured. Analysis of the soil of the Snake river valley shows that it is equaled by but few localities in the United States.

It is fortunate, indeed, for the American Falls section that the irrigation project here was the first large appropriation of water from Snake river, for this gives it a right prior to all the other large projects. It is the only one which does not employ a dam to raise the water-level or to reservoir its waters. Its appropriation is made from the natural flow of the stream. An ample and incontestable water right being vital to irrigation, such a right as that of this system adds materially to the value of every acre of land covered by it. The farmer under this system is the maker of his own destiny. Given an abundance of sunshine and the most fertile soils, with the power to supply moisture to growing crops in accordance with their needs, he is enabled to secure enormous yields. These factors give to irrigated lands their great value and make them among the safest and most profitable investments. Intelligence and industry are all the demands made upon the irrigator, nature having abundantly supplied all other requirements. American Falls irrigated lands have made yields of 132 bushels of oats, 75 of wheat, 500 of potatoes, and seven tons of alfalfa in two cuttings. Prices of these lands range from $5 to $125 an acre, according to location and improvements, and at these prices are desirable as an investment.

Dry farming here vies with irrigation for supremacy and numbers among its followers many experienced irrigators. Not only is the precipitation above the average for the inter-mountain country, but it comes at the most advantageous seasons. Altitude, averaging about 4,500 feet, with cool nights, aids in conserving the moisture, and the soil readily absorbs all that falls. By cultivating to conserve the moisture, the dry farmer merely conserves what the irrigator supplies. Moisture is essential to the growth of vegetation. The methods of the dry farmer and the irrigator vary only in the respect that one turns on the water through canals while the other reservoirs his by cultivation. True, the range of products is less and yields somewhat smaller than the irrigator may have, but the method permits of a larger acreage and a smaller expense in growing, with no investment other than necessary teams and farming implements. The land is free—thousands of acres of it—to all who have not used their homestead rights, and those who have may lease state lands and later acquire them by purchase.

Wheat is the great dry farm staple and yields up to sixty bushels an acre for entire fields, with hundreds of acres in a body averaging better than forty bushels. The average yield of fall grain is twenty-five bushels, and about eighteen for spring seeding. These yields are increasing as the lands become older and in a better state of cultivation. The area seeded to wheat increases by thousands of acres every year. Last season's surplus over local demands was about 100,000 bushels, with an estimate of many times as much for the current year. In a few years it is estimated the annual production will approximate 8,000,000 bushels, and American Falls is destined to become a great milling center. Barley, rye, oats, potatoes and other vegetables are profitably grown, and alfalfa and orchards are finding their way to the dry farm homes. Dry land alfalfa, the first cutting equaling the irrigated product and yielding a small second cutting or providing excellent pasture, was grown in several localities here the past year and the young orchards are thrifty and give every promise of fruitfulness. There is little of this land for sale, owing to the fact that a very large area is open to homestead filing, but the few transfers which have taken place show values ranging from $7 to $20 an acre.

At depths ranging from 30 to 300 feet, between strata of loam, is found an inexhaustible supply of the purest water. In every direction, within a radius of fifty miles, the same pure quality of water is found. Its source is the snows of the Saw Tooth mountains, one hundred miles to the northwest, sending out streams which flow into large crevices in the lava near the foothills. No stream enters Snake river from the north for a distance of two hundred miles, the rains and snows of this great watershed finding an underground outlet. Wells on this vast plain are almost inexhaustible, pumps operated by gasoline engines for days at a time in ordinary driven wells failing to lower the water in the least. Such is their capacity that every farmer may at least irrigate a garden and small orchard.

Few orchards have been planted, but those in bearing produce fruit of a fine quality. Apples, pears, prunes, plums, cherries and all small fruits do well and peaches of fine quality are grown in a few sheltered localities. Experienced fruit-growers from Colorado and Utah have started large orchards and about 500 acres were set to fruit last year. There are a large number of young five and ten-acre orchards on the American Falls Carey tract, and nearly every farmer has a few fruit-trees. The planting of two large orchards was begun last spring. The quality of the fruit grown compares favorably with that of the recognized fruit-growing sections of the West.

Not only are yields large, but the products grown are of a superior quality. American Falls wheat commands a premium for export, and the demand for the flour milled here exceeds the supply. It is asserted that dry land wheat makes better flour than the irrigated product and will eventually command a premium. Potatoes have brought fancy prices for years and are excellent enough to be specified in contracts for supplies for the dining-car service of a transcontinental railway system. The vegetables will prove a surprise to any resident of the country east of the Rockies. Corn, although of fair quality, is little grown because other products are more remunerative.

Stock-growing has been a leading industry since pioneer days, only recently yielding first place to agriculture. Excellent summer and winter ranges make the business profitable. Settlement of the country and the production of an abundance of feed will aid rather than retard the industry, and stock on the farm will more than replace that driven from the range. The hill grazing all the year round is of the very best—sheep and cattle thrive on the summer ranges and in winter find well-sheltered pasture in the gulches and on sunny hillsides, little inconvenienced by the snow. The dairy and poultry interests have been neglected, and an inviting field is open. Five thousand head of cattle and 600,000 pounds of wool are shipped from American Falls annually.

The industrial future of American Falls is based upon a great water-power that nature has conferred upon this point, from which the name of the town has been derived. Snake river, 1,000 feet wide, drops forty-two feet, over a series of cascades, making possible the development of upward of 60,000 horsepower. At this time 2,500 horsepower is available for manufacturing, and 20,000 more in course of development. Factories are to be located alongside the farms, to the great advantage of both. The beginning of these industries is a modern flouring mill with a capacity of one hundred barrels daily. Work is nearing completion on a $50,000 plant for a harness factory and tannery, which will employ thirty men at the start. A woolen mills company with a capitalization of $250,000 is in progress of organization, sufficient funds having been secured to insure the establishment of this industry. It will make all kinds of woolen goods and operate a scouring plant in connection, but will be able to handle only a small part of the 15,000,000 pounds of wool grown in southern Idaho, to say nothing of the 85,000,000 pounds grown in the four adjoining states. This vast region is to be thickly populated and its tens of thousands of inhabitants will use millions of dollars' worth of manufactured products that can be better produced here than shipped from the East.

Climatic conditions are in favor of the husbandman. Southern Idaho has an average of 275 days of sunshine every year. Extremely cold weather is rare, and the summers are not uncomfortably warm. There is not a case of sunstroke on record and cyclones are unknown. The days of winter are pleasant. Two very cold days or two very hot ones rarely come in succession. Summer nights are always cool. The average winter has about ten days when zero or colder weather is recorded. But twice in seven years has the temperature reached 100 above. Owing to the dryness of the atmosphere the extremes of heat and cold are little felt. It is seldom too cold and never too hot for outdoor work. The average precipitation for the past five years was 16.94 inches. The snows of winter are rarely more than six inches and soon disappear. Half the annual precipitation comes in March, April, May and the first fifteen days of June. Storms during the harvesting season are so rare as to cause comment, and sacked grain is left in the field until it can be conveniently hauled to market.

American Falls has trebled its population, now about 1,500, and quadrupled its business in about two years. Half a million dollars has been expended for improvements in that time. It has substantial business buildings and the number of its tasty homes is rapidly increasing. The moral standard of its citizens is high and its society of the best. There are no saloons. Its school system has a four years' high school course, admitting graduates to the State University without preparatory training. It has church organizations and fraternal societies. Springs flowing 4,300 gallons of the purest water per minute, capable of supplying a city of 25,000 people, are the source of its water system. There are publications ably filling the newspaper field and the various professional callings are represented. It has also a commercial organization which is doing good work in exploiting the resources of this remarkably fertile section.

From Crude to Refining

The Scope of the Sunset Monarch Oil Company

By I. E. Segur

"FROM derrick to can" might well be the slogan of the Sunset Monarch Oil Company. It pumps the black petroleum from the depths of the earth and turns it out a paler product from the refinery. With its asphaltum plant, machine-shops, and water system it has one of the most complete equipments in the state, while the refinery in West Berkeley, with bay, river, sea, and rail communication, embraces all the elements that go toward successful marketing.

The Sunset Monarch Oil Company was incorporated originally by I. E. Segur, Abe Ruef, E. Algeltinger, and W. A. Miller. It remained in their control until 1904, when Adolph B. Spreckels, Grove P. Ayres and associates assumed charge of the property.

The land is located in the Sunset-Maricopa district and embraces a rich acreage, a portion of which adjoins the famous Lakeview gusher. The exact location of the holdings is thus described:

> The N. W. ¼ of section 2, Tp. 11 N, Range 24 W, San Bernardino B. & M; also fractional section 26, Tp. 12 N, Range 24 W, San Bernardino B. & M; and the S. W. ¼ of section 35, Tp. 11 N, Range 23 W, San Bernardino B. & M.

The oil produced on the [illegible] section two runs from [illegible] and is the best [illegible] This territory is [illegible] probability be still [illegible] have been exhausted.

Section 26, on [illegible] three wells, adjoins [illegible] west. One of the [illegible] of 1,722 feet. In the [illegible] feet north of the Lakeview, the drill has reached 615 feet. The company has just spudded in for the third well, which is located only 220 feet from the gusher.

In its field facilities, the Sunset Monarch occupies a pre-eminent position. It possesses an up-to-date asphaltum plant and a machine shop that does the work of the district. In the Mountain Springs Water Company, which brings the water six miles, it has an asset of vast value.

In order to obtain the market it desired for its oil, the company acquired a refinery at West Berkeley, which is operated under the name of the Monarch Oil Refining Company. At this plant some of the best oils on the coast are made and placed on the market. The West Berkeley property is most advantageously located. It includes a frontage [illegible] deep water and forms a most essential link in the chain of properties.

The oil and gas [illegible] manufactured at the West Berkeley [illegible] refinery [illegible] [illegible] [illegible]

A Captain of the Oil Industry

By Robert Macpherson

WITH a foresight that has brought its own reward, Captain John Barneson of San Francisco began nine years ago to acquire oil-bearing lands. Then only the clear-visioned ventured heavily in the industry. The romance of the discovery had passed and an era of falling prices confronted the operators; but like those pioneers who saw in the level plains of the San Joaquin valley the fruitful agricultural districts of the future, Barneson and his associates perceived that in the petroleum beds of California lay the fuel supply of the coming years.

Beginning in 1901 with a modest investment in the Coalinga district, Barneson has extended his holdings steadily until to-day he is president of sixteen companies, vice-president of two, a director in seven others, his interests embracing several thousand acres of proven territory lying in the richest fields in the state. A sketch of the oil regions will reveal the Barneson properties scattered over the chart, as a map of the world shows the British possessions. If the sun never sets on English soil, it is also a fairly safe hazard that no new strike is far distant from a Barneson company.

One of the earliest of Mr. Barneson's ventures was with the Independence Oil Company in Coalinga. He served as a director and continued his association with its management until the property was sold to the Standard Oil Company. It was in Coalinga that the foundations were laid for the larger enterprises. As a director of the Arline Oil Company, Mr. Barneson was connected with the drilling of the first well on the rich area later acquired by the California Oilfields, Limited, the extensive British establishment operating at Coalinga.

The present Coalinga interests of Mr. Barneson include membership on the directorate of the Turner and stock ownership in the W. K., those two companies that lie within the compass of the newly developed gusher section of the field. In the east Coalinga field Mr. Barneson is connected as a director with the Eldee Oil Company, on the land of which the Southeastern Limited Oil Company is operating. In this also is he a director.

His extensive holdings in Coalinga led him to join with Captain Matson in the construction of the first pipe-line from the district, which afforded an outlet for the fuel at the sea at Monterey.

It was seven years ago that the Sunset and Santa Maria fields attracted Captain Barneson. He has not only retained his connection with these districts, but has constantly enlarged his possessions there and in adjoining territory.

The Esperanza Consolidated Oil Company, of which he is vice-president and managing director, serves to illustrate the vast scale of his operations. It comprises a total of 4,491 acres of patented, proven and partially developed oil property situated in the Coalinga, Midway, and Santa Maria fields. This company is capitalized at $7,500,000. It has an authorized bond issue of $7,500,000. There remains in the treasury $5,000,000 in bonds and $3,000,000 of stock, which is available for the purchase of additional properties, with funds for increased development or for pipe-lines.

An organization of great usefulness to the oil industry, and of which Captain Barneson is treasurer, is the Petroleum Investment Company. It was organized recently to report on, to finance and to deal in the stocks of other companies. This organization comprises most of the older oilmen in the districts and has a very complete field staff of experts and geologists.

The list of companies over which Captain Barneson presides and which he manages is a formidable one. It includes: The Bardole Oil Company, in section 35, 28–27 in the Kern river field; the Barnodon Oil Company, comprising sections 4–10, 14–24, section 30, and part of section 3, 32–23 in the Midway field; the Barneson–de Sabla Oil Company, consisting of 40 acres in section 26, 31–22 in the Midway; the Coalinga–Kettleman Oil Company, of which he is vice-president, comprising 160 acres in Kings county; the Copeck Oil Company in the Santa Maria field; the El Cerrito Oil Company in the south Coalinga field; the Esperanza Consolidated, embracing 170 acres in Coalinga, 2,078 acres in the Midway, and 2,243 acres in the Santa Maria field; the Federal Oil Company of 100 acres in the Santa Maria field; the Kern river Drillers Oil Company in section 36, 28–27 in the Kern river field; The Minoru Oil Company in section 24, 19–15: the Muriel Oil Company, consisting of a 20-acre lease in section 6, 21–15 in Coalinga; the Oakburn Oil Company in section 12, 31–22; Petroleum North Midway Company of 100 acres in section 16, 32–14 of the Midway; the Ophir Oil Company in section 14, 20–14; the State Oil Company of California in sections 27 and 35, 28–27 in Kern county; the Wabash Oil Company of 80 acres in Coalinga; and the Waratah Oil Company of 48 acres, also in Coalinga.

In the following additional companies he serves as a director: Eldee Oil Company, Los Flores Land and Oil Company, Vishnu Oil Company, Sauer Dough Oil Company, Petroleum Investment Company, Turner Oil Company, and Nevada Midway Oil Company—certainly an imposing list.

The American

By Reginald Wright Kauffman

He takes the faiths of other lands,
  Faiths that so false and futile seem,
And by the work of his own hands
  Makes real the thing they did but dream.

So now he keeps their fast or feast
  As they, the dead men, kept it then;
But in the West, and not the East,
  He looks for Christ to come again.

VOLUME XXV

SEPTEMBER, 1910

NUMBER 3

The Babcock Family

By JOHN FLEMING WILSON

DRAWINGS BY J. A. CAHILL

THE lagoon spread its dark blue under the night sky, its surface deeply punctured by star beams. From the miserable hovels across it we heard a cracked voice singing:

I steal by lawns and grassy plots,
I slide by hazel covers;
I move the sweet for-get-me-nots
That grow for happy lovers.

And out again I curve and flow,
To join the brimming river,
For men may come and men may go,
But I go on forever.

Walter Smith turned his shapely bulk in the chair and looked into the profound vault above us. "How old that woman is!" he said gently. And we instantly knew that he had picked out the full meaning of the fluttering notes and antique trills. It was age that sang shrilly in the darkness.

One of us grunted a remark about "old tunes" and Smith quietly added: "That song means a lot when you look at it rightly. It's the lyric of heredity. Men may come and men may go, but the little stream of life that's in us, and has come down from the world's beginning, always is on its way to the big river. Listen:

"I come from haunts of coot and hern..."

"That's it. You and I swell around this world and earn a living and enjoy ourselves

and suffer once in a while and stare up at the sun and think we're masters of destiny. And the life that's in us isn't ours. It comes out of the darkness and when it flows from us it goes into the unknown. Neither you nor I are ever sure when the bubbling brook we call 'life' won't turn up an amazing and inexplicable thing, some little salvage out of the past."

"Oh, I don't go much on heredity," said the doctor.

"I feel sorry for the child who is born in an apartment house," said Smith abruptly. "He enters the world down a brass elevator and is knocked out into the crowded highway by a swinging-door. One ought to creep across the lawn, under the honeysuckle vine, and peer out at life through the old gate. One ought to have a little of the brook before one has to struggle with the river."

The doctor puffed at his nearly extinguished pipe and murmured, "I was born in the country, myself."

"So was I," Smith returned, "and so was Babcock."

"That nice old party that writes for your paper?" the doctor inquired, with a lazy drawl.

"That nice old party lived in a soap box back of a Chinese restaurant right here in Honolulu," was the editor's reply. "He was so dirty that even the Koreans sniffed at him."

The doctor sat up briskly. "Now look here, Smith," he growled, "don't try to make me believe that clean, trim old boy with his gold-headed cane and his nigger servant ever squatted in the gutter. Why, every time my ship comes in here I look forward to having him shake my hand gently and say in his smooth, cultivated voice, 'Doctor, I trust you had a pleasant voyage and that you will enjoy this stay in Honolulu.' Man, Babcock is an institution, all by himself, the solitary decent American gentleman in this rotten town of yours."

Smith was unresentful, but I saw his quiet eyes rest on the doctor's bluff face a moment before he spoke. "Doctor, science isn't everything. You think Babcock was, is and forever shall be just as we see him now, polished, suave, gentle. But that's just what I'm trying to point out to you—the stream of life comes from the darkness and we don't always know what will bubble up from it. But Babcock was raised in the country, and that's as close as we'll ever get to exactly how and why he descended from a good house into a soap box and came out again, five years later. It makes a man afraid of himself, sometimes. Why when I first saw Babcock he was even more poised than you see him now. He drifted down here on a voyage round the world, liked the Islands and stopped here. He had a little money and I really believe he joined the paper more to have employment for his mind than for the pay. And exactly three years after he walked into my office with his gold-headed cane under his arm and his silk hat in his hand, I had to get a Chinese copy-boy to drag him to the stairs and throw him down.

"What did it? Don't ask me. It wasn't liquor, nor a woman, nor lack of money. The man simply caved in, like an empty shell; went to pieces in a fortnight, dropped from his comfortable rooms to a poor hotel, to a lodging-house, to the soap box back of Sing Fat's restaurant. Then, and not before, he commenced to drink. We tried to straighten him up, the very best we knew how. But there didn't seem to be any handle to get hold of. He was mentally and morally a dead-weight, like a corpse. And after six months of boosting him upright and seeing him tumble down the minute our hands were off him, we gave him up. He retired permanently back of Sing Fat's and lived on the scraps from that excellent Oriental's table.

"I want you to understand that the man went clean down and out. He didn't shave. He didn't bathe. He couldn't even be trusted with a nickel. He was a petty thief if given opportunity and I'm afraid he would lie for his dinner. He was the very incarnation of shambling filth, of soulless animality.

"You can imagine how we used to ponder over this. One or two of the younger boys bent their detective energies to discover why Babcock had suddenly gone down. But they didn't find anything.

"And it looked very much as though that was all there was to it. We see a good many things down in these regions and Babcock was simply another odd happening. We gladly forgot him—for five years.

"I don't know when it was that a shuffling, loose-mouthed nigger was kicked off some vessel or other to become a permanent

resident of this strange city. But we all got to know him, for he was the most garrulous, impertinent, worthless darky that ever made a nuisance of himself. He was a beggar and a thief. He seemed never to leave the main streets. He was always asking for a job, never keeping one, always underfoot, talking, grumbling, shoving his huge shoeless feet along the blistering pavements, covering his flesh with what poor rags the scavenger had missed.

"Even in this crowded city, thronged with people of every race and color, Rufe made himself observed. Finally, the dull eye of the police fell on him and I fancy he spent most of his time on the Reef, working for the government.

"One day he had the gall to come up to see me and ask me for a job, as valet. He stood on my clean office floor and gave forth the odor of vagabondage, clutching a filthy straw hat in his gray hands, assuring me that he knew all the duties of a personal servant. 'Why, suh,' the miserable rascal protested, 'I'm brought up the very bes'. I've been body-servant to the very genteeles' folks. I was raised in the Babcock family, suh!'.

"'I don't know any Babcocks,' I said brutally enough, 'except an old hobo that lives behind Sing Fat's restaurant. He's your sort, all right. Get out!'

"D'ye suppose that nigger left? No. My irreverent mention of the Babcock family evoked great indignation. The filthy scamp poured out floods of magniloquence

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had neither honesty nor industry nor morals, but deep planted in his wretched heart was loyalty to that unknown and presumably indifferent family, in whose service he had been brought up. He insisted, from this time on, in asserting the superiority of the Babcocks all over Honolulu. You could hear his high voice in the thick of a crowd: 'Now, don' you talk to me lak that, you worthless reskill, for I was raised in the Babcock family, and I don' take no back talk from anybody,' and the crowd would flow on and somebody would laugh and presently would appear Rufe, black face shining with perspiration, wearing his rags with ludicrous dignity.

"Now Babcock, the original Babcock, used sometimes to sneak out of his hovel and creep upstairs to my office to beg. His income was still coming to him, but the bank refused to let him have all of it. So he would come up to me, look at me out of bleared eyes and ask for a quarter. I let him do it, for it seemed to me that I ought to give him a talking-to every so often, in hopes of awakening him to a sense of responsibility. With his quarter he got some good advice.

"The time I am to speak of I had no change in my pocket and I said that I would drop down to the cigar store and get some. In order to keep Babcock from stealing whatever might come within reach, I dragged him along with me.

It was hot mid-afternoon when we emerged into the glare of King street. Traffic was largely suspended, the stores were empty and the few passengers up and down kept to the shadow of the wall. Across from my office Rufe was asleep by his little stand. I told Babcock to wait for me and I crossed to the cigar shop.

"With the quarter in my hand I returned. But the negro's doze had been disturbed by a customer and as I stepped on the curb in front of the office, my money ready to drop into Babcock's shaking claw, I heard Rufe's shrill voice, vibrating with pride: 'Yessuh, I worked all ma days for the Babcocks, one of the very bes' families in Kentucky. Never wasn't no Babcock but what was a real upstandin' genelman, suh. I 'xpect you ain't never seen a place like the Babcocks has got on the Sterling river for ——'

"I didn't catch the last of the darky's harangue, for the shaking wretch beside

me suddenly clutched the coin from my hand and hurried off, as fast as his legs could carry him. But he came back that night, quite sober, too. He wouldn't come into the office; sent word he wanted to see me on the stairs. He wanted ten dollars.

"'What do you want ten dollars for?' I demanded pretty roughly.

"He shivered. 'Mr. Smith,' he said, with a dignity that made me smile, 'I merely wished to ask for the money as a loan from one gentleman to another.'

"I gave him the coin. Something in that ragged and shaking figure spoke of dignity.

"Just a week later, a tall well-dressed man, silk-hatted, gloved, debonair, walked quietly into the office. It was Babcock, come back, after five years. He laid a gold-headed cane down on my desk and took off his gloves. 'I am glad to return to you your kindly loan,' he said gently, and put a gold-piece before me.

"Now what would you have said, eh? I'll bet you'd have made the same remark that I did. I said, 'Mr. Babcock, I beg you won't mention it.' I also offered him a good cigar. He accepted it, gently, and we smoked contemplatively for a while. Then he put on his gloves and rose. 'I believe this is your busy hour,' he remarked. 'I shan't keep you longer.'

"'It's been pretty busy, Mr. Babcock,' I returned, 'and I wish I could persuade you to help me out. I have a position here which I'd like to offer you, but I feel I—think—possibly it wouldn't appeal to you.' Fancy me stammering this out to a man who had begged a quarter eight days before.

"Babcock looked at me and smiled, his old kind, pleasant smile, that you all know. 'My dear fellow, I should be delighted to accommodate a friend. Allow me to help you. At what time would you like me to begin?'

"'As soon as possible,' I heard myself say. 'But possibly—— I fear the remuneration may not ——'

"He laid his white hand genially on my arm. 'My dear sir, don't mention it. Whatever is usual. I find that too much leisure is ——ah —— slightly enervating. —Will you dine with me to-night?'

"I suppose I mumbled some kind of acceptance for Babcock raised his voice a little, not shrilly but just enough to mark a slight imperiousness: 'Rufus! Rufus! Where are you, you rascal?'

"An obsequious, clean, loose-mouthed negro stuck his bobbing head in through the screen door. 'Right here, suh; Old Rufe is right here, Mistuh Babcock.'

"Babcock looked at him affectionately. 'Mr. Smith will do me the honor of dining with me to-night, Rufus. See to it that you don't spoil the dinner. Have it ready at seven, sharp, Rufus!'

"The negro bowed and said, 'Yessuh, yessuh, I'll have it all ready, suh. Trust Rufe, suh. Old Rufe ain't forgot ——'

"Babcock waved his hand and the nigger vanished. I saw him strut down the hall and disappear rapidly at the stairhead. My visitor turned to me with a smile. 'That fellow has always been in my family, sir,' he said easily. 'A worthless rascal. But I have an affection for him — Now in what way can I serve you, Mr. Smith? I am at leisure this afternoon.'

"And Babcock came back to work."

The doctor knocked the ashes from his pipe and grunted. Walter Smith suddenly looked up and smiled. Across the dimly lit hotel lawn a tall, studiously dressed man was strolling, a negro just behind him. Smith rose and bowed. "This is Mr. Babcock, gentlemen," he remarked in his steady, clear voice. "Mr. Babcock, will you join us for a while?"

The newcomer took off his silk hat and bowed to us all, his gentle smile resting on us all. "I shall be very happy to sit down for a moment. Rufus!"

The darky hurried up. "Rufus," said his master, "here is a dollar. I shall stay with these gentlemen for a little while. Now don't you dare get drunk on that!"

Rufe backed away obsequiously, his black face fixed, doglike, on Babcock's. His master turned to say to us, "An old family servant, gentlemen." His soft voice broke humorously, "He's a thorough rascal, but faithful. He was raised on our place—the Babcock place in Kentucky. Lovely place, gentlemen, and it's been in my family for two hundred years—the Babcock family. I can smell the honeysuckle yet!"

He relaxed slightly in his chair, his well-bred face politely turned to us, while he awaited our pleasure as to what we should talk about.

At the Bedrock of History

Recent Remarkable Discovery of Human Remains Over Three Hundred Years Old in the San Joaquin Valley of California

By A. L. KROEBER

Assistant Professor of Anthropology in the University of California

RECENTLY, the Department of Anthropology of the University of California was able to secure, with the courteous assistance of the Miller and Lux Company, a collection of remains, left by a prehistoric California people, which are so unique as to be of unusual historical importance and general interest.

At some time in the past, a tribe in what is now Kern county buried a number of its dead with their belongings near the edge of a flat-topped hill cut by an arroyo draining into Buena Vista lake, now more properly Buena Vista reservoir. In the course of time the intermittent stream widened its cañon, until in the winter of 1908–09 that part of the upper surface of the mesa in which the burials had been made, slid down into the bottom of the gulch. Here part of the bones were uncovered and this led to the discovery of the collection.

These ancient people, whoever they were, cremated or at least partly cremated their dead, a custom which was also followed by the Indians living in the Tulare valley within the historic period. The burnt or half-burnt remains were subsequently buried. Other individuals, for some reason, seem to have been buried without being previously placed on the funeral pyre. According to the habit of almost all Indians and prehistoric peoples, the principal belongings of the dead were consigned to the earth with them. The objects which were buried in this instance comprise articles of basketry, netting, string and rope, matting and wood. Implements of this sort that have been made and used by the modern Indians of the state are well known, and large collections of them repose in the University Museum for permanent preservation and the enlightenment of the future. The objects found in this discovery are remarkable in being of a perishable nature and yet by some fortunate chance preserved from a prehistoric period. The aboriginal inhabitant has left behind him innumerable remains of his work in hard or indestructible materials, so that mortars, pestles, arrow-points, flint-knives, pipes, charm-stones, sinkers, bone-awls, and shell-beads have been found in abundance in almost all parts of the state. But it is only once in a thousand times that articles made of fragile and delicate substances, such as vegetable fibers and hair, are preserved in the ground intact for centuries. When such are discovered they are consequently of special importance, because of the information they give as to those sides of the life of ancient people of which the material evidences are usually destroyed by the lapse of time and the elements, so that the archæologist is compelled to content himself with mere guesses.

In another respect this collection is unique. Almost every piece in it tells a story. This, however, is best made clear by an account of the actual objects. Probably the most interesting specimen is the human skull which is here illustrated. An arrow has penetrated clear through the head. The point entered the eye, destroying it, and piercing the thin socket of bone in which the eye rests. The arrow then continued downward and somewhat to the rear, through the interior of the nose and upper part of the mouth, striking no bones except some of the thin plates of the inner air-chamber of the nose. The point then passed below the joint of the left jaw, either coming to rest against the bone of the lower jaw, or perhaps piercing the softer tissues and emerging.

It is clear [illegible] was inflicted at close range [illegible] a good arrow

Who were the people that left these remarkable remains, what were their affiliations, and how long ago did they roam over the plains and hills of the southern San Joaquin valley? The age of the objects can only be estimated. A prematurely hasty supposition, based only on the perishable nature of many of the materials, might put the age at only a century or less. It must be remembered, however, that much of the west side of this valley, especially at the upper end of the San Joaquin-Tulare valley, is exceedingly arid. The burials were made on an elevation, in firm yet porous soil, so that the drainage conditions as regards rainfall were almost ideally perfect. It is doubtful if the objects were even damp more than a few days in the year. As articles of hair, wool, cotton, fibers, and wood have been found well preserved after thousands of years' burial in Egypt and Peru and other desert regions, there is no reason against the assumption of a high antiquity for this discovery, if other circumstances so demand. And such circumstances there are.

In the first place, no article of European manufacture, or made from a substance imported by Europeans, or showing the influence of European civilization, occurs in the collection. All the twine and rope, with the exception of one extra-heavy fragment, is two-ply. The rope and string of civilized peoples is almost always three-ply; but it is regularly two-ply if of aboriginal Indian manufacture. Then, most of the objects are in a fragmentary condition, and this in spite of the favorable situation and protection. The basketry pouches, the string made of mescal fiber, the decorated eagle skull, the style of wearing the hair, are all unexampled in the interior of the state and find parallels only in southernmost California. It is therefore necessary to suppose either that a people allied to the Indians of southern California, or perhaps their very progenitors, lived in the Tulare valley at the time these articles were made; or at any rate, that the customs and habits which are now characteristic only of southern California extended at the time in question much farther north.

In either case a long period of time must have elapsed. The California Indians are noted for being vehemently attached to the particular locality where they have been born. They can be induced only with difficulty to remove from their homes, and ethnology, history, and the evidences of language show that they have all been for a very long time sedentary and stationary. Movements of population undoubtedly must have occurred, as they have taken place everywhere else, but they were slow and gradual shiftings of bodies of people, not true migrations. Such a gradual shifting from Buena Vista lake to southernmost California would have occupied at least centuries.

On the other hand, if the people themselves did not move, but if the customs which were once widespread died out in the north through the importation of new habits and manners of life and became gradually restricted to the southern area, a long period must also have been requisite to bring about such a change. Indians, like all uncivilized races, are notoriously conservative when left to follow their own inclinations. Their father's way is good enough for them. That customs and fashions alter among them as well as among ourselves is of course not to be doubted, but it is necessary to assume at least several centuries as the shortest period within which so many characteristics of the life still found in the south could have been completely obliterated in the north by mere evolution and gradual change of habits.

Finally the character of the cloth blanket shows clearly that it must have been carried from the Southwest prior to the historic period. As the Pueblo Indians have been under Spanish influence for more than three centuries, it is necessary to assign at least this age to the bones and objects in the burials. How much older they are, it is only possible to conjecture by judging of their state of preservation. In any event, it is clear that we have in this discovery, which will remain permanently preserved for the people of California in the Museum of their State University, the concrete evidence that at some period going back into the centuries there lived in the great central valley of the state an aboriginal people, differing from those found there in historic times, in some way connected or affiliated with the ancestors of the more recent tribes of the southern part of California, and maintaining communication with the ancient Pueblo Indians of the Southwest.

The Romance of the Little Conductor

By LEONA ANSTINE SUTTER

DRAWINGS BY J. K. HILL

THE Little Conductor bustled about in the observation-car of the Limited, gathering up the newspapers and magazines which the passengers had discarded. What he wanted of them no one asked. The desert-dust lay white on everything in the car and those who that day were crossing "the country God forgot" were too intensely taken up with their own discomfort to feel any interest in anything else.

Finally the Little Conductor paused before a tempting Sunday edition of a San Francisco paper lying on one of the chairs. He was about to take it when something menacing in the expression of the tall man who had placed it there forbade.

"Are you through with the paper, sir?" he asked deferentially. The tall man was very uncomfortable, his collar lay in wilted folds about his neck and he mopped the perspiration with a great persistence from his brow. From the irritable expression of his face he might have been the Disagreeable Man reincarnate.

"What in the name of Satan do you want with it? It isn't littering the car—is it?" he shouted so loudly that the Little Conductor half-jumped out of his skin, while the eager look in the pale, blue eyes turned to pained surprise. There was somehow a friendliness in the Little Conductor's eyes that few could resist. From one end of the division to the other men knew and liked Tom Percy. Business-engrossed men who did not know another trainman between New York and San Francisco called him Tom when they came aboard and had a smile for him.

"Why, no, sir," he stammered now apologetically. "You see I make the papers into a bundle and throw them off every trip for a little woman who lives all alone on a ranch near here. We'll come to it pretty soon and you'll see her or the little girl waiting in the door. They're glad to get the papers. Perhaps you'll spare just the woman's section, sir?"

The disagreeable man's eye traveled out over the great white cheerless expanse relieved only by the mesquite and soapweed and his voice was softer.

"Why, take it all," he said. "Any woman who lives alone in this country can have my paper before I've so much as looked at the headlines. God! the ghastly loneliness of it!"

But the Little Conductor was already halfway down the car and having added the San Francisco paper quickly to the bundle, he snapped some rubbers around it and stepped out upon the rear platform.

A little curiously, the disagreeable passenger followed him. Presently the lonely whitewashed ranch-house came in sight and as the Limited thundered by he saw for an instant a woman and child standing in a low doorway, bathed in the alkali dust. They were not the usual ranch type—he caught a glimpse of neatly-combed hair and snowy collars and cuffs as they whirled by. Looking back he saw the child coming on a run toward the spot where the bundle of papers lay. Her hair streamed behind her in the wind.

The conductor's eyes followed the fleet, graceful childish figure tenderly until he lost sight of her behind a bunch of mesquite. He turned around, surprised not to find himself alone upon the platform.

"Do you mean to tell me that that woman and child live there alone?" the other demanded. "Alone upon that God-forgotten spot?"

"I'm positive of it," Tom Percy answered, "although I've never been any closer to the house than the rear platform of the Limited. But I've seen her and the child out in the garden and about the outhouses doing the work her man would be doing if she had one."

The disagreeable man had forgotten his discomfort. He felt a faint interest in someone outside himself.

"How long have you been throwing out the papers?" he asked.

A look of tender reminiscence crossed the conductor's face.

"Three years now," he answered. "And I've learned to watch for her every trip. I declare, occasionally when I only see the child I'm most blue. What a brave creature that woman must be, for she's always clean and neat as you saw her to-day. I've watched to see the curse of the desert get hold of her, expected to see her get not to care as folks do who live in such places long. Week in and week out she's there alone with not a soul to speak to except the child. You couldn't blame her if she got careless and slovenly, but she doesn't. And as long as I get a glimpse of white collars and cuffs I know she hasn't given up. A man would have long ago."

Still talking they made their way back into the car and sat down side by side on two chairs near the door. A sudden fiercer gust of wind sprinkled the desert sand and cinders over their coats.

"Does the wind always blow like this out here?" the disagreeable passenger asked.

Tom Percy smiled. "Oh, no," he said. "There's a day, say every two weeks, when the air is as clear as crystal and the sand lays as quiet as the bones that bleach there and you can see clear out to the base of the purple hills miles away."

Tom Percy had the gift of words. If you knew him well or invited his confidence he might show you shyly a book of railroad songs, with his name on the red cover, full of bad meter but a certain, unmistakable rough poetry.

"But usually?" the other man questioned.

"Usually, it's like this, sir," Percy answered.

"And that woman!" his companion exclaimed. "My Lord, looking out day after day upon that tenantless expanse through her screen of alkali dust, and keeping her heart—why man, it's a lesson!"

"That's what I think," the Little Conductor said appreciatively. "Do you know it's a lesson that does me more good than any I ever learned in Sunday-school when I was a kid? Why sometimes when I want to give up, when I get to thinking there's nothing worth living for—I'm alone in the world, you know—I remember that little woman smiling there in the door as the train whirls by and I declare I'm real ashamed."

It was the next trip when the great event of Tom Percy's life happened. He had thrown the papers off as usual and watched from the end of the observation-car, the child come running to get them. He had been lonely that day, the passengers that trip were an unapproachable lot and it was with a sigh of discontent that he turned to enter the observation-car. At that moment there came a jar that nearly threw him off his feet and with a long shudder the train came to a dead stop. He hastened to the front to find out what the trouble was. It proved to be an accident that would delay them several hours in that lonely spot. He tried not to look too pleased, for how should anyone know that yonder in that whitewashed cottage lay the one clean sweet romance of his womanshy, bachelor life?

It was true that he had never met this woman, had never spoken to her, but those brief visions from the rear end of the Limited had taught him more than many a man learns in a long period of courtship. He knew that she was clean, alert and brave for he knew her fight with the dust and the starvation-ghastliness of the desert.

Day by day and month by month he had watched a starry, shadowed temple of adoration raise its white walls about the form that he had never seen except framed in the lonely ranch surroundings. It had grown so slowly that he was hardly aware of it himself.

Tom Percy saw a good deal of women altogether—fussy, fretful creatures he found

most of them, querulous and self-absorbed. Most of them would shrivel up under tests such as he knew she had borne, the little flower for whom every trip he had made his bundle of papers. She had come into his loneliness, his sometimes discontent—for he was a domestic man at heart and he grieved that he had no laughter of little children in his life—like an incarnate inspiration, and he had defied fate to distil a mist of commonplaceness about his dream.

Once in his youth there had come to him the mirage of a dream like this, but when he had approached it with reverent, shining eyes it had disappeared utterly before his expectant, longing vision, for he had found that the woman was not brave! Worse, she was a coward. There had been a terrible accident and this woman about whom he, a beardless youth, had woven his fabric of worship, had proven craven. He had often shuddered afterward in his tossing, restless sleep as he saw over and over again through a pillar of smoke and fire this woman he had cared for pushing a frail child between herself and danger. He had told her at once in white sternness that all was over between them and from that day had had but one ideal, that the woman whom he loved must be proven brave! And because his ideal was so high he had lived out his life in loneliness. Then at last when his hair had begun to frost a little and his steps had taken him over the top of the hill and he had begun the decline he had found this woman of pioneer stuff, of proven courage, and he had woven his romance about her.

It was with a genuine cardiac conflagration that he brushed and oiled his hair and dusted his clothes preparatory to walking back to the ranch-house, sure of his welcome and yet inwardly trembling and afraid. In the house the stopping of the Limited had been observed. The child looking back as she bore home her bundle of papers had seen the long train come to a stop and full of wonder had hastened to the cottage with the news.

"Oh, come and see, mother," she shouted. "The train is stopping in the hollow, and oh, now, mother, do you suppose we shall see the Beautiful Man?"

They had long called him the Beautiful Man and "imagined" things about him. The child had given him the name, for she had been quick to observe the happiness the papers always brought her mother and the light that came in the tired face when she received them.

They had talked about him often. "Isn't it wonderful, child, that someone

should be thinking of us, someone we never spoke to in all our lives, someone who's kind just because he loves to be kind and who knows he'll never get anything—anything in return? Isn't it good to know, baby-mine?" the mother would ask over and over sometimes when they sat on the stoop of the cabin and watched the sunset disappearing and the topaz night stealing in. And the child would repeat after her, "'Who's kind just because he loves to be kind and who knows he will never receive anything in return.'" Then her little eyes would become wide and serious and she'd ask, "Don't you suppose God will let us do something for him sometime, mother-mine?"

Then often while the night stole in from the foothills they would "imagine" about him and the finest imagining of all was that some day the train would stop and the Beautiful Man would come himself and eat with them. And sometimes the child put it in her prayers.

"Now mother-woman, is our chance," she said gleefully as she came in bursting with her news. "You've told me that we must always wait for our chance to pay back kindness and you're certainly a good cook. Oh, do you think maybe he'll take dinner with us?"

In her eagerness she stood first upon one foot and then upon the other. The mother, used to disappointments, feared lest the child should set her hopes too high. After all the train might only be delayed a few moments.

"Don't count too much on it, girlie," she said. "The train may only be delayed a few moments and maybe even if it isn't the Beautiful Man may be too busy to come back here and see us."

The child's face took on a look of happy scorn at this preposterous suggestion.

"Mother-woman," said she, "for a wise woman you're sometimes not very wise," and there was no hint of impudence in the child's tone, only a tender chaffing, for she was a child grown old from having no children to play with. "Do you suppose he'd throw us off a beautiful bundle of papers every time he passed for three years and then not be interested enough to come and see what we were like when he had a chance?"

The woman said no more, for she would not shake the child's faith and the child's suggestion was being hugged very close in a lonely heart just then. The very faintest pink tinge came into her cheeks, making her almost pretty.

"Girlie-mine," she began, but the child had disappeared from the room. Presently she came in bursting with news.

"He's coming, mother-woman," she shouted. "He's coming! Now aren't you ashamed you didn't believe enough?"

A look of pleasure came into the woman's face, for after all this man had made the loneliness endurable with his papers that they could not afford to buy even if they could have obtained them at the little postoffice and supply station twenty miles away. Before her marriage she had been a western school-teacher in a tiny mining-camp and reading had been the joy of her life. During her husband's life, following him about on his prospecting tours which never amounted to anything, suffering every sort of privation, she had had very little time to read and the education that she had had almost slipped away entirely as she grew too tired to think. Then when his restless prospecting in all kinds of weather had induced tuberculosis and, broken in health, he had brought her to this lonely ranch she had had no opportunity to keep up even though she had the time. Sometimes the hunger for news of the outside world grew unbearable. Then one day when the husband had taken to his bed for good she had seen something come sailing out of the rear door of the Limited as it whirled past. It proved to be a bundle of papers. The man sick-unto-death and the discouraged woman, world-hungry, had caressed and wept over them. After that, they always had them and when her husband grew too weak to read she read to him news of the outside world. After his death, the conductor on the Limited, all unconscious of the tragedy that had taken place there, continued to throw off the papers and magazines and they had kept her from losing her mind by diverting it to thoughts of the world outside.

She had stayed on alone there, for the ranch could be made to yield them a living, which was more than she was sure of anywhere else.

But the child was shrieking in her ear as she stood there in the low kitchen. "Oh, mother, can't I go to meet him? Can't I go to meet the Beautiful Man?"

little woman, I love you!" And the lonely little woman's eyes were filled with tears, but she did not draw her hand away as her trembling lips formed the hardly-audible question, "Why?"

"How is it possible?" she asked. "Why you never spoke to me until to-day? How can you love me?"

And suddenly sure of himself beyond any doubt, he answered, seeing her with the glorifying eyes of love, "Because you're very beautiful, because you're good, because you're *brave!*"

And before the train pulled out it was all arranged that when the Limited made the next trip she and the child should be ready to go with him to the end of the run, where a minister would be awaiting them, and the cottage that Tom Percy had seen in his dreams, ready for their occupancy. The Limited itself should stop for their romance. Everyone would be watching for her when he helped her aboard and he would be proud beyond speaking. Once—he never mentioned it himself—he had placed the railroad company greatly in his debt. Now he could ask a favor sure that it would be granted. He would take her away from the desert and its cruelty to a world where the sun shone more kindly than anywhere else on earth, where the blossoms rioted and the sea crept up to California's Golden Land of the whole world's dream.

Twilight in the Redwoods

By Elizabeth Griswold Rowe

The sun has slipped behind the mountains steep
  On whose thick, wooded slopes I linger yet,
Beneath the redwood's shadow, hushed and deep,
  And full of night. For me the sun has set.

But suddenly the dusk is vibrant. Hark!
  An oriole sings with lingering run and trill;
I raise my eyes; across the cañon dark,
  On distant slopes the sun is shining still.

The Forty-Seventh Star

Some Straight Facts Concerning Arizona and Her Outlook in the Family of States

By RICHARD E. SLOAN
Governor of Arizona

With the signing of the statehood bill, June 20th, by President Taft, the last of the territories—excepting only Alaska and Hawaii—joined Uncle Sam's Union of states. Governor Sloan here tells something about the interesting region of which he is the present executive; in a future issue the attractive features of New Mexico will be considered. The Arizona election of delegates will occur September 12th, and the constitutional convention on October 10th:

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hould, with the con
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state government
and apply for and obtain admission into the Union as a state. This provision will appear remarkable, when we consider that at the time of the creation of the territory, the country embraced therein was the least known and the least densely populated of any section of the United States and the country was then in the midst of [illegible]

At the time the territory was created the population, [illegible] Indians did not exceed four thousand people. Tucson was then a village of approximately fifteen hundred inhabitants, nearly all of whom were Mexicans. There were a few scattered settlements south of Tucson in the valley of the Santa Cruz and along the Sonoita. Small settlements of Americans had been made at points on the lower Colorado, such as Las Paz and Yuma, and a few gold hunters had penetrated into the interior and were mining in the foothills of the Bradshaws.

In the early part of 1864, the first officers of the territory, including the governor, secretary and a part of the Supreme Court, came to the territory by way of Santa Fé under military escort. Governor Goodwin by proclamation established the temporary capital at Fort Whipple, then located at a point about twenty miles north of the town of Prescott. The capital shortly afterward was removed to Prescott, where, with the exception of a short sojourn at Tucson, it remained until permanently established in 1889 at Phoenix.

Owing to the disturbed condition of the southwest during and following the war the settlement of the new territory for the first few years was slow. In 1870 the census showed a population of approximately ten thousand [illegible] of Indians. In 1880 [illegible] forty thousand. In 1890 the population [illegible]

require greater experience before they can be definitely settled. The larger the tonnage the more economically the crop is gathered and the older the less succulent it is—both desirable considerations. Two years is also the limit of cultivation with six or eight-foot rows. The plants will nearly meet in two seasons' growth, when it will be impossible to get animals and machinery through them in cultivating. The forage, however, need not be gathered unless needed for several years longer, but simply allowed to grow until the time when it is wanted. It will be fully as good feed, and, according to some, better five years later.

In feeding, the spines are removed by the aid of a gasoline torch, which is a specially modified form of the instrument used by the plumber. These spines are dead and dry, burn readily even when only a few months old and are consequently easily gotten rid of in this way. With pear planted in rows, one man with one of these machines and about ten gallons of gasoline per day can feed four or five hundred cattle all the roughage they will eat—certainly an inexpensive method of feeding. With native pear growing in brush pastures, he would not be able to feed more than two or three hundred head, sometimes less than this.

The response of this plant to cultivation is phenomenal. We know of no parallel in the history of cultivated crops. The cacti in general are considered plants of slow growth and the pear of southern Texas is no exception to the general rule. While it might take it five or six years to grow large enough to pay to harvest in the native pastures, it makes a big crop in two years when cultivated. By actual test, it grows eight times as fast with good cultivation as it does without cultivation in grassy pastures.

But what about the value of this crop after it has been grown? Will stock eat such stuff? Having eaten it, does it produce milk and butter and flesh? Is it a good feed? Is it as good as alfalfa hay? A partial answer might be disappointing. It should be looked upon as a roughage. It is always fed green, as it cannot be dried by any ordinary means. If it could, stock would not eat it in that condition. A chemist (Professor R. F. Hail) has compared it to immature green corn fodder, which is in reality a feed of low nutritive value. And since the pear is always fed green, it is not to be compared with hay.

Feeding has been done with this plant on a practical scale and in several ways. It has been found that when a standard grain ration is adopted, cows give a little better yield of milk when fed all they will eat of pear than when fed all they will eat of sorghum hay. It has also been found that when fed with cotton seed meal, cattle can be put in good condition for the market cheaper than with any other feed now to be had in southern Texas, that the pear adds to the digestibility of other feeds with which it is fed and that cattle are very fond of it. Cows on the best of native pastures, also cows on good Bermuda grass pastures, have been known to eat from twenty to forty pounds of singed pear with a resultant decided increase in the flow of milk. It is pre-eminently a dairy roughage. Certainly no dairyman in the pear region who is not provided with ensilage can afford to be without a goodly supply of prickly-pear, not only as an insurance against shortage of feed but as a regular ration.

The net result of all this is that the millions of acres of dry brush lands, incapable of irrigation in southern Texas, now supporting one steer to twenty acres, can be made to grow roughage for one cow on one acre, which, with small crops of cotton and sorghum upon the better lands, is capable of supporting as dense an agricultural population as the fertile prairie states. In short, the crop is grown and fed with a minimum of labor; no drought to which the region is subjected has any marked effect upon it; it produces a tremendous tonnage; it requires no irrigation; it produces roughage for one bovine animal on one acre; it is an excellent dairy roughage, good roughage for any cattle, and can be used for hogs, chickens, sheep and goats. It can be fed in a green, succulent condition all the year. It has no serious insect or fungous enemies. One planting is good for repeated cuttings. It does not deteriorate with age but can be fed when five or six years old to even better advantage than when young. It is a certain crop under conditions which cause other crops to be a failure.

A Substitute Sabbath

By Edith King Latham

HENRY PLUMMER had fallen from grace. He had been captured, red-handed, on Sunday morning at half-past nine, lying on his back in the shade of the young redwood grove, staring through the new green branches at the bright blue of the sky. And at that very hour he was due at the Bible class, led by old Deacon Snedaker, in a corner of the little white schoolhouse, which, once a week, laid aside its working garments, with an air of suddenly suppressed worldliness, to serve as a handmaid to religion. The stern arm of parental law, or more truthfully speaking, the long legs of a runaway calf, pursued through field and wood by an irate woman, had been the means of Henry's undoing. Intoxicated by the air of a fine morning, the animal had, like the boy, been impelled to a break for liberty, and fate, setting one culprit on the other's trail, had played a joke on both.

A little later, jerking the balking, unrepentant calf homeward, Henry preceded his mother in a sort of moral quarantine, while he pondered, dully, on the cruelty of fate. If, only, he had been permitted to enter a class like the one taught by Miss Lily Chase who wore pretty shirtwaists and piqué skirts rattling with starch, and brought pictures and colored maps to illustrate the lesson.

The Snedaker Bible class to which Mrs. Plummer, embracing what she considered a rare opportunity, had consigned her son, was famous from the fact that it enrolled seven gentlemen of the cloth, each one of a different religious cult, and all in varying stages of arrested physical decay, drawn to the locality by the preservative qualities of its justly-advertised pure mountain air.

These seven, with three lay members including the leader, consumed the time each Sabbath which should have been devoted to the beautiful and profitable lesson-story; with technical discussions and interpretations of the text according to the shadings of their several doctrinal points of view. Bibles were regularly opened at the portion of Scripture assigned for the day and the passage read, but immediately set aside for the lesson of several weeks back. The time was, indeed, short for the airing of ten different opinions; therefore, it was no great wonder that, while the rest of the school had long since reached the promised land, the Bible class was still wandering in the wilderness where the discussion between the Rev. Anthony Clift and the Rev. Timothy Birdsall on the particular breed of animal used by the Jews as the scapegoat, waged mightily, with no sign of ever reaching a conclusion.

But in justice it must be said that in the weekly argument there was no rancor; it was merely the exercising of a troop of stiff-jointed old war-horses. When the engagement was over for the week, a kindly spirit of brotherly-love prevailed, [illegible]nbers of the class, with but

one exception, returned with a feeling of mental and spiritual refreshment to the fruit ranches on the slope of the Santa Cruz mountains to which worn-out throats, weak lungs, and threadbare nerves had consigned them. Preaching services being contingent on visiting clergymen, or the state of the various impaired throats, the little settlement had grown accustomed to accepting the Sunday-school session in the schoolhouse as a substitute.

The one exception referred to in the Bible class had never opened his mouth, save to read the verse in the lesson allotted to him. Deacon Snedaker hoped, each week, to propound some questions to his youngest charge, but there had never yet been time. Nevertheless, Henry was in constant dread lest Mr. Birdsall and Mr. Clift should drop the scapegoat, and had, actually, prepared a question, in case of need, to set the two theological combatants at each other again, should a cessation of hostilities occur. The thorough drilling on the lesson which his mother gave him every Saturday night, he was convinced, would not avail, should the dreaded time arrive when a question reached him, and seven critics awaited his answer.

Uncompromising though Mrs. Plummer was, in justice to her it must be said that it was quite without intentional malice that she selected for Henry's punishment the very day when "Turnow's Great Combined Show" was billed to give two performances, only, on its way to San Jose and San Francisco. Nevertheless, the luckless boy found it difficult to preserve his faith in maternal affection when, on the air of the darkened chamber where he was sentenced to pass a substitute Sabbath, the entrancing strains of the circus band in the street parade were wafted tantalizingly up to him. He could see, in imagination, the citizens of the little hamlet deserting their shops and fields, and the schoolchildren lined up on the village street to watch the gay procession pass, while he was immured in a room at the back of the house, facing north, with windows which looked only upon fields and wooded mountains.

At half-past seven that Monday morning, after an ominously silent breakfast, Mrs. Plummer had marched her son to the best chamber, a dungeon of stately gloom, where the stiff daguerreotyped images of sundry Plummer and Makelee ancestors presided in musty dignity. From bureau and whatnot, with half-opened, coffin-like covers lined with embossed velvet, they gazed reproachfully down at their fallen descendant.

When his mother had left him to work out his own salvation, Henry discovered that his punishment had been set out in carefully measured doses. Upon a small stand, lay a thick, black book, suggestively open. On a small slip of paper laid across it was written:

> Read page 242 to 270—Rev. Samuel Snow on *Original Sin*.

The prisoner turned the pages wearily. At page 270 another slip directed:

> When you have finished *Original Sin*, review the first half of the catechism. Then stop and eat your dinner. It's on the lowest shelf of the whatnot.

Alas, for Mrs. Plummer's plans! She had trusted to her son's principles to prevent his reaching the directions for dinner, until the sermon and the catechism had been digested, but all this careful theological safeguarding was rendered void by the same rule which sometimes proves the salvation of a suicide—an antidoting overdose. The boy, submissive by long apprenticeship to his mother's will, had entered upon his sentence with the sincere intention of serving his term conscientiously, but circumstances beyond his control had upset the program. The strains of the circus band formed the entering wedge, and the mischief was completed by the sympathizing, if misguided, hand of Mr. Plummer.

In the dinner-pail on the whatnot, Henry had found, crouched in a corner, as though hiding from the funeral—baked meats of his mother's preparing, a plate on which reposed a very worldly fat doughnut, and a generous piece of juicy, cherry pie topped with the flaky crust for which Mrs. Plummer was famed, and which had largely contributed to winning her a husband.

Further proof of Mr. Plummer's weakness of character was displayed in his selection of a wrapper for the contraband edibles. It was none other than a large cheaply-printed, illustrated handbill of Turnow's Combined Show. Before this last and most potent form of temptation, Henry's good resolutions, to use a somewhat mixed

metaphor, grew weak in the joints and melted away like the morning dew. A few moments later, they took to their heels and fled, when the circus parade, on its return to the tents, passed the Plummer house. The blaring of the brass band, and the deliciously unknown roars of wild creatures of the jungle assailed the boy's ears and drove him to the point of desperation. He spread the poster on the floor before him and tried to make the pictured semblance of the strange animals fit the roars and howls, but the strain upon his imagination was too great. Poor Henry fell for the second time. Strange to say, the road to his second transgression was paved, unwittingly, by Mrs. Plummer herself. She had ordered the culprit to don his Sunday suit that he might feel more in a Sabbath frame of mind. The injunctions for its preservation which she had laid down with the suit, were not the least of the day's promised torments, but the pockets of the trousers served as Henry's safe deposit in which he kept his slender allowance. Fortunately, there was just enough to pay for a ticket to the show.

After waiting until quiet once more reigned, Henry cautiously tried the door. It was locked from the outside as he expected. Then he crept to the windows and listened until he heard his mother leave the kitchen and go to the front of the house. He did not take the trouble to locate his father—the doughnut and the piece of pie and the circus poster stood sponsors for him.

The boy's heart beat rapidly, but fortune favored him beyond his wildest hopes. With the dinner-pail slipped over his wrist he swung himself down from the window into the branches of a big oak and then to the ground. Avoiding the road and taking a short cut through the blackberry patch, he ran swiftly until he reached a large haycock in the field, under the shade of which he sat down and ate his lunch. The sweet, hot odor of the golden hay soothed him wonderfully. While he ate not one thought did he give to the Rev. Samuel Snow, whom he had basely left to languish in the dungeon.

When the shrieking whistle of the sawmill announced one o'clock, Henry picked himself up, hid the dinner-pail under a corner of the haycock, and in a roundabout way through the fields—avoiding the houses, at last reached the circus grounds.

As in a trance, he bought his ticket, entered the empty tent and selected a seat. It was very early. The man who took his ticket had set his heart beating again. Grinning knowingly, he had said with a wink:

"That's right, son, come early and avoid the rush. Does your mother know you're out?"

Henry listened with shivers of delight to the roars of the lions, the restless shuffling of the elephants' feet and the nervous barks of the trained dogs. After a while he began to grow strangely uncomfortable. If he could have recklessly plunged into the middle of a performance it would have been quite different, but this suspense gave his conscience the chance it had been waiting for, to jab and thump him most unmercifully. It jabbed with a sharper sting every moment.

At last, after waiting an hour, the Puritan conscience inherited through his mother from some uncompromising ancestor, actually forced Henry Plummer from his seat in the circus tent and drove him back at the point of the bayonet across lots to his prison and his unexpired sentence, where, at least, he could hope to find peace. As he passed through the doorway a clown, in the process of making up his face, stepped from behind a tent flap.

"I say, Johnny Hayseed, don't get cold feet. Show begins in an hour. You surely ain't goin' before you've seen me and the greased pig do our piece. Why, I laid awake as much as ten minutes last night thinkin' up some new chestnuts to crack for the kids of this here mountain metropolis."

Henry's face was drawn with disappointment, but he resolutely turned toward the road.

"Fifteen years on the sawdust," cried the clown, "and this is the first time I ever see a kid turn his back on the circus after he onc't got inside! Go home and tell your ma to put you to bed with a mustard plaster, for you're comin' down with heart failure, all right."

But Henry did not trust himself to look back, and the clown turned again to his bit of broken mirror, singing:

> The elephant goes round and round,
> The band begins to play,
> And the boys around the monkey's cage
> Had better keep away.

When the [illegible] boy reached the haycock in th[illegible]re he had eaten his lunch, he [illegible] to proceed farther.

Throwing himself down with his face in the hay, he sobbed his heart out where no one could see or hear. After a while he raised his head in surprise. The sun was far over toward mountain Charley's peak—he must have slept for several hours, and very soon his mother would bring in supper to the torture-chamber. Rising hastily, and smoothing his wrinkled suit, Henry dodged his way home. Halfway up the oak-tree he caught his jacket on a sharp branch. Pausing to disentangle himself, he heard his mother stepping briskly about in the kitchen below. The oven door creaked and banged shut and a delicious odor arose. Mrs. Plummer's voice rose with it, singing in a cheerful tone:

> Blest be-e the tie-ie that binds
> Our hea-arts in Chri-istian love!

To the unhappy sinner it seemed too good to be true that this cheering hymn should greet his home-coming.

Mrs. Plummer was nothing if not consistent. All day she had sung hymns as an appropriate accompaniment to her son's supposed penitential frame of mind. But now, after a whole afternoon's serenading of the daguerreotyped relatives and the author of *Original Sin*, in hymns of wailing woe, she sang of brotherly love, her heart warmed by the thought of the softening influence of her voice on the erring one whom she believed had faithfully endured his expiatory imprisonment.

The culprit crept from the tree branches into the room, carefully opened all the shutters, and tiptoed toward the whatnot, almost eagerly grasping the black-bound volume by the Rev. Samuel. Faithfully he tried to apply himself to the apportioned lesson, but, somehow, *Original Sin* and the odors of a savory supper did not jibe. At last he heard a step on the stairs and a key was thrust into the lock. Henry held himself rigidly, awaiting his fate.

The door opened, and Mrs. Plummer stood looking at his sad face, pityingly.

"It's pretty stuffy in here, sonny boy," she said. Henry gazed at her stupidly. She continued, in the same mild tone, "Put away the books and go take off your best suit and wash up. Supper's ready."

The pardoned prisoner obeyed mechanically, but when, a few minutes later, he opened the kitchen door, the uncomprehending expression returned. The supper table was set for five. All the best dishes were out and a fresh, sizzling cherry pie graced one end, while a large plate of doughnuts balanced the other side. Henry stared guiltily at these witnesses which seemed to have risen up against him. Then he turned his gaze inquiringly at the fifth place. He could think of no one whom his mother would invite to this meal, unless it were Deacon Snedaker or—the Rev. Samuel Snow!

"Is company comin'?" he timidly asked. "I've took off my Sunday suit."

"Yes, and you're never goin' to put it on again, leastways, figuratively speakin', you ain't. While you was upstairs this miserable long day, expiatin' your sin, and eatin' a plain dinner without any trimmin's, I've been expiatin', too. And when that circus show went past it took all my Makelee grit to keep from runnin' upstairs to let you out to see it. But this afternoon, an hour or so ago, Miss Lily Chase came to see if I wouldn't let you join her class of boys. She's goin' to give 'em a picnic up the cañon road next Saturday, and she wants you to go, too. And then who should drop in but the new minister they've been writin' to so much lately. It seems he knew Miss Lily at college and she's been gettin' his advice about new ways to make boys happy and good. He hinted in such a nice way that you ain't gettin' the good you ought out of the Bible class and promised to make it all right with the deacon if I'd let you change to Miss Lily's. And seein' that he's givin' up a big city church to come and start one up here where we haven't any preachin' to speak of, and the mill hands need one so much, I couldn't think of a thing to say against it. What with his pleasant, respectful way, and Miss Lily's sweet face, and the circus band ringin' in my head, I just gave up and agreed that boys can't be brought up like they was old ministers. I guess I was as much to blame as you for that sin of yours yesterday."

When his mother had concluded her confession Henry wondered why he had never noticed the intolerable heat of the kitchen before.

"I declare," added Mrs. Plummer, "it all seemed like a special providence. I wanted to go right up and bring you down to see her, but I thought, perhaps, you'd feel like the sin was gone and you could begin straighter in the new class, if you kept on expiatin' till supper time.

"Why, Henry Plummer, what's the matter? You ain't sick, stayin' in that close room, are you?" inquired his mother anxiously, as the boy paled and choked painfully.

"O, mother, I'll have to begin all over again," he sobbed. "I'll go back to Deacon Snedaker, an' the scapegoat, an' all."

"Why, what in patience ails the child!" exclaimed the alarmed mother. "Does your head ache? Is your throat sore?"

At last, between shamefaced sobs and half-incoherent words, Henry made his full confession.

"Well, sonny," said Mrs. Plummer, patting his hand, "it's done, and now we'll both be better for the lesson. A broken Sabbath can't be mended keepin' a make-believe one, and I'd ought to a known it. But you're goin' to know more about the stories of the great men in the Good Book and less about scapegoats. Miss Lily'll be a lovely teacher. Her boys think a lot of her and she's kept many a one out of bad ways.

"There, I most forgot the surprise." She went to the door which opened on the wide vine-shaded porch, and called:

"Supper's ready, folks. We'll have to hurry through to get to Henry's cherry pie before it's spoiled by waiting."

And around the corner of the porch, to the clean, cozy kitchen with a great window opened on an inspiring view, came a fine-looking young man with hand outstretched, smiling cheerfully, followed by Miss Lily Chase, also smiling, but blushing painfully.

"There, I thought it'd be fine to have Miss Lily and the new minister stay to supper with us. It's real good of them, considerin'. Go speak to the company, Henry."

The poor boy, speechless with joy and bashfulness, gazed with a charmed awe at the pretty blushing young woman and the splendid athletic young man with the twinkle in his eye, for it meant to him a transition from the old dispensation to the new.

When even the cherry pie was beginning to pall on their healthy appetites, a knock was heard. Mr. Plummer answered it and left the hall door ajar. As a strangely familiar voice resounded in the entry Henry's spirits suddenly fell—the blood seemed to freeze in his veins.

It was Deacon Sne o had, in some mysterious way, learned of his pupil's double disgrace.

Henry even imagined he detected a sinister expression on the deacon's kindly face and prepared for the worst. This was the end—Miss Lily would now despise him, and there would be nothing more in life to dread!

"Deacon Snedaker! Well, we are flattered!" exclaimed Mrs. Plummer, bustling about to brew a fresh cup of tea. "Henry'll be so glad to have his old teacher eat some of his favorite cherry pie."

The deacon smiled benevolently on the assembled group, and actually winked when the boy looked guiltily at him.

"Yes, Henry's old teacher likes cherry pie as well as he did when he was a boy. I was really a boy once, Henry, though perhaps you don't believe it, and so was Mr. Clift and Mr. Birdsall, and all the rest of the class, sixty or seventy odd years ago.

"A strange thing happened this morning when we heard that hoarse circus band playing—we all turned into boys for a few minutes. I don't know that the arrival of the Rev. Harold Barrett, football hero as well as soul-saver, sound in doctrine as in health and good cheer, had anything to do with it, but I have my suspicions. At any rate, it wasn't many minutes after he arrived before we'd held a little committee meeting. After a little argument between Mr. Clift and Mr. Birdsall on who was the most fitting person to make the motion, it was finally decided that Henry Plummer's old classmates should give him a little circus party to-night. I don't know as it's necessary to mention it around the postoffice, but the Rev. Mr. Barrett bought the tickets, and he insists that we're not to miss a single side-show—the Bearded Lady, Wild Man from Borneo, Chinese Giant, or whatever new-fangled freaks have taken the place of those old favorites."

"And," continued the deacon wickedly, "I don't know who has a better right to dictate than our new minister, for, since he had the courage to capture the heart of the nicest girl in the county, it's no trick at all to manage a parcel of antiquated fellows like Clift and Birdsall and me."

During this remarkable utterance of good old Deacon Snedaker, Henry had stood in a stunned sense of joy, his wits entirely scattered, to the detriment of his manners. His confusion was only eclipsed by that of

pretty Lily Chase who, to save herself as well as her charge from the embarrassment of the situation, ran over to him and stammeringly said, "Never mind, dear, you have only to say 'yes,' and be happy," and then turned pink to the roots of her fluffy, golden hair.

But it was the new minister who really saved the day. Drawing them both out on the porch, he thrust a fat package of bright wickedly-green tickets into Henry's eager hand, then, as the Rev. Harold Barrett led his sweetheart down the steps, out into the spicily-perfumed air of the early evening, he turned to the beaming boy and called mischievously:

"If you think you're as happy as I am, you might say 'gee whiz' for us both."

A Cattle Range at Night

By E. A. Brininstool

The prairie zephyrs have dropped to rest,
And the dust clouds settle down,
The sun dips low in the golden west
O'er the mesa bare and brown.
The tired riders come loping in,
As the hills grow dim and strange,
And the songs of the insect world begin—
'Tis night on a cattle range.

The stars gleam out in the calm, clear sky
Like gems in a setting bright,
And over the range comes the coyote's cry
On the silent summer night.
The night-hawk whirls in its ceaseless rush,
As the evening breeze is stirred,
And the cowboy's song breaks the lonely hush,
As he circles the bedded herd.

The campfire throws but a fitful glare,
And the buttes, like specters, rise
Far over the deep arroyo there—
Grim sentinels of the skies.
But the silent forms in their blanket-beds
Dream on, to a lullaby,
As ever about their sleeping heads,
The cool night breezes sigh.

The moon steals up o'er the weird butte's crest,
And its shadowy outline grim
Fantastic shapes on the brown earth's breast
Assumes, in the moonlight dim.
The night creeps on, with its mystic charms,
To the song of the whippoorwill,
And drifts to dreamland in Nature's arms,
And the range grows hushed and still.

Fremont and the Bear Flag

A Stirring Chapter in the Early History of Alta California

By WILLIAM SIMPSON

IT has been wisely said that no one is likely to write a good history of his own times. This conclusion is based upon a knowledge of the common tendency to become enlisted on one side or another of existing partisan views. A succeeding age looks back upon the old one and measures men and their relation with the affairs of their times without those personal attachments and dislikes of which no contemporary is likely to be free. The writer who looks back is more apt to do justice than the one near, or in the midst of historical occurrences. It is as difficult to get the bearing of events with each other during the time of their occurrence as it is to measure the relative distances and dimensions of objects while standing among them with a view in perspective. Looking down upon them, however, from a distance above, the comparative size and importance of each is discovered at once by a sweep of the eye.

Neither can men be known and measured by their unfinished lifework. It requires a generation or two to discover just how much good or evil their lives have accomplished and to strike a fair balance between the two. There are other reasons why but few writers do well in contemporaneous history; for even a partial success in that line, it is necessary to avoid in the writer's mind that natural inclination to disenchantment in the presence of strong and large personalities, with their living human weaknesses and frailties attached. To follow every man in the act of making history with the published recital of little things against him, is, to say the least, an unpardonable error of judgment, and would never appear under the hands of a writer justly impressed with the dignity of historical work.

These reflections hold good in describing the connection of John C. Fremont with the conquest of California. His services have been greatly belittled by a mistaken impression of the character of the people in the territory conquered and the conditions only well known since. It has been asserted that in any event the conquest would have been bloodless and peaceful, and that consequently Fremont's hasty and stirring course only provoked animosities which otherwise would not have arisen. T[illegible] denied by a full knowledge [illegible]nd conditions. There is [illegible]hatever to show that the

Californians, as a body, were dissatisfied with their government, or that they were lacking in patriotism to defend it against all foes. The assumed compliance and satisfaction of some of the leaders after the short contest count for nothing and can only be taken as the diplomatic acceptance of the inevitable and a determination to make the best of it. They were all opposed to the change. This is proved by a declaration in writing made April 2, 1846, to defend the country against the "perfidious North Americans" and signed by twenty-nine of the prominent leaders, including Vallejo, Alvarado, Carillo, Prudon, and Abrego among the rest.

The real wish of all classes of Californians was to fight, and if a brave and competent military leader had appeared among them, there would have been a hot time before a settlement was reached. It only required time to develop such a leader. That there was military talent among the Californians was shown at the insurrection which occurred in the south after the raising of the American flag at Monterey, when Flores so badly cut to pieces Kearney's troops at San Pasqual. It was only the short time given to discover a leader and establish a military center before the raising of our flag, by which a bloody struggle was escaped, and it is a well-established and undeniable fact that the stirring events caused by Fremont and his band of sharpshooters in the interior, caused the flag to be raised a month at least before it would have been without his disturbance.

The hesitating Commodore Sloat, awaiting reliable information of war with Mexico, was persuaded by the disturbed state of affairs to raise the flag July 7th, when it would not in all probability have been raised until August 12th, which was the date of the first authentic news of the war. This interim would have been, in more than one way, fatal to American interests. The grant of land to McNamara, an Irish priest, of three hundred thousand acres of the richest part of the state for establishment of an Irish colony, had gone through all the forms of approval and only awaited the signature of Governor Pico to render it complete and was to have been signed on the very day the flag was raised. This scheme bore evidence of having been backed by an English syndicate, and in that case was the more objectionable. It was believed at the time by the Americans on this coast, that England was holding covetous eyes on California and was waiting the opportunity to capture it. This was evidently believed by Commodore Sloat when he made his hurried sail from Mazatlan to reach Monterey ahead of the English admiral. The rumor was also believed by Fremont, who has set forth some evidence tending to confirm it. The fact is without denial that ever since the Texan troubles between the United States and Mexico, a growing feeling of jealousy and suspicion existed among Mexican officials toward our government, and at the time of the conquest the Mexican authorities on this coast were more favorable to English than to American rule. None knew this preference better than the Americans on this coast, and if to head off that movement was one of the motives of Fremont's subsequent active career before the raising of our flag, nothing can be imputed to him in his efforts to prevent it but the most commendable patriotism. But it can be proved that his activities were due to another purpose. So far, Fremont had inadvertently frustrated all these schemes by a single act, causing the hasty, and what may be called, the premature raising of our flag. This act, which has been the subject of much adverse criticism, though generally well known, must be briefly described.

Fremont with his band of sixty explorers entered California on his way to Oregon, when he, accompanied by Thomas O. Larkin, the American Consul, then residing at Monterey, visited the commanding General Castro at his quarters and respectfully asked the privilege to remain in the country a while to recruit his tired men and horses, explaining that they were not soldiers, but were engaged in a scientific exploration. The request was granted. They had scarcely got well settled to the enjoyments of the situation when they were visited by a supercilious Mexican subaltern with a dispatch from Castro. It was not couched in the ordinary diplomatic language of politeness, but was a blunt demand to leave the country at once, or submit to the force of being driven out.

The purport of this dispatch became known at once to every member of the party, and each one took it as a personal insult. A ready compliance seemed to

them an act of cowardice, and if Fremont had at once submitted to the demand, that would have been the last of their respect and confidence in him as a commander. These men had crossed the cactus deserts. They had crossed rivers on extemporized rafts, filed through the mountains waist-deep in snow, fought Indians fifty to one, and could drop one at three hundred yards by their expertness at rifle shooting. Kit Carson, the famous scout, was among them, and Cody, too. These two had crept up on an Indian camp by moonlight to recover stolen horses, and after shooting a couple of Indians by the light of their camp-fires and setting the whole camp to flight, recovered the horses and rode back waving two Indian scalps fastened to their rifles.

These were the men that were ordered by Castro to leave the country without the ceremony of leave-taking. It was quite in accordance with Fremont's impetuous character to resent the insult, and he moved his camp to the peak of a mountain, barricaded it with logs, and hoisting the American flag, defied Castro and all his army. He remained in this defiant position three days, during which time he was visited by Consul Larkin from thirty miles distant, and advised to leave, which he did, and went on his way to Oregon. To console his disappointed men and to save his reputation among them he resorted to the subterfuge of saying he was ordered to leave by the American Consul.

In this act there are but few right-thinking Americans who will find anything to condemn. Its providential effect in hastening the raising of our flag at Monterey is enough to silence all condemnation. Its adverse criticism rests wholly on the delusion that it aroused animosities which did not exist and that before it the Californians were generally in favor of the impending change in their government. Nothing could be further from the fact.

Fremont would never have been heard of in connection with the conquest had it not been for conditions wisely considered by the authorities at Washington. Our government at home judged the character of the people here by their history and was not deluded by the apparent peacefulness of their pastoral ways of living. It knew that since 1822, when Mexico threw off the Spanish yoke, there had been [illegible] governors of California, each rescinding the policies of the preceding one; that the country had almost constantly been in a ferment of change and attempted revolutions. It knew that like all other countries of Spanish origin, its war methods were cruel to the point of atrocity, and that the Mexican government here was no exception. It had on more than one occasion punished its enemies in the usual Spanish way. In 1824, a body of Spanish soldiers, with some friendly Indians among them, captured a number of conspirators on the Stanislaus river. They were tortured by placing one at a time in a circle of soldiers and then shot full of arrows. An arrow went with such force through the skull of one, that its feathered edge stuck out of his forehead. Other prisoners were hung to trees with ropes made out of vines.

Our government had a recent evidence of Mexican cruelty in the massacre of Americans at the Alamo in Texas. It was now about to enter into war in which a number of Americans in California would be placed in the greatest jeopardy. The feelings of antipathy between the American settlers and the Mexican government were well known. The Mexican government, even in times of peace, determined to put a stop to American immigration. As early as 1824 measures were taken to stop it. The President of Mexico issued a violent proclamation ordering all citizens of a foreign state who might be found invading the territory with arms in their hands to be shot down without quarter. In July, 1845, the new president issued orders to the same effect. In January, 1846, further instructions were given to drive out the American families.

If these orders were issued in time of peace, what might be expected when war was declared? Our home government no doubt recognized another condition which increased the danger. The population of California numbered at the time about eighteen thousand, of which seven thousand were of Spanish blood, a hundred or two of European nativity, ten thousand domesticated Indians under Mexican control and only seven hundred Americans. Our government could protect Americans residing near the coast with its warships, of which there were no less than seven were at the time. But there was

single military organization here, nor one that could possibly reach here for months, to protect the American settlers in the interior.

It was in this extremity that Secretary of War Bancroft, knowing that Fremont and his band were somewhere in the north, sent Major Gillespie away with a dispatch to find him, ordering his return. It was no doubt principally to protect settlers that Fremont was ordered to retrace his steps in the Oregon journey, to take part in the contest. This was his third expedition across the plains to this coast. His daring endurance and persistency, as well as the intrepid character of his men, were well known. If the authorities at Washington had hunted the country over they could not have found a party better adapted for the purpose.

The episode of the Gabilan peak greatly assisted to fit Fremont for the work required. That exploit was nothing compared with the common talk it produced and the publicity it gave to the daring adventurers of the crowd and their reckless bravery. There can be no doubt that the reputation of Fremont and his force so acquired, always kept Castro and his army of two or three hundred soldiers from risking an engagement. Now, since the war was certain, a peremptory demand from Mexico was reported to have been made to remove the American settlers and confiscate their property. Such a demand might naturally have been expected as a hostile act of war, and Fremont attributed his order to leave as a part of its fulfilment. If his movements are followed from the time of his return to the raising of our flag, it will be seen how well they were designed to frustrate such action.

When Fremont came back he found the American settlers just beginning to realize the danger of their situation. A band of two hundred and fifty Mexican guerrillas were raiding in the Sacramento valley, destroying crops, running off stock, and burning dwellings. A party of settlers in a state of alarm visited his camp at the Marysville Buttes seeking protection. Fremont no doubt saw at once the necessity for combination among the Americans, and also the want of a center of action, as well as some aggressive action on his part to divert the attention of the military commander. Therefore the first move he made was to send Ezekiel Merrit, a settler of tried courage, to capture a band of two hundred horses on their way to Castro's camp for army use. The capture was ably performed, without violence or bloodshed, and the horses brought in.

The next move made was to find a position for fighting and defense. From information acquired, he learned that the old fort at Sonoma, under command of General Vallejo, was in a neglected and unmanned condition, and being in a part of the country where most American settlers resided, was for these reasons a good place to capture and hold.

Among the settlers who had applied for protection was Wm. D. Ide, a native of Massachusetts, born in 1796. He was a carpenter by trade, teaching school in winter; married in 1820 and had six children; moved west in 1833; went first to Kentucky, thence to Ohio, and thence to Illinois. In 1845, with his wife and family, he joined a train of wagons and went to the shores of the Pacific. At this time he lived in a portion of the country now known as Colusa county. He was a man of intelligence and that amount of knowledge to give him prominence among illiterate men.

Although not lacking in courage Ide was not qualified as a leader where cool judgment and deliberation were called for. He was an enthusiast and dreamer, restless as his life had shown, and utterly impracticable.

Fremont determined to send a party to capture the fort at Sonoma, and he dispatched thirteen men, Ide and Merrit among them, for this purpose, altogether composed of settlers, not sparing any of his own force, expecting an early engagement with Castro, and not wishing to leave with his men at that time, because of the rumors of guerrilla outrages in the Sacramento valley. The men he sent were comparative strangers to him, and fearing they might commit some unnecessary act of violence, he made each one take an oath not to do so. He saw they were brave and determined, and if they kept away from the usual line of travel, not exciting alarm among the Californians, they would probably have no trouble in capturing the fort and in holding it until he arrived.

These men went along on their journey, each armed with a rifle and pistol, and

reputable men in it, for the most part it was composed of those having no standing in the country. It was an ill-advised and quixotic proceeding, forming a romantic episode in the conquest. Yet in a providential way, by diverting the Mexican authorities in their efforts to destroy it from any move to disturb the settlers, it served a good purpose. It promised for a time to work into Fremont's hand, by bringing out Castro for an engagement.

The raising of the Bear Flag set both Castro and Governor Pico wild. The defiance of Fremont on the Gabilan peak was bad enough, but here was a party of "perfidious Americans" threatening to extinguish California and all its officials, and they both began fulminating against the Bear Flag party and issuing proclamations calling all patriotic Californians to unite and drive the "horse thieves, robbers and vagabonds" not out of the country, that would be too mild a punishment, but to execute them. It was rumored that Ide was to be taken to San Francisco and tortured to amuse the natives. Castro began getting his army together at Santa Clara. Fremont, apprised of this, moved his camp to Sutter's Fort, to be nearer the scene of conflict. The Bears were to be overwhelmed by numbers, marched out to the Sonoma plaza, blindfolded and shot like dogs in the usual Spanish style. Castro and his army were already on the march toward Sonoma.

All the Americans in the country, even those not in favor of the Bear Flag project, had their sympathies aroused by the impending fate of so many of their countrymen. They knew also that notwithstanding the foolhardiness of the plan the ulterior purpose was to bring the country under the American flag. Fremont was importuned from various parties to lend his aid in protection, but by none so earnestly as by Ford, a member of the Bear Flag party. Ford had shown himself to possess real military skill in the recapture of one of the Bears from a band of Mexican guerrillas who had made him a prisoner and were, it is supposed, about to execute him.

No one better than Ford could judge of Ide's incapacity to handle the men in the coming fight. He wrote a letter to Fremont, explaining the situation. The Bear Flag party were brave men and they made up their minds to sell their lives as dearly as possible. We cannot do better than quote from Hittell's History:

> The Americans, as the night came on, got ready for the attack. Two eighteen-pounder cannon, double charged with canister shot, were run out to guard the main entrance; seven other pieces of artillery were made ready for use at short notice wherever required; two hundred and fifty muskets were loaded, divided among the men, and placed within reach; the rifles were all freshly capped; sentinels were placed; linstocks lighted.
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> The night was a long and anxious one. It was dark and little could be seen, but ears were strained to their utmost tension. Every noise, even the ordinary and usual noises of the night, created alarms. But hour after hour passed, and the murderous foe did not come. At length between three and four o'clock in the morning, and just about the time when a very stealthy enemy might be expected to approach, the advanced sentinels announced the trampling of horses in the distance. Every man took his position and the orders for firing were repeated, so there might be no mistake and no confusion. As it was expected that a sudden charge would be made, each man was to be ready to fire without fail at the signal. The men at the cannon examined the priming, and then seized their linstocks and saw that they were lighted. It was all the work of a moment, and then all was silence among them.
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> But the sound of the tramping horses became more and more distinct. Everyone could now hear them approaching. At last they could be seen, but only as a dark moving mass. By this time the approaching forces were within three hundred yards. The men at the guns who were swinging their linstocks, to keep them in a glow, were getting nervous. At the same time the well-known voice of Kit Carson in front of the oncomers was heard exclaiming: "My God, they're swinging the matches." The next moment the shout, "It's Fremont! It's Fremont!" broke out from one end of the garrison to the other. And the next moment Fremont himself dashed up at full gallop!"

When Castro heard that Fremont had joined his forces with the Bears Flag men, he never came to Sonoma. Within a short time after his arrival Fremont took command of the Bears men;—the question will be asked: What was the change in conditions which enabled him to do so now without any violation of his sense of duty as an officer of the United States? That question can best be answered by taking a survey of matters elsewhere.

The first great service performed by Fremont in the acquirement of California, was the report he made of it in his

ıration, after his return from his last visit 844. These reports were published ıe government and by them the whole zed world received the first accurate scientific information of California. ıese reports were first learned the true ve positions of rivers, mountains, val- and lakes, the differences in tempera- some of our mountains and lakes were ed by him, and he gave to San Francisco or entrance its beautiful and poetical —"The Golden Gate." The com- ness and literary style of these reports enough to make any man famous. they had no such immediate effect irring up a desire among the author- at Washington to acquire the territory e oral recital of what he had seen here is friends at the capital, where his y resided, and particularly to his r-in-law, Senator Thomas H. Benton issouri.

ıator Benton was one of the ablest nost far-seeing members of the Senate. ıad long had his eyes on California valuable acquisition on account of its nercial situation and its magnificent har- Its resources and productiveness were ıaratively unknown. Accounts differed ese respects, as it happened to be visited ersons in the dry or rainy seasons. ıont had seen California in its bloom ring and summer. He told how three of grain were sometimes gathered one sowing; how wheat in many places ed forty to fifty bushels to the acre; clover in the river bottoms grew so as to obstruct travel, and that wild hy grass grew eight feet high, with nearly a foot long; that wild oats y hid the horses and cattle feeding it. He told how many annual plants ıe East were perennials here; that tropical trees and shrubs flourished e open air all the year round, and many potted plants, that were used ecorate greenhouses in the city of ıington, grew outside here into forest These are old stories to us now, hey were marvels of wonder then.

ıator Benton, who had been greatly essed before with the value of Califor- ıs a commercial center, now, when ronderful productiveness was made n to him, became enthusiastic in its rement by the United States, and there loubt that with both him and Fremont, it became a pet scheme to bring the territory into our possession. In 1835, the United States had offered to purchase California from Mexico, and the offer had been rejected. Texas had established her independence in 1836, which was at once acknowledged by our government. War was threatened by Mexico against the United States for this act, and ever since the two countries had been in a state of discord on the Texas question. Mexico still had hopes of recapturing the lost territory and on several occasions made preparations to do so. By an expressed desire of the people of Texas, however, it was annexed to the United States on March 1, 1845. In May of 1845, Fremont started on his third expedition to the Pacific Coast. Although the annexation was protested against by Mexico and war was threatened, under the law of nations there had as yet been no cause for war. The Texas republic had been in existence for eight years and had been acknowledged by all the powers. Its right to annex itself to the United States could not be questioned. The war was brought about by conditions which presented themselves afterward, all of which were taking place while Fremont was on his journey to this coast. As soon as Texas came under the jurisdiction of the United States, the unsettled question of its boundaries with Mexico came to the front as a matter for serious consideration. The Texan boundaries with Mexico were infested with bands of marauding guerrillas, Mexican cowboys, and Indians, making life and property unsafe for Americans. The American settlers were largely from the southern states and had brought many slaves into the country.

Mexico had abolished slavery in 1824, and the possession of slaves near the boundaries was not secure. The Texas rangers under Colonel Jack Hays—uncle of the mining expert of to-day, John Hays Hammond—had been actively engaged in protecting the settlers; but now a body of United States soldiers was sent to perform that duty and it was principally from this action that war was brought about.

All this was happening after Fremont had left civilization in the East. Texas had adopted a con and was admitted into the Unio n December 29, 1845, which ı cause of

the war, and Fremont did not reach California until January, 1846. Therefore, when Fremont arrived in California, the occurrence of war must have been to his mind very uncertain. The dispatch he received through Major Gillespie was no doubt the first intimation he received of its near approach. As Gillespie arrived here from the Mexican coast on a war vessel April 17, 1846, he must have left Washington about the time General Taylor was instructed to move his forces to the Rio Grande—February 4th—the first aggressive act of war. The dispatch received through Gillespie has never been divulged. It was probably of oral character to save the messenger from the danger of being caught and executed as a spy when crossing Mexico. From the time that Fremont received Gillespie's dispatch, until the raising of our flag, a period of about four months, there had come no news of war, and at last there can be no doubt a suspicion arose in Fremont's mind that a compromise had been effected. He had good reasons to suspect such a result. Even had hostilities been commenced there was a strong probability that differences had been settled.

The war was very unpopular throughout the middle and New England states. The anti-slavery party, which composed at that time a wing of northern Democrats, regarded, with good reason, the Texan troubles as due wholly to the persistency of pro-slavery interests and was anxious in any honorable way to avoid war. If war was not to be pursued, all those fond hopes held by himself and Senator Benton of assisting to build up for the United States an empire on the Pacific, must have gone a-glimmering. There was, in case the suspicion was well-founded, but one possible way left to secure California as an American possession, and that was to overturn its government, establish a separate republic, and in time turn it over to the United States.

Such a movement Fremont knew would be a pleasing one to his father-in-law. Senator Benton was among the first to acknowledge the independence of Texas and always manifested the greatest interest in its struggles. The chances were better for the success of such a project now than they ever were before. The American population was nearly doubled in the last few months by emigration from over the plains. Those who were already here would flock to the Bear Flag banner under his leadership. Fremont could not fail to see that peace at this juncture must have been followed by the most disastrous consequences to American settlers, and to the Bear Flag men it would have been equivalent to a sentence of death. There was never a time in the conquest when a combination among the Americans for protection seemed more called for.

Although a treaty of peace might have attempted to provide for the safety of Americans, anyone could see that the growing jealousy and dislike to them manifested by the Mexican authorities must have led to a conflict. The Americans came here as they went to Texas—to stay. If it had been ordained that they could only enjoy the blessings of their home government as they did in Texas, through the establishment of a separate republic and a transfer of it to the United States, they would have done so.

It is impossible to account for Fremont's relations with the Bear Flag party in any other way than that after the first feeling of disappointment from Ide's action in raising the Bear Flag he began looking on the movement as a possible agency in bringing California under the stars and stripes, provided war with Mexico was not brought about. This theory accords perfectly with Fremont's first severe interview with Ide after his raising the Bear Flag and his subsequent cordial relations with him. It accords also with the fact that although for a long time he kept aloof from it and denied responsibility for any of its actions, he was determined, so far as he could prevent, that the organization of the Bear Flag party should not be destroyed by Castro. And when in pursuance of the last resolve, his men and the Bear Flag party were brought together, he thought it was about time to assume command.

When Fremont arrived with his men to join forces with the Bears, as has been described, the garrison had been for some time in a state of activity and excitement. Two young men named Cowie and Fowler had been sent to a place a few miles away for a keg of powder, when they were captured by a body of California guerrillas, tied to trees, shot to death and their bodies horribly mutilated. Another one of th

ty had been captured and rescued just time to save his life. These murderous ıds turned out to be soldiers in a division Castro's army under the command of ptain Joaquin de la Torres. Without ·aiting the formality of being placed the head of the Bears, Fremont, the day ter his arrival, made up a force consisting his own men and sixty chosen from the ·ars, making in all about one hundred ıd thirty-five, and started out on June ıth to give battle to Torres' detachment ıd to rid that part of the country of guer-llas. Now when we consider that the ear Flag was raised on June 14th, and ıe party had only been in existence twelve ays, it will be seen how surely it was ooomed to destruction by the measures ken. It was evidently the intention of orres' party to unite with Castro on his rival. Who can doubt that but for the terference of Fremont, we would have ıd a companion scene to the Alamo in exas and to the Crabb massacre in Sonora r a place in the pages of history.

Meantime Torres, hearing of the arrival Fremont and his men, was not anxious r an engagement. His force was located mewhere back of San Rafael, and when e Fremont party went after him there ıst have been in his mind a strong sug-stion of the devil on one side and the ·p-sea on the other. They were dis-ered at last and closely pursued. On occasion a skirmish took place and Californians were killed, but the main y rushed on through San Rafael and ce to Sausalito, and crowding them-s on a stolen launch, put to sea over aging waters of the bay on a windy ıer afternoon, bound for anywhere d the reach of those unerring rifles, ıappy in the thought that the deep between them and their pursuers e best possible obstacle to approach uch a foe.

cannot help a feeling of pity for that ıt band, who, starting out in high ·tion of a good, stiff fight, only disappointment of an escape. The ·fore returning to Sonoma camped ours near the bay shore. It hap-the time that the American bark Captain Phelps, was lying near Phelps, being aware of the r the Californians, had secured to prevent them falling into the hands of the fugitives. Phelps visited the camp of the Sonoma crowd out of curiosity and the following is a description in his own words. He found "a tall, lank Kentucky-looking chap, dressed in a greasy deer-skin hunting-shirt, with trousers to match, which terminated just below the knees, and his head surmounted by a coon skin cap, tail in front," whom he took to be an officer, as he was giving orders to the men; but on inquiry he proved to be Doctor Semple. He then asked for Captain Fremont, of whom he had heard much and whom he had a curiosity to see, and was pointed out "a slender-made and well-proportioned man sitting in front of a tent. His dress was a blue woolen shirt of somewhat novel style, open at the neck, trimmed with white, with a star on each point of the collar, over this a deer-skin hunting-shirt trimmed and fringed, which had evidently seen hard times." His head was "unencumbered by hat or cap, but had a light cotton handkerchief bound about it, and deer-skin moccasins completed the suit." Such being the dress of the leaders, it may be easily imagined what the Bear Flag men looked like as a class.

A local historian has called them vagabonds. They unquestionably looked like vagabonds. But they were about as near real vagabonds as were Washington's tattered army at Valley Forge, or Lee's forces at the time of his surrender. They were just such a body of western frontiersmen as those who whipped the Mexicans at the battle of San Jacinto and took Santa Ana prisoner. They belonged to a class which has done its full part in bringing victory to American arms in so many encounters, although poorly fitted for a dress parade, it must be confessed.

Fremont having driven the guerrillas from that section, and their being yet no news of war, proceeded to place himself at the head of the Bears. For that purpose he called a convention of all Americans in Sonoma to meet on July 5th. There were at this time present, Fremont and his seventy-two men, eight or ten naval officers from United States vessels lying at San Francisco and about two hundred and eighty American settlers, including Ide and the Bear Flag men proper. Ide was chosen chairman. Fremont was made the leader of the independence of California

and it was resolved that there should be a new organization throughout.

Two days afterward the American flag was raised at Monterey, and as soon as the news reached Sonoma the Bear Flag was hauled down and the stars and stripes run up in its place. This of course was the end of the Bear Flag revolution, and there was probably no one more pleased than Fremont with the change of flags. The revolutionary movement, it will be seen, had only an existence of about twenty-five days and Fremont was only at its head two days before it was dissolved. He therefore cannot be held responsible for its organization nor for any of its acts. As a matter of fact, it was guilty of nothing unbecoming American citizens. No single act of violence was ever charged against it. Ide, its leader, was a temperance man, and temperance rules were strictly enforced. In its declaration of independence, written by Ide, the noblest sentiments of liberty and freedom were expressed, and the worst that can be said of the movement is that it was foolhardy; but it had its valuable uses in the conquest. It diverted the attention of Castro and Pico from their purpose of disturbing the American settlers and was the chief cause of hastening Commodore Sloat to raise our flag at Monterey. For some reason, not well explained, it has been charged as one of Fremont's disturbances which it is pretended aroused the country into opposition. What it might have developed into, under the leadership of Fremont, had war not been declared, must be left to the imagination.

A Plea for the Flowers

By Herbert Arthur Stout

Those who smiling say,
"Flowers were born to pick to-day"—
  Must you believe them?
I know a better way:
  Love them and leave them.

eye and snowy beard, like youth masquerading in the habiliments of old age, piqued curiosity. But nothing developed to throw any light upon the recondite problem; no one knew the professor's companion. And to be frank with you, curious reader, Professor Moser himself did not know; except that the stranger had volunteered his name, Sir Roger Johnston, that he had crossed the frozen north into the arctic circle, and that, although he looked even as ancient as Professor Moser, he was then on his way to the University of California to assume the very chair the latter had vacated years ago. That was all.

They had sat together while the ferry steamer bore them across the bay and while the train pulled across the two cities from the mole, and had been led subtly into a discussion of the probable merits of the respective claims of Doctor Cook and Captain Peary. "Their achievements are but indifferent," Sir Roger had declared. "They have discovered nothing new, yet they claim much. I have discovered much that was new, yet I claim nothing."

Then, as incidental, each had shed a little light upon polar exploration and meteorologic phenomena of the arctic regions. The stranger had displayed a familiarity with the professor's favorite topic which had won his immediate profound respect; but his enjoyment of the discussion was marred by a continual distracted roving of Sir Roger's lustrous, shifty eyes. "Are you expecting someone?" Professor Moser had asked him.

Sir Roger parried: "Let us wait for a more secluded place, one more suited to the revelation of the secrets nature has so carefully guarded from the world for countless centuries. I have many to reveal, but it is not for the world to know—yet."

Having alighted at the quiet Berkeley station, the scholarly giant still glanced furtively about as if the attention he aroused was annoying to him. And he set an all but too rapid pace for the professor's rheumatic old legs. No word was spoken until the sound of other voices and of grinding heels on concrete pavements had been left behind. They had reached the animated solitude in the shadows of Co-ed cañon. The footfalls of the two old men upon the soft leaf-carpeted sod gave up no sound. Hardly a sunbeam found its way through the leafy maze overhead. They had gone apart from the world of life and bustle into nature's private chamber. Through the myriad small birds flitting and chirping in the deep shadow of thickly entwined branches, through the voice of the rippling creek at their feet, nature spoke to the stalwart old scholar and loosed his tongue.

He threw back his shoulders and beat his chest. "You wonder who I am," he said. "Behold, then, the sole survivor, but one, of the Sir John Franklin expedition to force the Northwest passage!"

"Why, why, my dear sir, if I may be so bold!" began Professor Moser in mild astonishment, yet in a tone which apologized for his doubt, "Sir John Franklin's entire expedition was lost. We have the absolute proof!"

"Hold! not so fast!" exclaimed Sir Roger, raising his hand with a gesture for silence. "You have the proof that though we succeeded in proving the Northwest passage, Providence reserved the full accomplishment of our purpose for a later time. You have proof that our ships were abandoned within sixty miles of Cape Herschel, where they went to pieces in the crush of ice. Convincing evidences were found that Sir John Franklin's career was here brought to an untimely close. His country and the world have accepted it. His monument in Westminster Abbey speaks for all England its tribute to one of the nation's greatest explorers. There is proof conclusive that practically the entire expedition was lost. Their bleaching bones may still lie on the frozen arctic shores to give mute testimony. But of the fate of the wretched remnant you have absolutely no proof." Sir Roger straightened to his full height. "Of one hundred and forty men but one other and I remain."

Professor Moser merely looked his inability to credit this last statement; but he ventured to probe for support in his disbelief. "Who and where is this one other of which you speak?" he demanded.

Sir Roger bent his face very close to the professor's and made a speaking-tube of his hands in order that his whispered words might not escape to either side. "Sh-h-h-h-h-h!" he hissed through clenched

teeth so shrilly that the singing of the birds on all sides for a radius of several rods was stilled. He tapped his forehead with the tip of a crooked index-finger. "But it is only periodic," he said; "at other times he is as rational as you and I and pursues his scientific researches. It is for his sake," he continued with loud whistling sibilants, "that I sought this solitude to take you into nature's confidence. Did I not know that you were so close to nature's heart yourself, my lips would be sealed. And before I speak, you must promise me that what I say shall go no further until *he* has fully regained his reason and himself given it to the world. Can you keep a secret? can you carry a secret to the grave if before he has recovered and completed his research the hand of death should claim you? Do not concern yourself with my reasons for doing the will of this man; they will not be divulged. Can you do it?"

"I can," said Professor Moser.

"But will you?" insisted Sir Roger.

He's either crazy or a monumental liar—thought Professor Moser. At any rate there would be no harm in humoring him. "Yes; I will," he promised. "I am a young man yet, and strong. I have no fear of death, but your secret will be safe with me."

"Very well; I shall proceed. I need not tell how I came to sail with the expedition. I was then a fellow of the Royal Geographical Society, young and rugged of health; and it was of such that Sir John desired the expedition should be composed. I sailed on the *Erebus* with Sir John and was much in his confidence as to his plans.

"It is not necessary to tell of our first winter anchored to a Beechey island iceberg, nor of our trying journey from there down through the massing ice of Peel Sound, nor yet of our losing struggle

to gain Cape Herschel through the pack ice the following winter. Of this you have heard, and it is foreign to our point. I need not detail to you the fate of the great majority of our men. What you have heard is in the main true. Moreover, it is immaterial to the scientific discoveries we made. I will begin with the time the ships were abandoned by those of us who had thus far survived, but will touch only briefly upon that with which you are already familiar.

"There were forty-seven in the party at this time. To the south, as you know, we had sighted King William's Land, and to eastward lay, nearer at hand, the mainland of Boothia. It was our purpose to gain this coast and follow it to the Fish river, from which point we hoped to find an avenue of escape. We sledged across the ice pack toward the west coast of Boothia, but with the cold and privation only twelve ever reached the land, and after this small company had again divided on account of sickness and general collapse, five of the hardiest of us pressed on grimly, with what strength and courage remained within us, to the south, a distance of several leagues. Here we made our first important discovery—the magnetic pole.

"But Captain Amundsen claims that honor," Professor Moser reminded him.

"Captain Amundsen? I've heard of him," replied Sir Roger. "You and I credit Henry Hudson with the discovery
named for him, yet we know
wrong to the memory of the
ızano. And, again, Italy, you
the whole world shout aloud
ous discovered America, but
Phoenicians! I will say of
undsen as Cook said of Peary
first began to boast, 'If he
d the pole, he did, and I con-
n, but *I saw it first.*'

"But, after all, I do not regard the discovery of the magnetic pole or of the north pole as an achievement worthy of the widespread attention the reports of these explorers have excited. The world has long known that these things exist as they are. These poles would have remained where they are if these gentlemen had not proclaimed their success to the world, and some adventurer would eventually come in to claim unearned honor for confirming what was already established. But the experiences we so phenomenally survived, our discoveries of the marvelous, I may say, will never be repeated.

"It was after our party had divided, as I said, the strong from the weak, the latter facing reluctantly back toward the ice-locked ships and the former pressing on to the south. We had made the summit of a high hill overlooking the coast to take our bearings and to snatch one last glimpse of the cold arctic sun already swallowed up in the southern horizon. From the top of this knoll we looked down to westward and descried, where the land and the ice floes met, a number of figures which we took to be missing members of our party or Eskimos, though we were not sure that they were not seals. We hurried toward them, and as we drew nearer they took on definite human form. We soon discovered that they were in the freezing, dashing spray to the waist, among the grinding masses of ice, and they were not men.

"There were five of them, all beautiful creatures of the brunette type, with long black hair floating free, unrestrained by knots, pins or ribbons, unratted and undisguised by the hairdresser's art. Every tress and every hair bore an icicle, and the wind playing through them made silvery tinkling music. They were unafraid, and, with a show of great feminine independence rather than immodesty and scarcely noticing us, they continued in the operation at which we had surprised them; that is to say, washing every stitch they possessed on the floating ice cakes as if they were great bars of advertised soap. Each had a walrus tusk about two feet long with which they beat the garments. All the while they sang a doleful tune—no words—just a dreary, droning chant that made you think of your mother and all the evil things you had ever done."

Professor Moser's eyes brightened with returning credulity. His every pore gaped avidly to absorb Sir Roger's ingenuous words. Here was a phenomenon that the professor could reason out for himself. "Mermaids!" he exclaimed. "Miller in his Loch Slin tells us that such actions always forebode a calamity. I read in your eyes that it is true. Tell me, how did you escape it?"

"Mermaids they were, my friend," continued Sir Roger evenly, "and disaster did, in truth, follow."

"Ah! I knew it!" interrupted Professor Moser. "What marvels remain veiled throughout the vistas of time we may never know. The experiences of Captain Tyson with the good ship *Polaris* are colorless beside this. Even the stories of De Rougmont are trite commonplaces; Crusoe's adventures were a mere ——"

"Permit me to proceed," protested Sir Roger. Continuing his narrative, he said, "Had our men known that these were creatures of the deep and not maidens out in the frigid sea for a frolic; had they known the utter absence of romance in the cold hearts of these deep-sea damsels; had they known that a flirtation with an arctic maid is not to be lightly regarded—had they known these things, I say, the calamity might have been averted. But such is the foolhardy boldness of man that he will embrace disaster first and defer the consideration of consequences until it is too late. Had these stupid apostles of St. Elmo opportunely died before this untoward discovery was made, the lives of three ignorant sailors would have been spared, and half a century of my life and the life of one other would not have been suffered to waste in the dreary arctic. But the stupid blundering sailors persisted in obtruding their offensive attentions upon the self-concerned maids of the sea until in righteous outrage the whole five of them set up a wild screaming like angry eagles whose nest has been invaded and began to thump vigorously upon the ice with their walrus tusks.

"Then we saw a mighty sea rise and roll inland from far out in the channel. The mermaids continued to scream hysterically, and the gigantic wave, reaching entirely across the channel, grew higher and nearer at every moment. On it came, booming as if all the thunders of heaven were loosed and concentrated upon us. Great icebergs shot into the air and fell with the splash and dash of thousands of tons of water and ice as colossal as when Polyphemus hurled the mountains at Ulysses' fleet. When the careering swell had reached a point half-a-league off-shore, it reared its mighty bulk to the very heavens, as high as the summit from which we had descried the mermaids at their washing. And the bellow of that onrushing tide! the wonder is that our eardrums were not bursted.

"So swiftly and with such menace did it fall upon us that we did nothing but stand transfixed, paralyzed with fear. The mermaids were forgotten; all things became blank, though I distinctly remember one thought that flashed through my mind. It was a vision of Cadiz in the great tidal wave of a century before. As a boy at school I had been taught that no calamity, save the Deluge itself, ever approached the terrible ferocity of this; but it was no more than a ripple in a bathtub in comparison with the watery mountain about to burst over our heads. Huddled together, we awaited our doom, and in an instant all was over. With a final series of grinding and crunching noises overhead, stillness again enveloped us. Only the lapping of the waves just within the seaward wall of our prison broke the intensity of the silence, for we came out of our terror to find ourselves entombed in a spacious glacial cavern, walls and ceiling all solid blocks of ice, how many fathoms in depth we could not have guessed.

"It was some minutes before I realized that the ground at my feet threw off a soft fluorescence like the aurora. What a boon this was may be imagined."

"It must have been the aurora!" exclaimed the professor, nervously gripping his cane in trembling fingers. "Did you examine the ground?" he asked with sudden inspiration.

"Not then; we did afterward, and found it literally sprinkled with fine flour-platinum; and we found further what we then regarded as not the least wonderful of our discoveries, that we were imprisoned upon the magnetic pole! We could walk around the vortex of magnetic force, so to speak, and as we walked our needle would always point along the axis of our circuit."

"That's it! that's it!" chirped Professor Moser with growing excitement. "At last we have the true theory of the aurora. Neither the one nor the other of the causes attributed by De la Rue, Muller, Tait, Stok[illegible]d other accredited meteo[illegible]. The boreal display is [illegible]errestrial magnetic cl[illegible]rictly and directly th[illegible]agnetic induction.

Canton and Tait have come nearer the truth with the theory that the aurora is due to electrical discharges such as are produced by the Holtz machine in a vacuum tube, resulting in the fluorescence contended for by Angstrom. Later experimentation with the cathode ray, explained by your statements, proves the hypothesis. My good man, you do not know what world-wide renown may yet be yours."

"I care not for renown," cried Sir Roger unselfishly. "There is another who has a just claim to it. I only ask that it may be given him who has sacrificed everything, even reason, to gain it. But you have not heard all. Those aquatic brunettes were not satisfied with the scare they had given us. They bobbed up through the waves into our crystal prison hissing like so many snakes, and one of them with a voice a like Chinese musette said:

"'Vile dwellers of the land, no more may ye seek the verdant hills and vales of thy native haunts until ye have expiated the insult offered the Aqua-Marina-Omega Sorority by freeing thyselves with thine own hands!' Then over they went headforemost into the water like a flock of frightened grebe and we never saw them again.

"I was glad enough the penalty sounded no worse, for I believed we could dig our way out with comparative ease, and it was not at all unpleasant so far. Nevertheless I was weak with fright and grateful that we were not ground to infinitesimal atoms. I turned to congratulate my companions upon our miraculous deliverance.

"Ah, sir; the new terror that seized me then I fear you cannot comprehend or believe! See these whitened hairs, this snowy beard! the pigment faded from them in the next brief experience. With my eyes but partially accustomed to the new light, I turned them toward my companions and was dumfounded, horrified, to see where four men had stood, only four leering skeletons, standing out grim and shadowy like the ghosts of men that had been. Not a word had been spoken by any of us. I tried now to speak, but the words died in a gasp upon my lips. Then the skeleton of my one brave companion faced about. I could distinguish him from the sailors by the binoculars which still swung at his side and the huge revolver which seemed to hang without belt or holster an inch from his pelvic bone. His clasp-knife was suspended in air in the region where his pocket had been, and his watch, too, was in its accustomed place; the chain curved downward, the bar end ascending toward its former buttonhole support. A more careful look disclosed the buttons of his vest arranged in their wonted perpendicular row down before the sternum, and a massive watch-charm swung pendulously at the third button from the bottom. I looked higher. His jaw moved hideously as he exclaimed, 'My God! What has happened!' Though his fleshly tissue had disappeared as silently, swiftly and completely as the soul from its clay, yet he possessed the power of speech.

"I cannot describe my sensations to you, sir; the awfulness of the situation, the tension of the moment, is beyond the power of words to express. My amazement had been so great I had given no thought to my own physical transfiguration. I knew no change in myself until I chanced to raise my arm and glanced at my hand. Oh, that glance! a chill of terror ran through my frame as I beheld that my flesh, too, my clothing, everything but the naked bones had wholly disappeared. Yet, I was alive; I could see! I could hear! With a shudder I reached to touch the fleshless bones of my lower arm, but before the shocking contact was made my courage failed me. I tried again; again I failed. Yet a third time I made the shrinking attempt. I distinctly remember how I laughed and cried like a hysterical woman when my hand encountered the edge of my sleeve. I passed my hands swiftly over my face and entire body. Everything was perfectly natural to the touch—beard, features, clothing, all."

Sir Roger paused to bestow an impatient frown upon Professor Moser, who had put out a quaking palm and was trying vainly to shunt in a word between the narrator's smooth-sliding sentences, while the sparkle of his sharp eye rivaled that of Sir Roger's.

"Well!" exclaimed Sir Roger with repining intonation, "what now?"

"The *X-ray!*" gasped the little professor, ignoring the sneer. "It's as plain as the boreal theory itself. The cathode ray is developed in this highly rarefied atmosphere by induction from the magnetic

but after several decades of faithful service they succeeded in interesting the second generation of babies in their books and services, so that practically every child in the Yuma tribe was in school and most of the adults were more or less subject to the authority of the Mother Superior. Whether their bonds became irksome or whether the good sisters became too zealous in their efforts to wean the aborigines from their superstitious customs and beliefs, a revolt occurred early in the 90's and of the seven hundred souls on the reservation more than half rose in rebellion, drove the sisters from the school and—when threatened by the cold steel of the soldiers encamped near by—fled into Mexico, never to return. Washington sent out a government agent then and official red-tape encircled the life of the faithful (or indolent) few. They continued and continue to-day to send their children to school, and themselves to eke out a living in the rich plains that for centuries have been overflowed and enriched periodically by the treacherous Colorado.

Originally reserved for their use, the lands they occupied were—through the defection of more than half their number—much more extensive than the needs of so indifferent a class of horticulturists demanded; the government decided therefore to open part of them to its citizens. Seven sections were retained for future distribution to the Yumas; the six thousand acres lying east of the boundary line between range 22 and range 23 East was surveyed for allotment and the plan was turned over to the Reclamation Service.

For many years the engineers of this branch of the government service have had their eyes on the great Colorado and its contiguous lands. An ideal dam site existed twelve miles up the river from Yuma—a spot where the bedrock outcrops on either bank, leaving a passageway between less than a mile wide and lying immediately below a very wide and marshy section of the river channel called Laguna—or the lake.* The rock headland on the California side was called Potholes, because in the rock were great smooth pools in which rainwater often stood; the headland on the Arizona shore was called Laguna. On these two spots camps were established and in 1905 work on a dam and headgates was started.

This work was completed in the fall of 1909. The cost was heavy, estimated by outside engineers at $2,500,000, but eventually it is believed the immense territory that can be brought under the dam will reduce the cost-tax levied on each acre to a reasonable figure. In addition to the reservation there are no less than ninety thousand acres in Arizona territory, forty thousand on what is known as the mesa land described by Project Engineer Francis Sellew as "the finest citrus area in the United States"—and fifty thousand adjoining the mesa on the west, lying between it and the river. Of the latter practically all is below the level of the river, but ample protection has been provided by the construction of dikes. Much of this bottom-land is in cultivation, most of it having been taken up many years ago. It is irrigated with water raised from the river at Yuma by a water-wheel known as "The Scoop," but soon it is hoped to have completed the great siphon which will carry the water under the river from the Laguna heading and canals to a point at the upper end of the Yuma valley. Part of this water will later be raised by force pumping to the mesa above and then will be completed what is denominated the Yuma project, which will be one of the most daring pieces of reclamation engineering ever undertaken.

Lured by tales of prosperity and peace on the ranches of the desert, many thousands looked eagerly for news of the opening of the Yuma reservation. There was a popular supposition that the farm units would be disposed of by the method adopted five years ago of putting the names of all applicants into a basket and employing some disinterested person to draw therefrom the slips containing the names of lucky ones. But early in the year announcement was made by the officials of the Interior department that on March 1st the land-office in Los Angeles would receive applications and permit entries by the system of "first come, first served." Immediately a rush to Yuma was begun, prospective entrymen desiring to look over the Promised Land and to post themselves as to the numbers and locations of the desirable farm units. The latter averaged

*See SUNSET for June, 1909, page 615.

and forty feet. Instead of sinking a wooden form as the work goes down, Mr. Sellew and his assistants are building their concrete wall at the mouth of the shaft, pouring it into a mold of sheet steel constructed in sections such that, when the concrete ring is completed, the tightening of bolts on the inside band and the loosening of bolts on the outside band draw the form away from the concrete. Meantime the excavators in the pit of the shaft are removing the dirt under the concrete ring and it is settling. When it is near the bottom of the sheet steel form the two bands are again returned to place, filled with liquid cement and used to maintain pressure until the concrete has again hardened. Thus one ring of concrete is molded to another, each on top of the lower, the men in the bottom allowing the whole to sink of its own weight as the work of excavating goes forward. When the shafts are deep enough they will be connected by a tunnel seven hundred feet in length bored in bedrock twenty-five feet under the scour of the channel. This tunnel will be fourteen feet in diameter, as will the shaft on the California side. The longer shaft will be thirty feet across, as it is to be used as a working shaft carrying a pair of elevators for rock and concrete. The great depth to which the shafts are being driven, it should be explained, is necessitated by the fact that only at depth can bedrock be found.

It is too early yet to say what the completion of this work will mean to the general public. Much of the land under the siphon system, as has been stated, is privately owned, but there are several thousand acres to be opened and several thousands more the ownership of which is in dispute, but which will probably be forfeited to the government because of fraud or failure on the part of entrymen. Whatever land is opened for entry will be eagerly striven for as it is certain to be valuable inasmuch as it lies close to a market and to the main line of a transcontinental railroad.

Mining Memories

By William Tomkins

It seems to me that mining-camps are diff'rent nowadays
To what they used to be in early times—well, anyways,
When I first started in the business back in forty-nine
You'd never see no college graduates around a mine.
If I remember rightly we had mines then, just the same,
Though we didn't have no "experts" a teachin' us the game,
We found gold to run the nation, we found mines that sure were big,
And the way we used to find them was

to
get
right
down
and
dig.

The men that knew the Comstock was a likely place for gold
Were shy on chemistry; they thought 'twas something for a cold;
On scientific learning they certainly were lame,
But ev'ry clean-up day they made a fortune just the same.
If there ever was a spot that had geology to spare
The Black Hills was that place, but the old miners that were there
Had never heard about it, they just knew the hills were big,
And the way they found the Homestake was
to
get
right
down
and
dig.

Old Double-Jack O'Brien was in the hills three years, 'tis said,
In fact he was away so long they thought that he was dead,
But one day he came back and put the whole camp on the run,
When he showed some rock that panned out seven hundred to the ton.
A new-hatched mining expert who'd just butted in the game
Showed Jack the reason why he couldn't help but find the claim,
But no one paid attention, or seemed to care a fig,
For they could see the place where Jack had
get
right
down
and

The Rules of the Game

By STEWART EDWARD WHITE

Author of The Blazed Trail; Arizona Nights; The Riverman, Etc.

ILLUSTRATED BY J. A. CAHILL

PART III, CHAPTER XVII, TO PART IV, CHAPTER III

BEGUN IN THE FEBRUARY NUMBER

THE autumn passed, and winter closed down. Plant continued his administration. For a month the countryside was on a tiptoe of expectation. It counted on no immediate results, but the "suspension pending investigation" was to take place within a few weeks. As far as surface indications were concerned nothing happened. Expectation was turned back on itself. Absolute confidence in Plant's removal and criminal conviction gave place to skepticism and doubt, finally to utter disbelief. And since Thorne had succeeded in arousing a real faith and enthusiasm, the reaction was by so much the stronger. Tolerance gave way to antagonism; distrust to bitterness; grievance to open hostility.

The forest rangers suddenly found themselves openly unpopular. Heretofore a ranger had been tolerated by the mountaineers as either a good-for-nothing loafer or as a species of inunderstandable fanatic to be looked down upon with good-humored contempt. Now a ranger became a partisan of the opposing forces and as such an enemy. Men ceased speaking to him, or greeted him with the curtest of nods. Plant's men were ostracized in every way, once they showed themselves obstinate in holding to their positions. Every man was urged to resign. Many did so. Others hung on because the job was too soft to lose. Some, like Ross Fletcher, California John, Tom Carroll, Charley Morton and a few others moved on their accustomed way.

"What do you think is the latest?" asked California John one day, "from th squirts in the office? I just got i that enduring of the fire seas

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patrol the whole of my district *every day!*" The old man grinned. "I only got from here to Pumice mountain! I wonder if those fellows ever *saw* a mountain? I suppose they laid off an inch on the map and let it go at that. Patrol every day!"

"How long *would* it take you?" asked Bob.

"By riding hard, about a week."

Rather the loyalty seemed to be dimly to the idea back of it all, to something broad and dim and beautiful which these rough, untutored men had drawn from their native mountains and which thus they rendered back.

As Bob gradually came to understand more of the situation his curiosity grew. The lumberman's instinctive hostility to government control and interference had not in the slightest degree modified; but he had begun to differentiate this small groping devoted band from the machinery of the forest reserves. He was a little inclined to the fanatic theory: he knew by now that the laziness hypothesis would not apply to these.

"What is there in it?" he asked. "You surely can't hope for a boost in salary, and certainly your bosses treat you badly."

At first he received vague and groping answers. They liked the work; they got along all right; it was a lot better than the cattle business just now, and so on. Then as it became evident that the young man was genuinely interested, California John gradually opened up. One strange and beautiful feature of American partisanship for an ideal is its shyness. It will work and endure, will wait and suffer, but it will not go forth to proselyte.

"The way I kind of look at it is this," d the old man one evening. "I always like these here mountains—and the big

trees—and the rocks and water and the snow. Everywhere else the country belongs to someone: it's staked out. Up here it belongs to me, because I'm an American. This country belongs to all of us—the people—all of us. We most of us don't know we've got it: that's all. I kind of look at it this way: suppose I had a big pile of twenty-dollar gold pieces lying up say in Siskiyou that I didn't know nothing whatever about; and some fellow come along and took care of it for me and hung onto it even when I sent out word that anybody was welcome to anything I owned in Siskiyou—I not thinking I really owned anything there, you understand—why—Well, you see, I sort of like to feel I'm one of those fellows!"

"What good is there in hanging onto a lot of land that would be better developed?" asked Bob.

But California John refused to be drawn into a discussion. He had his faith, but he would not argue about it. Sometime or other the people would come to that same faith. In the meantime there was no sense in tangling up with discussions.

"They send us out some reading that tells about it," said California John. "I'll give you some."

He was as good as his word. Bob carried away with him a dozen government publications of the sort that, he had always concluded, everybody received and nobody read. Interested, not in the subject-matter of the pamphlets, but in their influence on these mountain men, he did read them.

The general facts interested him and appealed to his logical common sense. He saw for the first time, because for the first time it had been presented to his attention, the real use and reason for the forest reserves. Hitherto he had considered the whole institution as semihostile, at least as something in potential antagonism. Now he was willing fairly to recognize the wisdom of preserving some portion of the mountain cover. He had not really denied it; simply he hadn't considered it.

Early in this conviction he made up to Ross Fletcher for his brusqueness in ordering the ranger off the mill property.

"I just classed you with your gang, which was natural," said Bob.

"I am one of my gang, of course," said Fletcher.

"Do you consider yourself one of the same sort of dickey bird as Plant and that crew?" demanded Bob.

"There ain't no humans all alike," replied the mountaineer.

Although Bob was thus rebuffed in immediately getting inside of the man's loyalty to his service and his superiors, he was from that moment made to feel at his ease. Later, in a fuller intimacy, he was treated more frankly.

Welton laughed openly at Bob's growing interest in these matters.

"You're the first man I ever saw read any of those things," said he in regard to the government reports. "I read one once," he went on in delightful contradiction to his first statement. "It told how to cut timber. When you cut down a tree, you pile up the remains in a neat pile and put a little white picket fence around them. It would take a thousand men and cost enough to buy a whole new tract to do all the monkey-business they want you to do."

Bob laughed. "Well, I can't just see us taking time in a short season to back track and pile up ornamental brush piles," he admitted.

"Experimental farms and experimental chickens and experimental lumbering are all right for the gentleman farmer and the gentleman poultry fancier and the gentleman lumberman—if there are any. But when it comes to business—"

Bob laughed.

"Just the same," said he, "I'm beginning to see that it's a good thing to keep some of this timber standing; and the only way it can be done is through the forest reserves."

"That's all right," agreed Welton. "Let 'em reserve. I don't care. But they are a nuisance. They keep stepping on my toes. It's too good a chance to annoy and graft. It gives a hard lot of loafers too good a chance to make trouble."

"They are a hard lot in general," agreed Bob, "but there's some good men among them, men I can't help but admire."

Welton rolled his eyes drolly at the younger man.

"Who?" he inquired.

"Well, there's old California John."

"There's three or four mossbacks in the lot that are honest," cut in Welton, "but it's because they're too thick-headed to be anything else. Don't get kiddish enough to do the picturesque mountaineer act, Bobby. I can dig you up four hundred of

that stripe anywhere—and holding down just about as valuable jobs. Don't get too thick with that kind. In the city you'll find them holding open-air meetings. I suppose our friend Plant has been pinched?"

"Not yet," grinned Bob, a trifle shamefacedly.

"Don't get the reform bug, Bob," said Welton kindly. "That's all very well for those that like to amuse themselves. But we're busy."

XVIII

THE following spring found Plant still in command. No word had come from the silence of political darkness. His only concession to the state of affairs had been an acknowledgment under pressure that the cattle ranges had been overstocked and that outside cattle would not be permitted to enter, at least for the coming season. This was just the concession to relieve the immediate pressure against him and to give the supervisor time to apply all his energies to details within the shades.

Gay upheld his cousin, Henry Plant, because of the relationship. This implied a good word and personal influence. After that Gay forgot the matter. But a great number of people were extremely anxious to please Gay. These exerted themselves. They came across evidence that would have caused Gay to throw his beloved cousin out neck and crop, but they swallowed it and asked for more simply because Gay possessed patronage, and it was not to their interest to bring disagreeable matters before the great man.

Thus somebody submerged beneath the Gay interests saw obscurely somebody equally submerged beneath the Wright interests. In due course all of Thorne's careful work was pigeonholed. An epitome of the charges was typed and submitted to the high official. On the back of them had been written:

"I find the charges not proved."

This was signed by the very obscure clerk who had filed away the Thorne affidavits and who happened to be a friend of the man to whom in devious ways and through many mouths had come an expression of the Gay wishes. It was OK'd by a dozen others. The high official added his OK to the others. Then he promptly forgot about it, as did everyone else concerned, save the men most vitally interested.

In due time Thorne, then in Los Angeles, received a brief communication from Stafford, the obscure clerk.

"In regard to your charges against Supervisor H. M. Plant, the department begs to advise you that, after examining carefully the evidence for the defense, it finds the charges not proven."

Thorne stared at the paper incredulously. Then he did something he had never permitted himself before: he wrote in expostulation to the higher official.

"I cannot imagine what the man's defense could be," he wrote, in part, "but my evidence a mere denial could hardly controvert. The whole countryside knows the man is crooked; they know he was investigated; they are now awaiting with full confidence the punishment for well-understood peculation. I can hardly exaggerate the body blow to the service such a decision would give. Nobody will believe in it again."

On reading this the higher official called in one of his subordinates.

"I have this from Thorne," said he, "what do you think of it?"

The subordinate read it through.

"I'll look it up," said he.

"Do so, and bring me the papers," advised the higher official.

The higher official knew Thorne's work and approved it. The inspector was efficient and throughout all his reforming of conditions in the West, the department had upheld him. The department liked efficiency and where the private interests of its own grafters were not concerned it gave good government.

In due time the subordinate came back, but without the papers.

"Stafford says he'll look them up, sir," said he; "he told me to tell you that the case was the one you were asking Senator Barrow about."

"Ah!" said the higher official.

He sat for some time in deep thought. Then he called through the open door to his stenographer.

"In re yours 21st," he dictated, "I repose every confidence in Mr. Stafford's judgment, and unless I should care to supersede him it would [illegible] proper for me to carry any matter [illegible]

Thorne [illegible] gned and shortly went into [illegible] lumbering firm

in Oregon. Gay wrote a letter advising Plant to "adopt a policy of conciliation toward the turbulent element."

XIX

SHORTLY after Bob's return in the early spring, George Pollock rode to Auntie Belle's in some disorder to say that the little girl, now about a year old, had been taken sick.

"Jenny has a notion it's something catching," said he, "so she won't let Jim send Mary over. There's too many young-uns in that family to run any risks."

"How does she seem?" called Auntie Belle from the bedroom where she was preparing for departure.

"She's got a fever, and is restless and won't eat," said George anxiously. "She looks awful sick to me."

"They all do at that age," said Auntie Belle comfortably. "Don't you worry a mite."

Nevertheless Auntie Belle did not return that day nor the next, nor the next. When finally she appeared, it was only to obtain certain supplies and clothes. These she caused to be brought out and laid down where she could get them. She would allow nobody to come near her.

"It's scarlet fever," she said, "and Lord knows where the child got it. But we won't scatter it, so you all stay away. I'll do what I can. I've been through it enough times, Lord knows."

Three days later she appeared again, very quietly.

"How's the baby?" asked Bob. 'Better I hope."

"The poor little thing is dead," said Auntie Belle shortly, "and I want you or somebody to ride down for the minister."

The community attended the funeral in a body. It was held in the open air, under a white oak tree, for Auntie Belle, with unusual caution and knowledge for the mountains, refused to permit even a chance of spreading the contagion. The mother appeared dazed. She sat through the services without apparent consciousness of what was going on; she suffered herself to be led to the tiny enclosure where all the Pollocks of other generations had been buried; she allowed herself to be led away again. There was in the brief and pathetic ceremony no meaning and no pain for her. The father, on the other hand, seemed crushed. So broken was his figure that, after the services, Bob was impelled to lay his hand on the man's shoulder and mutter a few incoherent but encouraging words. The mountaineer looked up dully, but sharpened to comprehension and gratitude as his eyes met those of the tall, vigorous young man leaning over him.

"I mean it," said Bob, "any time—any place."

On the way back to Sycamore Flats Auntie Belle expressed her mind to the young man.

"Nobody realizes how things are going with those Pollocks," said she. "George sold his spurs and that Cruces bit of his to get medicine. He wouldn't take anything from me. They're proud folks; and nobody'd have a chance to suspect anything. I tell you," said the good lady solemnly, "it don't matter where that child got the fever; it's Henry Plant, the old fat scoundrel, that killed her just as plain as if he'd stuck a gun to her head. He has a good deal to answer for. There's lots of folks eating their own beef cattle right now and that's ruinous. I suppose Washington ain't going to do anything. We might have known it. I don't suppose you heard anything outside about it?"

"Only that Thorne had resigned."

"That so!" Auntie Belle ruminated on this a moment. "Well, I'm right glad to hear it. I'd hate to think I was fooled on him. Reckon 'resign' means fired for daring to say anything about his high and mightiness?" she guessed.

Bob shook his head. "Couldn't say," said he.

The busy season was beginning. Every day laden teams crawled up the road bringing supplies for the summer work. Woodsmen came in twos, in threes, in bunches of a dozen or more. Bob was very busy arranging the distribution and forwarding, in putting into shape the great machinery of handling, so that when, a few weeks later, the bundles of sawn lumber should begin to shoot down the flume they would fall automatically into a systematic scheme of further transportation. He had done this twice before and he knew all the steps of it and exactly what would be required of him. Certain complications were likely to arise, requiring each their individual treatments, but as Bob's experience grew these were

becoming fewer and of lesser importance. The creative necessity was steadily lessening as the work became more familiar. Often Bob found his eagerness sinking to a blank, his attention economizing itself to the bare needs of the occasion. He caught himself at times slipping away from the closest interest in what he had to do. His spirit, although he did not know it, was beginning once more to shake itself restlessly, to demand, as it had always demanded in the past from the time of his toy printing-press in his earliest boyhood, fresh food for the creative instinct that was his. Bobby Orde, the child, had been thorough. No superficial knowledge of a subject sufficed. He had worked away at the mechanical difficulties of the cheap toy press after Johnny English, his partner in enterprise, had given up in disgust. By worrying the problem like a terrier, Bobby had shaken it into shape. Then when the commercial possibilities of job printing for parents had drawn Johnny back ablaze with enthusiasm, Bobby had, to his partner's amazement, lost completely all interest in printing-presses. The subject had been exhausted: he had no desire for repetitions.

Now Bob realized perfectly well that here he was more fortunate than most. A great many of his friends had to begin on small salaries in indoor positions of humdrum and mechanical duty. He had started on a congenial out-of-door occupation of great interest and picturesqueness, one suited to his abilities and promising a great future. Nevertheless he had now been in the business five years. He was beginning to see through and around it. As yet he had not lost one iota of his enthusiasm for the game; but here and there, once in a while, some of the necessary delays and slow, long repetitions of entirely mechanical processes left him leisure to feel irked, to look above him, beyond the affairs that surrounded him. At such times the old blank doped feeling fell across his mind. It had always been so definite a symptom in his childhood of that state wherein he simply could not drag himself to blow up the embers of his extinguished enthusiasm, that he recoiled from himself in alarm.

A week after the burial of the Pollock baby, Mrs. Pollock was [illegible] seriously ill. Bob rode up a n [illegible] to inquire and kept him [illegible] The doctor came tw[illegible] then ceased his visits. Bob did not know that such visits cost fifty dollars apiece. Mary, Jim's wife, shared the care of the sick woman with George. She was reported very weak, but getting on. The baby's death, together with the other anxieties of the last two years, had naturally pulled her down.

XX

BEFORE the gray of dawn one Sunday morning, Bob, happening to awaken, heard a strange, rumbling, distant sound to the west. His first thought was that the power dam had been opened and was discharging its waters, but as his senses came to him, he realized that this could not be so. He stretched himself idly. A mocking-bird uttered a phrase outside. No dregs of drowsiness remained in him, so he dressed and walked outside into the freshness of the new morning. Here the rumbling sound, which he had concluded had been an effect of his half-conscious imagination, came clearer to his ears. He listened for a moment, then walked rapidly to the Lone Pine Hill, from whose slight elevation he could see abroad over the low mountains to the west. The gray light before sunrise was now strengthening every moment. By the time Bob had reached the summit of the knoll it had illuminated the world.

A wandering suction of air toward the higher peaks brought with it the murmur of a multitude. Bob topped the hill and turned his eyes to the west. A great cloud of dust arose from among the chaparral and oaks, drifting slowly but certainly toward the ranges. Bob could now make out the bawling, shouting, howling of great herds on the marsh. In spite of pledges and promises, in spite of California John's reports, of Thorne's recommendations, of Plant's assurances, Simeon Wright's cattle were again coming in!

Bob shook his head sadly, and his clear-cut young face was grave. No one knew better than himself what this must mean to the mountain people, for his late spring and early fall work had brought him much in contact with them. He walked thoughtfully down the hill.

When just on the outskirts of the little village he was overtaken by George Pollock on horseback. The mountaineer was jogging along at a foot-pace, his spurs jingling,

his bridle hand high after the western fashion. When he saw Bob he reined in, nodding a good morning. Bob noticed that he had strapped on a blanket and slicker and wore his six-shooter.

"You look as though you were going on a journey," remarked Bob.

"Thinking of it," said Pollock. Bob glanced up quickly at the tone of his voice, which somehow grated unusually on the young man's ear; but the mountaineer's face was placid under the brim of his floppy old hat. "Might as well," continued the cattleman after a moment, "nothin' special to keep me."

"I'm glad Mrs. Pollock is better," ventured Bob.

"She's dead," stated Pollock without emotion. "Died this morning about two o'clock."

Bob cried out at the utterly unexpected shock of this statement. Pollock looked down on him as though from a great height.

"I sort of expected it," he answered Bob's exclamation. "I reckon we won't talk of it. 'Spose you see that Wright's cattle is coming in again? I'm sorry on account of Jim and the other boys. It wipes me out, of course, but it don't matter as far as I'm concerned, because I'm going away anyway."

Bob laid his hand on the man's stirrup leather and walked alongside, thinking rapidly. He did not know how to take hold of the situation.

"Where are you thinking of going?" he asked.

Pollock looked down at him.

"What's that to you?" he demanded roughly.

"Why—nothing—I was simply interested," gasped Bob in astonishment.

The mountaineer's eyes bored him through and through. Finally the man dropped his gaze.

"I'll tell you," said he at last, "'cause you and Jim are the only square ones I know. I'm going to Mexico. I never been there. I'm going by Vermillion valley, and Morro Pass. If they ask you, you can tell 'em different. I want you to do something for me."

"Gladly," said Bob. "What is it?"

"Just hold my horse for me," requested Pollock, dismounting. "He stands fine tied to the ground, but there's a few things he's plumb afraid of, and I don't want to take chances on his getting away. He goes plumb off the grade for freight teams; he can't stand the crack of their whips. Sound's like a gun to him, I reckon. He won't stand for shooting neither."

While talking the mountaineer handed the end of his hair rope into Bob's keeping.

"Hang onto him," he said, turning away.

George Pollock sauntered easily down the street. At Supervisor Plant's front gate he turned and passed within. Bob saw him walk rapidly up the front walk and pound on Plant's bedroom door. This, as usual in the mountains, opened directly out on the veranda. With an exclamation Bob sprang forward, dropping the hair rope. He was in time to see the bedroom door snatched open from within and Plant's huge figure, white robed, appear in the doorway. The supervisor was evidently angry.

"What in hell do you want!" he demanded.

"You," said the mountaineer.

He dropped his hand quite deliberately to his holster, flipped the forty-five out to the level of his hip, and fired twice, without looking at the weapon. Plant's expression changed; turned blank. For an appreciable instant he tottered upright, then his knees gave out beneath him and he fell forward with a crash. George Pollock leaned over him. Apparently satisfied after a moment's inspection, the mountaineer straightened, dropped his weapon into the holster, and turned away.

All this took place in so short a space of time that Bob had not moved five feet from the moment he guessed Pollock's intention to the end of the tragedy. As the first shot rang out, Bob turned and seized again the hair rope attached to Pollock's horse. His habit of rapid decision and cool judgment showed him in a flash that he was too late to interfere and revealed to him what he must do.

Pollock, looking neither to the right nor the left, took the rope Bob handed him and swung into the saddle. His calm had fallen from him. His eyes burned and his face worked. With a muffled cry of pain he struck spurs to his horse and disappeared.

Considerably shaken, Bob stood still, considering what he must do. It was manifestly his duty to raise the alarm. If he did so, however, he would have to bear witness to what he knew; and this, for George Pollock's sake, he desired to avoid.

He was the only one who could know positively and directly and immediately how Plant had died. The sound of the shots had not aroused the village. If they had been heard, no one would have paid any attention to them; the discharge of firearms is too common an occurrence to attract especial notice. It was better to let the discovery come in the natural course of events.

However Bob was neither a coward nor a fool. He wanted to save George Pollock if he could, but he had no intention of abandoning another plain duty in the matter. Without the slightest hesitation he opened Plant's gate and walked to the veranda where the huge, unlovely hulk huddled in the doorway. There, with some loathing, he determined the fact that the man was indeed quite dead. Convinced as to this point, he returned to the street and looked carefully up and down it. It was still quite deserted.

His mind in a whirl of horror, pity, and an unconfessed, hidden satisfaction, he returned to Auntie Belle's. The customary daylight breakfast for the teamsters had been omitted on account of the Sabbath. A thin curl of smoke was just beginning to rise straight up from the kitchen stovepipe. Bob, his mouth suddenly dry and sticky, went around to the back porch where a huge olla hung always full of spring water. He rounded the corner to run plump against Oldham tilted back in a chair smoking the butt of a cigar.

In his agitation of mind, Bob had no stomach for casual conversation. By an effort he smoothed out his manner and collected his thoughts.

"How are you, Mr. Oldham?" he greeted the older man. "When did you get in?"

"About an hour ago," replied Oldham. His spare figure in the gray business suit did not stir from its lazy posture, nor did the expression of his thin sardonic face change; but somehow, after swallowing his drink, Bob decided to revise his first intention of escaping to his room.

"An hour ago," he repeated, when the import of the words finally filtered through his mental turmoil. "You traveled up at night then?"

"Yes. It's getting hot on the plains."

"Got in just before daylight, then."

"Just before. I'd have made it sooner, but I had to work my way through the cattle."

"Where's your team?"

"I left it down at the company's stables: thought you wouldn't mind."

"Sure not," said Bob.

The company's stables were at the other end of the village. Oldham must have walked the length of the street. He had said it was before daylight; but the look of the man's eyes was quizzical and cold behind the glasses. Still, it was always quizzical and cold. Bob called himself a panicky fool. Just the same, he wished now he had looked for footprints in the dust of the street. While his brain was thus busy with swift conjecture and the weighing of probabilities, his tongue was making random conversation and his vacant eye was taking in and reporting to his intelligence the most trivial things. Generally speaking, his intelligence did not catch the significance of what his eyes reported until after an appreciable interval. Thus he noted that Oldham had smoked his cigar down to a short butt. This unimportant fact meant nothing, until his belated mind told him that never before had he seen the man actually smoking. Oldham always held a cigar between his lips, but he contented himself with merely chewing it or rolling it about. And this was very early, before breakfast.

"Never saw you smoke before," he remarked abruptly, as this bubble of irrelevant thought came to the surface.

"No?" said Oldham, politely.

"It would make me woozy all day to smoke before I ate," said Bob, his voice trailing away, as his inner ear once more took up its listening for the hubbub that must soon break.

As the moments went by, the suspense of this waiting became almost unbearable. A small portion of him kept up its semblance of conversation with Oldham; another small portion of him made minute and careful notes of trivial things; all the rest of him, body and soul, was listening, in the hope that soon, very soon, a scream would break the suspense. From time to time he felt that Oldham was looking at him a little queerly and he rallied his faculties to the task of seeming natural.

"A[illegible] feeling well?" asked the o[illegible]ast. "You're mighty pale. [illegible]out where you drink [illegible] these places."

[illegible]nap.

"Didn't sleep well, said he, once more himself.

"Well, that wouldn't trouble me," yawned Oldham. "If it hadn't been for cigars I'd have dropped asleep in this chair an hour ago. You said you couldn't smoke before breakfast: neither can I ordinarily. This isn't before breakfast for me, it's after supper: and I've smoked two just to keep awake."

"Why keep awake?" asked Bob.

"When I pass away, it'll be for all day. I want to eat first."

There, at last, it had come! A man down the street shouted. There followed a pounding at doors, and then the murmur of exclamations, questions and replies.

"Sounds like some excitement," yawned Oldham, bringing his chair down with a thump. "They haven't even rung the first bell yet; let's wander out and stretch our legs."

He sauntered off the wide back porch toward the front of the house. Bob followed. When near the gate Bob's mind grasped the significance of one of the trivial details that his eyes had reported to it some moments before. He uttered an exclamation and returned hurriedly to the back porch to verify his impressions. They had been correct. Oldham had stated definitely that he had arrived before daylight, that he had been sitting in his chair for over an hour, that during that time he had smoked two cigars through.

Neither on the broad porch, nor on the ground near it, nor in any possible receptacle were there any cigar ashes!

XXI

THE hue and cry rose and died; the sheriff from the plains did his duty: but no trace of the murderer was found. Indeed, at the first it was not known positively who had done the deed: a dozen might have had motive for the act. Only by the process of elimination was the truth come at. No one could say which way the fugitive had gone. Jim Pollock, under pressure, admitted that his brother had stormed against the door, had told the awakened inmates that his wife was dead, that he had killed Plant, and that he was going away. Immediately on making this statement, he had clattered off. Jim steadfastly maintained that his brother had given no inkling of whither he fled. Simeon Wright's cattle, on their way to the high country, filed past. The cowboys listened to the news with interest and a delight which they did not attempt to conceal. They denied having seen the fugitive. The sheriff questioned them perfunctorily. He knew the breed. George Pollock might have breakfasted with them for all the denials assured him.

There appeared shortly on the scene of action a United States marshal. The murder of a government official was serious. Against the criminal the power of the nation was deployed. Nevertheless, in the long run, George Pollock got clean away. Nobody saw him from that day: or nobody would acknowledge to have seen him.

For a while Bob expected at any moment to be summoned for his testimony. He was morally certain that Oldham had been an eyewitness to the tragedy. But as time went on and no faintest indication manifested itself that he could have been connected with the matter, he concluded himself mistaken. Oldham could have had no motive in concealment, save that of the same sympathy Bob had felt for Pollock. But in that case, what more natural than that he should mention the matter privately to Bob? If, on the other hand, he had any desire to further the ends of the law, what should prevent him from speaking out publicly? In neither case was silence compatible with knowledge.

But Bob knew positively the man had lied when he stated that he had for over an hour been sitting in the chair on Auntie Belle's back porch. Why had he done so? Where had he been? Bob could not hazard even the wildest guess. Oldham's status with Baker was mysterious; his occasional business in these parts—it might well be that Oldham thought he had something to conceal from Bob. In that case, where had the elder man been and what was he about during the fatal hour that Sunday morning?

Forest reserve matters locally went into the hands of a receiver. That is to say, the work of supervision fell to Plant's head ranger, while Plant's office was overhauled and straightened out by a clerk sent on from Washington. Forest reserve matters nationally, however, were on a different footing. They had been transferred to a bureau of forestry consisting of trained and enthusiastic men.

XXII

TO most who heard of it this item of news was interesting, but not especially important; Bob could not see where it made much difference who held the reins three thousand miles away. To others it came as the unhoped for, dreamed-of culmination of aspiration.

California John got the news from Martin. The old man had come in from a long trip.

"You got to take a brace now and be scientific," chaffed Martin. "You old mossback! Don't you dare fall any more trees without measuring out the center of gravity and don't you split any more wood unless you calculate first the probable direction of riving; and don't you let any doodle-bug get away without looking at his teeth."

California John grinned slowly, but his eyes were shining.

"And what's more, you old grafters'll get bounced, sure pop," continued Martin. "They won't want you. You don't wear spectacles and you eat too many proteids in your beans."

"You ain't heard who's going to be sent out for supervisor?" asked old John.

"They haven't found anyone with thick enough glasses yet," retorted Martin.

California John made some purchases, packed his mule, and climbed back up the mountain to the summer camp. Here he threw off his saddle and supplies and entered the ranger cabin. A rusty stove was very hot. Atop bubbled a capacious kettle. California John removed the cover and peered in.

"Chicken 'n dumpling!" said he.

He drew a broken-backed chair to the table and set to business. In ten minutes his plate contained nothing but chicken bones. He contemplated them with satisfaction.

"I reckon that'll even up for that bacon performance," he remarked in reference to some past joke on himself.

At dusk three men threw open the outside door and entered. They found California John smoking his pipe contemplatively before a clean table.

"Now, you bowlegged old sidewinder," said Ross Fletcher, striding to the door, "we'll show you something you don't get up where you come from."

"What is it?" asked California John with a mild curiosity.

"Chicken," replied Fletcher.

He peered into the kettle. Then he lit a match and peered again. He reached for a long iron spoon with which he fished up, one after another, several dumplings. Finally he swore softly.

"What's the matter, Ross?" inquired California John.

"You know what's the matter," retorted Ross shaking the spoon.

California John arose and looked down into the kettle.

"Thought you said you had chicken," he observed; "looks to me like dumplin' soup."

"I did have chicken," replied the man. "Oh, you Miles—Bob—come here. This old wreck has gone and stole all our chicken."

The boys popped in from the next room.

"I never," expostulated California John, his eyes twinkling. "I never stole nothin'. I just came in and found a poor old hen bogged down in a mess of dough, so I rescued her."

The other man said nothing for some time, but surveyed California John from head to toe and from toe to head again.

"Square," said he at last.

"Square," replied California John, with equal gravity. They shook hands.

While the newcomers ate supper, California John read laboriously his accumulated mail. After spelling through one document he uttered a hearty oath.

"What is it?" asked Ross, suspending operations.

"They've put me in as supervisor to succeed Plant," replied California John, handing over the official document. "I ain't no supervisor."

"I'd like to know why not," spoke up Miles indignantly. "You know these mountains better'n any man ever set foot in 'em."

"I ain't got no education," replied California John.

"Mighty good thing," growled Ross.

California John smoked with troubled brow.

"What's the matter with you, anyhow?" demanded Ross impatiently, after a while, "ain't you satisfied?"

"Oh, I'm satisfied well enough, but I kind of hate to leave the service: I like her."

"Quit!" cried Ross.

"No," denied Calif[illegible] I'll get fired. First thing, I 'm going after Simeon Wri[illegible] s.

He ain't no right in the mountains and the ranges are overstocked. He can't trail in ten thousand head while I'm supposed to be boss, so it looks as though I wasn't going to be boss long after Simeon Wright comes in."

"Oh, go slow," pleaded Ross. "Take things a little easy at first, and then when you get going you can tackle the big things."

"I ain't going to enforce any regulations they don't give me," stated California John, "and I'm going to try to enforce all they do. That's what I'm here for."

"That means war with Wright," said Ross.

"Then war it is," agreed California John comfortably.

"You won't last ten minutes against Wright."

"Reckon not," agreed old John; "reckon not. But I'll last long enough to make him take notice."

XXIII

BY the end of summer California John was fairly on his road. He entered office at a time when the local public sentiment was almost unanimously against the system of forest reserves. The first thing he did was to discharge eight of the Plant rangers. These fell back on their rights, and California John, to his surprise, found that he could not thus control his own men. He wagged his head in his first discouragement. It was necessary to recommend to Washington that these men be removed, and California John knew well by experience what happened to such recommendations. Nevertheless he sat him down to his typewriter, and, with one rigid forefinger, pecked out such a request. Having thus accomplished his duty in the matter, but without hope of results, he went about other things. Promptly within two weeks came the necessary authority. The eight ornamentals were removed.

Somewhat encouraged, California John next undertook the sheep problem. That, under Plant, had been in the nature of a protected industry. California John and his delighted rangers plunged neck deep into a sheep war. They found themselves with a man's job on their hands. The sheepmen, by long immunity, had come to know the higher mountains intimately and could hide themselves from any but the most conscientious search. When discovered, they submitted peacefully to being removed from the reserve. At the boundaries the rangers' power ceased. The sheepmen simply waited outside the line. It was manifestly impossible to watch each separate flock all the time: as soon as surveillance was relaxed, over the line they slipped again to fatten on prohibited feed until again discovered, and again removed. The rangers had no power of arrest; they could use only necessary force in ejecting the trespassers. It was possible to sue in the United States courts, but the process was slow and unsatisfactory and the damages awarded the government amounted to so little that the sheepmen cheerfully paid them as a sort of grazing tax. The point was, that they got the feed—either free or at a nominal cost—and the rangers were powerless to stop them.

Over this problem California John puzzled a long time.

"We ain't doing any good playing hide and coop," he told Ross. "It's just using up our time. We got to get at it different. I wish those regulations was worded just the least mite different!"

He produced the worn blue book and his own instructions and thumbed them over for the hundredth time.

" 'Employ only necessary force,' " he muttered; " 'remove them beyond the confines of the reserve.' " He bit savagely at his pipe. Suddenly his tension relaxed and his wonted shrewdly-humorous expression returned to his brown and lean old face.

"Ross," said he, "this is going to be plumb amusing. Do you guess we all can track up with any sheep?"

"Jim Hutchin's herders must have sneaked back over by Iron mountain," suggested Fletcher.

"Jim Hutchins," mused California John. "Where is he now? Know?"

"I heard tell he was at Stockton."

"Well, that's all right then. If Jim was around he might start a shootin' row, and we don't want any of that."

"Well, I don't know as I'm afraid of Jim Hutchins," said Ross Fletcher.

"Neither am I, sonny," replied California John, "but this is a grand-stand play, and we got to bring her off without complications. You get the boys organized. We start to-morrow."

"What you got up your sleeve?" asked Ross.

"Never you mind."

"Who's going to have charge of the office?"

"Nobody," stated California John positively. "We tackle one thing to a time."

Next day the six rangers under command of their supervisor disappeared in the wilderness. When they reached the trackless country of the granite and snow and the lost short-hair meadows, they began scouting. Sign of sheep they found in plenty, but no sheep. Signal smokes over distant ranges rose straight up and died; but never could they discover where the fire had been burned. Sheepmen of the old type are the best of mountaineers and their skill has been so often tested that they are as full of tricks as so many foxes. The fires they burned left no ashes. The smokes they sent up warned all for two hundred miles.

Nevertheless by the end of three days young Tom Carroll and Charley Morton trailed down a band of three thousand head. They came upon the flock grazing peacefully over blind hillsides in the torment of splintered granite. The herders grinned as the rangers came in sight. They had been "tagged" in this "game of hide and coop." As a matter of course they began to pack their camp on the two burros that grazed among the sheep: they ordered the dogs to round up the flock. For two weeks they had grazed unmolested and they were perfectly satisfied to pay the inconvenience of a day's journey over to the Inyo line.

"'llo boys," said their leader, flashing his teeth at them. "Wan' start now?"

"These Jim Hutchins' sheep?" inquired Carroll.

But at the question the Frenchman suddenly lost all his command of the English language.

"They're Hutchins' all right," said Charley, who had ridden out to look at the brand painted black on the animals' flanks. "No go to-night," he told the attentive herder. "Camp here."

He threw off his saddle. Tom Carroll rode away to find California John.

The two, together with Ross Fletcher, whom they had stumbled upon accidentally, returned late the following afternoon. By sunrise next morning the flocks were under way for Inyo. The sheep strung out by the dogs went forward steadily like something molten; the sheepherders plodded along staff in hand; the rangers brought up the rear, riding. Thus they went for the marching portions of two days. Then at noon they topped the main crest at the broad pass, and the sheer descents on the Inyo side lay before them. From beneath them flowed the plains of Owens valley, so far down that the white roads showed like gossamer threads, the ranches like tiny squares of green. Eight thousand feet almost straight down the precipice fell away. Across the valley rose the White mountains and the Panamints, and beyond them dimly could be guessed Death valley and the somber Funeral ranges. To the north was a lake with islands swimming in it, and above it empty craters looking from above like photographs of the topography of the moon; and beyond it tier after tier, as far as the eye could reach, the blue mountains of Nevada. A narrow gorge, standing fairly on end, led down from the pass. Without hesitation, like a sluggishly moving viscid brown fluid, the sheep flowed over the edge. The dogs, their flanking duties relieved by the walls of dark basalt on either hand, fell to the rear with their masters. The mountain-bred horses dropped calmly down the rough and precipitous trail.

At the end of an hour the basalt gorge opened out to a wide steep slope of talus on which grew in clumps the first sagebrush of the desert. Here California John called a halt. The line of the reserve, unmarked as yet save by landmarks and rare rough "monuments" of loose stones, lay but just beyond.

"This is as far as we go," he told the chief herder.

The Frenchman flashed his teeth and bowed with some courtesy.

"Au revoi'," said he.

"Hold on," repeated California John. "I said this is as far as we go. That means you, too, and your men."

"But th' ship!" cried the chief herder.

"My rangers will put them off the reserve, according to regulation," stated California John.

The Frenchman stared at him.

"W'at you do?" he gasped at last. "Where we go?"

"I'm going to put you off the reserve, too, but on the west side," said California John. The old [illegible] straightened in his saddle [illegible]ed to the worn and s[illegible]on. "No, none

of that: Take your hand off your gun! I got the right to use *necessary* force; and, by God, I'll do it!"

The herder began a voluble discourse of mingled protestation and exposition. California John cut him short.

"I know my instructions as well as you do," said he. "They tell me to put sheep and herders off the reserve without using unnecessary force; but *there ain't nothing said about putting them off in the same place!*"

Ross Fletcher rocked with joy in his saddle.

"So that's what you had up your sleeve!" he fairly shouted. "Why, it's as simple as a b'ar trap!"

California John pointed his gnarled forefinger at the herder.

"Call your dogs!" he commanded sharply. "Call them in, and tie them! The first dog loose in camp will be shot. If you care for your dogs, tie them up. Now drop your gun on the ground. Tom, you take their shootin'-irons." He produced from his saddlebags several new pair of handcuffs, which he surveyed with satisfaction. "This is business," said he. "I bought these on my own hook. You bet I don't mean to have to shoot any of you fellows in the back; and I ain't going to sit up nights either. Snap 'em on, Charley. Now, Ross, you and Tom run those sheep over the line, and then follow us up."

As the full meaning of the situation broke on the Frenchman's mind, he went frantic. By the time he and his herders should be released, the whole eighty-mile width of the Sierra would lie between him and his flocks. He would have to await his chance to slip by the rangers. In the three weeks or more that must inevitably elapse before he could get back, the flocks would inevitably be partly destroyed. For it is a striking fact, and one on which California John had built his plan, that sheep left to their own devices soon perish. They scatter. The coyotes, bears and pumas gather to the feast. It would be most probable that the sheep-hating cattlemen of Inyo would enjoy mutton-chops.

California John collected his scattered forces, delegated two men to eject the captives, and went after more sheep. He separated thus three flocks from their herders. After that the sheep question was settled: government feed was too expensive.

"That's off'n our minds," said he. "Now we'll tackle the next job."

He went at it in his slow, painstaking way, and accomplished it. Never, if he could help it, did he depend on the mails when the case was within riding distance. He preferred to argue the matter out, face to face.

"The Government *prefers* friends," he told everybody, and then took his stand, in all good feeling, according as the other man proved reasonable. Some of the regulations were galling to the mountain traditions. He did not attempt to explain or defend them, but simply stated their provisions.

"Now I'm swore in to see that these are carried out," said he, always, "and if you ain't going to toe the mark, why, you see, it puts me in one hell of a hole; don't it? I ain't liking to be put in the position of fighting all my old neighbors and I sure can't lie down on my job. It don't *really* mean much to you, now does it, Link? And it helps me out a lot."

"Well, I know you're square, John, and I'll do it," said the mountaineer reluctantly; "but I wouldn't do it for any other blank of a blank in creation!"

Thus California John was able, by personality, to reduce much friction and settle many disputes. He could be uncompromising enough on occasion.

Thus Win Spencer and Tom Hoyt had a violent quarrel over cattle allotments which they brought to California John for settlement. Each told a different story, so the evidence pointed clearly to neither party. California John listened in silence.

"I won't take sides," said he. "Settle it for yourselves. *I'd just as soon make enemies of both of you as of one.*"

Then in the middle of summer came the trial of it all. The service sent notice that, beginning the following season, a grazing tax would be charged, and it requested the supervisor to send in his estimate of grazing allotments. California John sat him down at his typewriter and made out the required list. Simeon Wright's name did not appear therein. In due time somebody wanted, officially, to know why not. California John told them, clearly, giving the reasons that the range was overstocked, and quoting the regulations as to preference being given to the small owner dwelling in or near the forests. He did this just as a good carpenter might finish the under side of a drain; not that it would do any good, but for his own satisfaction.

"We will now listen to the roar of the lion," he told Ross Fletcher, "after which I'll hand over my scalp to save 'em the trouble of sharpening up their knives."

As a matter of fact the lion did roar, but no faintest echo reached the Sierra. California John received back his recommendation marked "Approved."

The old man tore open the long official envelope, when he received it from Martin's hand, and carried it to the light, where he adjusted precisely his bowed spectacles, and, in his slow, methodical way proceeded to investigate the contents. As he caught sight of the word and its initials his hand involuntarily closed to crush the papers, and his gaunt form straightened. In his mild blue eyes sprang fire. He turned to Martin, his voice vibrant with an emotion carefully suppressed through the nine long years of his faithful service.

"They've turned down Wright," said he, "and they've give us an appropriation. They've turned down old Wright! By God, we've got a man!"

XXIV

IN September, at the summer camp, California John had opportunity to greet a visitor whom he was delighted to see. One morning a very dusty man leaned from his saddle and unlatched the gate before headquarters. As he straightened again he removed his broad hat and looked up into the cool pine shadows with an air of great refreshment.

"Why, it's Ashley Thorne!" cried California John, leaping to his feet.

"The same," replied Thorne, reaching out his hand.

He dismounted, and Charley Morton, grinning a welcome, led his horse away to the pasture.

"I sure am glad to see you!" said California John over and over again, "and where did you come from? I thought you were selling pine lands in Oregon."

Thorne dropped into a chair with a sigh of contentment. "I was," said he, "and then they made the transfer, so I came back."

"You're in the service again?" cried California John delighted.

"Couldn't stay out now that things are in the proper hands."

"Good! I expect you're down here to haul me over the coals," California John chuckled.

"Oh, just to look around," said Thorne, biting at his close-clipped bristling mustache.

Next morning they began to look around. California John was overjoyed at this chance to show a sympathetic and congenial man what he had done.

"I got a trail 'way up Baldy now," he confided as they swung aboard. "It's a good trail, too, and it makes a great fire lookout. We'll take a ride up there, if you have time before you go. Well, as I was telling you about that Cook cattle case—the old fellow says—"

At the end of the supervisor's long and interested dissertation on the Cook case, Thorne laughed gently.

"Looks as if you had him," said he, "and I think the chief will sustain you. You like this work, don't you?"

"I sure just naturally love it," replied California John earnestly. "I've got the chance now to straighten things out. What I say goes. For upward of nine years I've been ridin' around seein' how things had ought to be done. And I couldn't get results nohow. Somebody always had a graft in it that spoiled the whole show. I could see how simple and easy it would be to straighten everythin' all out in good shape. But I couldn't do nothing."

"Hard enough to hold your job," suggested Thorne.

"That's it. And everybody in the country thought I was a fool. Only fools and lazy men took rangers' jobs those days. But I hung on because I believed in it. And now I got the best job in the bunch. In place of being looked down on as that old fool John, I'm Mr. Davidson, the forest supervisor."

"It's a matter for pride," said Thorne noncommittally.

"It isn't that," denied the old man. "I'm not proud because I'm supervisor. Lord love you, Henry Plant was supervisor; and I never heard tell that anyone was proud of him, not even himself. But I'm proud of being a good supervisor. They ain't a sorehead near us now. Everybody's out for the forest. I've made 'em understand that it's for them."

"You've done a good [illegible] Thorne soberly. "None better [illegible] done it but you. You [illegible] proud of it."

"Then you'll be sending in a good report," said California John, solely by way of conversation. "I suspicion that last fellow gave me an awful roast."

"I'm not an inspector," replied Thorne.

"That so? You used to be before you resigned; so I thought sure you must be now. What's your job?"

"I'll tell you when we have more time," said Thorne.

For three days they rode together. The supervisor was a very busy man. He had errands of all sorts to accomplish. Thorne simply went along. Everywhere he found good feeling, satisfactory conditions.

At the end of the third day as the two men sat before the rough stone fireplace at headquarters, Thorne abruptly broke the long silence.

"John," said he, "I've got a few things to say that are not going to be pleasant either for you or for me. Nevertheless I am going to say them. In fact I asked the chief for the privilege rather than having you hear through the regular channels."

California John had not in the least changed his position, yet all at once the man seemed to turn still and watchful.

"Fire ahead," said he.

"You asked me the other day what my job is. It is supervisor of this district. They have appointed me in your place."

"Oh, they have," said California John. He sat for some time, his eyes narrowing, looking straight ahead of him. "I'd like to know why!" he burst out at last. A dull red spot burned on each side his weather-beaten cheeks.

"I—"

"You had nothing to do with it," interrupted California John sharply, "I know that. But who did? Why did they do it? By God," he brought his fist down sharply, "I intend to get to the bottom of this! I've been in the service since she started. I've served honest. No man can say I haven't done all my duty and been square."

Thorne sat tight, nor offered a word of comment.

"You've been an inspector," California John appealed to him. "You've been all over the country among the different reserves. Ain't mine up to the others?"

"Things are in better shape here than in any of them," replied Thorne decisively, "your rangers have more *esprit de corps*, your neighbors are better disposed, your fires have a smaller percentage of acreage, your trails are better."

"Well!" demanded California John.

"Well," repeated Thorne, leaning forward. "Just this. What's the use of it all?"

"Use?" repeated California John vaguely.

"Yes. Of what you and all the rest of us are doing."

"To save the public's property."

"That's part of it; and that's the part you've been doing superlatively well. It's the old idea, that: the idea expressed by the old name—the forest *reserves*—to save, to set aside. It seemed the most important thing. The forests had so many eager enemies—unprincipled land-grabbers and lumbermen, sheep, fire. To beat these back required all our best efforts. It was all we could think of. We hadn't time to think of anything else. It was a full job."

"You bet it was," commented the old man grimly.

"Well, it's done. There will be attempts to go back to the old state of affairs, but they will grow feebler from year to year. Things will never slide back again."

"Think so?" doubted California John.

"I know it. Now comes the new idea. We no longer speak of forest reserves, but of national forests. We've saved them; now what are we going to do with them? What would you think of a man who cleared a 'forty,' and pulled all the stumps, and then quit work?"

"I never thought of that," said California John, "but what's that got to do with these confounded whelps—"

"We're going to use these forests for the benefit of the people. We're going to cut the ripe trees and sell them to the lumber manufacturer; we're going to develop the water-power; we're going to improve the grazing; we're going to study what we have here, so that by and by from our forests we will be getting the income the lumberman now gets, and will not be injuring the estate. Each forest is going to be a big and complicated business, like railroading or wholesaling. Anybody can run Martin's store down at the Flats. It takes a trained man to oversee even a proposition like the Star at Fresno."

"Oh, I see what you're drivin' at," said California John; "but I've made good up to now, and until they try me out they've no right to fire me. I'll defy 'em to find anythin' crooked!"

"John, you're as straight as a string. But they have tried you out. Your office work has been away off."

"Oh, that! What's those dinkey little reports and monkey-doodle business amount to, anyhow? You know perfectly well it's foolish to ask a ranger to fill out an eight-page blank every time he takes a ride. What does that amount to?"

"Not very much," confessed Thorne. "But when things begin to hum around here, there'll be a thousand times as much of the same sort of stuff, and it'll *all* be important."

"It's humiliating," insisted California John, "to do a job well and get fired."

"You'll still have just the job you have now—only you'll be called a head-ranger."

"My people won't see it that way."

Ashley Thorne hesitated.

"No, they won't," said he frankly at last. "I could argue on the other side; but they won't. They'll think you've dropped back a peg; and they'll say to each other—at least some of them will—'Old Davidson bit off more than he could chew; and it serves him right for being a fool anyway.' You've been content to play along misunderstood for nine years because you had faith. Has that faith deserted you?"

California John looked down and his erect shoulders shrunk forward a little."

"Old friend," said Thorne. "It's a sacrifice. Are you going to stay and help me?"

California John for a long time studied a crack in the floor. When he looked up his face was illuminated with his customary quizzical grin.

"I've sure got it on Ross Fletcher," he drawled. "I done *told* him I wasn't no supervisor, and he swore I was."

PART IV

I

WHEN next Bob was able to visit the upper camp he found Thorne fully established. He rode in from the direction of Granite creek and so through the pasture and by the back way. In the tiny potato and garden patch behind the house he came upon a woman wielding a hoe.

Her back was toward him, and a pink sunbonnet, freshly starched, concealed all her face. The long straight lines of her gown fell about a vigorous and supple figure that swayed with every stroke of the hoe. Bob stopped and watched her. There was something refreshing in the eagerness with which she attacked the weeds, as though it were less a drudgery than a live interest which it was well to meet joyously. After a moment she walked a few steps to another row of tiny beans. Her movements had the perfect grace of muscular control; one melted, flowed, into the other. Bob's eye of the athlete noted and appreciated this fact. He wondered to which of the mountain clans this girl belonged. Vigorous and breezy as were the maidens of the hills, able to care for themselves, like the paladins of old, afoot or ahorse, they lacked this grace of movement. He stepped forward.

"I beg pardon," said he.

The girl turned, resting the heel of her hoe on the earth, and both hands on the end of its handle. Bob saw a dark, oval countenance, with very red cheeks, very black eyes and hair, and an engaging flash of teeth. The eyes looked at him as frankly as a boy's, and the flash of teeth made him unaffectedly welcome.

"Is Mr. Thorne here?" asked Bob.

"Why, no," replied the girl; "but I'm Mr. Thorne's sister. Won't I do?"

She was leisurely laying aside her hoe and drawing the fringed buckskin gauntlets from her hands. Bob stepped gallantly forward to relieve her of the implement.

"Do?" he echoed. "Why, of course you'll do!"

She stopped and looked him full in the face, with an air of great amusement.

"Did you come to see Mr. Thorne on business?" she asked.

"No," replied Bob, "just ran over to see him."

She laughed quietly.

"Then I'm afraid I won't do," she said, "for I must cook dinner. You see," she explained, "I'm Mr. Thorne's clerk, and if it were business, I might attend to it."

Bob flushed to the ears. He was ordinarily a young man of sufficient self-possession, but this young woman's directness was disconcerting. She surveyed his embarrassment with approving eyes.

"You might finish those beans," said she, offering the hoe. "Of course you must stay to dinner and I must go light the fire."

Bob finished the beans, leaned the hoe up against the house and went around to the front. There he stopped in astonishment.

"Well, you have changed things!" he cried.

The stuffy little shed kitchen was no longer occupied. A floor had been laid between the bases of four huge trees and walls enclosing three sides to the height of about eight feet had been erected. The affair had no roof. Inside these three walls were the stove, the kitchen table, the shelves and utensils of cooking. Miss Thorne, her sunbonnet laid aside from her glossy black braids, moved swiftly and easily here and there in this charming stage-set of a kitchen. About ten feet in front of it, on the pine-needles, stood the dining table set with white.

The girl nodded brightly to Bob.

"Finished?" she inquired. She pointed to the water pail. "There's a useful task for willing hands."

Bob filled the pail and set it brimming on the section of cedar log which seemed to be its appointed resting place.

"Thank you," said the girl. Bob leaned against the tree and watched her as she moved here and there about the varied business of cooking. Every few moments she would stop and look upward through the cool shadows of the trees, like a bird drinking. At times she burst into snatches of song, so brief as to be unrecognizable.

She walked to the edge of the kitchen floor and looked up through the trees. "He ought to be along soon now. I hope so: my biscuits are just on the brown." She turned to Bob, her eyes dancing, "Now comes the exciting moment of the day, the great gamble! Will he come alone, or will he bring a half-dozen with him? I am always ready for the half-dozen, and as a consequence we live in a grand ingenious debauch of warmed-ups and next-days. You don't know what good practise it is; nor what fun! I've often thought I could teach those cooks of Marc Antony's something—you remember, don't you, they used to keep six dinners going all at different stages of preparation because they never knew at what hour his high and mightiness might choose to dine. Or perhaps you don't know? Football men don't have to study, do they?"

"What makes you think I'm a football man?" grinned Bob, "generally bovine expression?"

"Not know the great Bob Orde!" cried the girl. "Why not one of us but had your picture, generally in a nice gilt shrine, but *always* with violets before it."

But on this ground Bob was sure.

"You have been reading a ten-cent magazine," he admonished her gravely. "It is unwise to take your knowledge of the customs in girls' colleges from such sources."

From the depths of the forest eddied a cloud of dust. Miss Thorne appraised it carefully.

"Warmed-overs to-night," she pronounced. "There's no more than two of them."

The accuracy of her guess was almost immediately verified by the appearance of two riders. A moment later Thorne and California John dismounted at the hitching rail, some distance removed among the azaleas, and came up afoot. The younger man had dropped all his dry, official precision, his incisive abruptness, his reticence. Clad in the high laced cruisers, the khaki and gray flannel, the broad felt hat and gay neckerchief of the better class of out-of-door man, his face glowing with health and enthusiasm, he seemed a different individual.

"Hullo! hullo!" he cried out a joyous greeting as he drew nearer, "I couldn't bring you much company to-day, Amy. But I see you've found some. How are you, Orde; I'm glad to see you."

He and California John disappeared behind the shed, where the wash-basin was; while Amy, with deftness, rearranged the table to accord with the numbers who would sit down to it.

The meal in the open was most delightful; especially to Bob after his long course of lumber-camp provender. The deep shadows shifted slowly across the forest floor. Sparkles of sunlight from unexpected quarters touched gently in turn each of the diners, or glittered back from glass or linen.

"I am proud of my blue and white enamel-ware," Miss Thorne told Bob, "it's so much better than tin or this ugly gray. And that glass pitcher I got with coupons from the coffee packages."

"You didn't get these with coupons," said Bob, lifting one of the massive silver forks.

"No," she admitted. "That is my one foolishness. All the rest does not matter, but I can't get along without my silver."

"And a great nuisance it is to those who have to move as we move," put in Ashley Thorne.

The forest officers took up their broken conversation. Bob found himself a silent but willing listener. He heard discussion of policies, business dealings, plans that widened the horizon of what the forest had meant to him. In these discussions the girl took an active and intelligent part. Her opinion seemed to be accepted seriously by both the men, as one who had knowledge, and indeed her grasp of details seemed as comprehensive as that of the men themselves.

Finally Thorne pushed his chair back and began to fill his pipe.

"Anybody here to-day?" he asked.

The girl ran over rapidly a half-dozen names, sketching briefly the business they had brought. Then one after the other she told the answers she had made to them. This one had been given blanks, forms and instructions. That one had been told clearly that he was in the wrong and must amend his ways. The other had been advised but tentatively, and informed that he must see the supervisor personally. To each of these Thorne responded by a brief nod, puffing meanwhile on his pipe.

"All right?" she asked when she had finished.

"All right but one," said he, removing his pipe at last. "I don't think it will be advisable to let Francotti have what he wants."

"Pull the string then!" cried the girl gaily.

Thorne turned to California John in discussion of the Francotti affair.

"What do you mean by 'pull the string?' " Bob took the occasion to inquire.

"I settle a lot of these little matters that aren't worth bothering Ashley with," she explained, "but I tie a string to each of my decisions. I always make them 'subject to the supervisor's approval.' Then if I do wrong, all I have to do is to write the man and tell him the supervisor does not approve."

"I shouldn't think you'd like that," said Bob.

"Like what?"

"Why, it sort of puts you in a hole, doesn't it? Lays all the blame on you."

She laughed in frank amusement.

"What of it?" she challenged.

"What's your salary?" demanded Bob bluntly, nodding [illegible]

"What?" she [illegible]led.

"Didn't you say you were the clerk?"

"Oh, I see. I just help Ashley out. He could *never* get through the field work and the office work both."

"Doesn't the service allow him a clerk?"

"Not yet; but it will in time."

"What is Mr. Thorne's salary?"

"Well, really—"

"Oh, I beg pardon," cried Bob flushing. "I just meant supervisors' salaries, of course. I wasn't prying, really. It's all a matter of public record, isn't it?"

"Of course," the girl checked herself. "Well, it's eighteen hundred—and something for expenses."

"Eighteen hundred!" cried Bob. "Do you mean to say that the *two* of you give all your time for that! Why, we pay a good woods foreman pretty near that!"

"And that's all you do pay him," said the girl quietly. "Money wage isn't the whole pay for any job that is worth doing."

"Don't understand," said Bob briefly.

"We belong to the service," she stated with a little movement of pride, "those tasks in life which give a high moneyed wage generally give only that. Part of our compensation is that we belong to the service: we are doing something for the whole people, not just for ourselves." She caught Bob's half smile, more at her earnestness than at her sentiment, and took fire. "You needn't laugh!" she cried, "it's small now, but that's because it's the beginning, because we have the privilege of being the forerunners, the pioneers!

The sun was slanting low through the tall straight trunks of the trees. Amy Thorne arose, gathered a handful of kindling, and began to rattle the stove.

"I am contemplating a real pudding," she said, over her shoulder.

Bob arose reluctantly.

"I must be getting on," said he.

They said farewell. At the hitching rail Thorne joined him.

"I'm afraid I'm not very hospitable," said the supervisor, "but that mustn't discourage you from coming often. We'll be better organized in time."

"It's mighty pleasant over here; I've enjoyed myself," said Bob, mounting.

Thorne laid his hand on the young man's knee.

"I wish we could induce you old-timers to come to our way of thinking," said he pleasantly.

"How's that?" asked Bob.

"Your slash is in horrible shape."

"Our slash!" repeated Bob in a surprised tone. "How?"

"It's a regular fire trap, the way you leave it tangled up. It wouldn't cost you much to pile the tops and leave the ground in good shape."

"Why it's just like any other slash!" protested Bob. "We're logging just as everybody always logs!"

"That's just what I object to. And when you fall a tree or pull a log to the skids, I do wish we could induce you to pay a little attention to the young growth. It's a little more trouble sometimes to go around instead of through, but it's worth it to the forest."

Bob's brows were bent on the supervisor in puzzled surprise. Thorne laughed and slapped the young man's horse on the flanks to start him.

"You think it over!" he called.

A half-hour's ride took Bob to the clearing where the logging crews had worked the year before. Here, although the hour was now late, he reined in his horse and looked. It was the first time he had ever really done so. Heretofore a slashing had been as much a part of the ordinary woodland landscape as the forest itself.

He saw then the abatis of splintered old trunks, of lopped limbs and entangled branches, piled up like jackstraws to the height of even eight feet: the unsightly mat of sodden pine-needles and cedar fans; the hundreds of young saplings bent double or twisted out of all chance of becoming straight trees in their age; the long, deep, ruthless furrows where the logs had been dragged through everything that could stand in their way; the few trees left standing, weak specimens, further scarred where the cruel steel cables had rasped or bitten them. He knew by experience the difficulty of making a way, even afoot, through this tangle. Now, under the influence of Thorne's suggestion, he saw them as great piles of so much fuel, laid as though by purpose for the time when the evil genius of the forest should desire to warm itself.

II

BOB was finally late for supper, which he ate hastily and without much appetite. After finishing the meal, he hunted up Welton. He found the lumberman tilted back in a wooden arm-chair, his feet comfortably elevated to the low rail about the stove, his pipe in mouth, his coat off and his waistcoat unbuttoned. At the sight of his homely, jolly countenance Bob experienced a pleasant sensation of slipping back from an environment slightly off-focus to the normal, accustomed and real. Nevertheless, at the first opportunity, he tested his new doubts by Welton's common sense.

"I rode through our slash on Eighteen," he remarked. "That's an awful mess."

"Slashes are," replied Welton succinctly.

"If the thing gets afire it will make a hot blaze."

"Sure thing," agreed Welton. "But we've never had one go yet—at least while we were working. There's men enough to corral anything like that."

"But we've always worked in a wet country," Bob pointed out. "Here it's dry from April till October."

"Have to take chances, then; and jump on a fire quick if it starts," said Welton philosophically.

"These forest men advise certain methods of obviating the danger," Bob suggested.

"Pure theory," returned Welton. "The theory's a good one too," he added. "That's where these college men are strong—only it isn't practical. They mean well enough, but they haven't the knowledge. When you look at anything broad enough, it looks easy. That's what busts so many people in the lumber business." He rolled out one of his jolly chuckles, "Lumber barons!" he chortled. "Oh, it's easy enough! Any mossback can make money lumbering! Here's your stumpage at a dollar a thousand, and there's your lumber at twenty! Simplest thing in the world. Just the same there are more failures in the lumber business than in any other I know anything about. Why is it?"

"Economic waste," put in Merker, who was leaning across the counter.

"Lack of experience," said Bob.

"A little of both," admitted Welton, "but it's more because the business is made up of ten thousand little businesses. You have to conduct a cruising business, and a full-fledged real estate and mortgage business; you have to build houses and factories, make roads, build railroads; you have to do a livery trade and be on the market for a thousand little things. Between the one dollar you pay for stumpage and the twenty

dollars you get for lumber lies all these things. Along comes your hardware man and says, here, why don't you put in my new kind of spark arrester, think how little it costs, what's fifty dollars to a half-million dollar business? The spark arrester's a good thing all right, so you put it in. And then there's maybe a chance to use a little paint and make the shanties look like something besides shanties; that don't cost much either to a half-million dollar business. And so on through a thousand things. And by and by it's costing twenty dollars and one cent to get your lumber to market; and it's B-U-S-T, bust!"

"That's economic waste," put in Merker.

"Or lack of experience," added Bob.

"No," said Welton, emphasizing his point with his pipe. "*It's not sticking to business!* It's not stripping her down to the bare necessities! It's going in for frills! When you get to be as old as I am, you learn not to monkey with the band wagon."

His round, red face relaxed into one of his good-humored grins, and he relit his pipe.

"If you were running a business, would you feel like stopping work and sending your men—whom you are feeding and paying—back there to pile up that old truck?"

Bob's mind, trained to the eager hurry of the logging season, recoiled from this idea in dismay.

"I should say not!" he cried. Then as a second thought he added, "But what they want is to pile the tops while the work is going on."

"It takes just so much time to do so much work," stated Welton succinctly; "and it don't matter whether you do it all at once, or try to fool yourself by spraddling it out."

He pulled strongly at his pipe.

"Forest reserves are all right enough," he acknowledged, "and maybe some day their theories will work out. But not now: not while taxes go on!"

III

ONE day, not over a week later, Bob, working in the woods, noticed California J[illegible] picking his way through the new [illegible]. This was a difficult matter, and the debris of [illegible]penings for the [illegible]ld man made it, however, and finally emerged on solid ground much in the fashion of one climbing a bank after an uncertain ford. He caught sight of Bob.

"You fellows can change the face of the country beyant all belief," announced the old man, pushing back his hat. "You're worse than snow, that way. I ought to know this country pretty well, but when I get down into one of your pesky slashings, I'm lost for a way out!"

Bob laughed, and exchanged a few commonplace remarks.

"If you can get off, you better come over our way," said California John, as he gathered up his reins. "We're holding ranger examinations—something new. You got to tell what you know these days before you can work for Uncle Sam."

"What do you have to know?" asked Bob.

"Come over and find out."

Bob reflected.

"I believe I will," he decided. "There's nothing to keep me here."

Accordingly early next morning he rode over to the Upper Camp. Outside, near the creek, he came upon the deserted evidences of a gathering of men. Bed rolls lay scattered under the trees, saddles had been thrown over fallen trunks, bags of provisions hung from saplings, cooking utensils flanked the smoldering remains of a fire which was, however, surrounded by a scraped circle of earth after the careful fashion of the mountains. Bob's eye, by now practised in the refinements of such matters, ran over the various accouterments thus spread abroad. He estimated the number of their owners at about a score.

Bob rode on through the gate to headquarters. This he found deserted, except for Amy Thorne. She was engaged in wiping the breakfast dishes, and she excitedly waved a towel at the young man as he rode up.

"A Godsend!" she cried. "I'm just dancing with impatience! They've been gone five minutes! Come help me finish!"

Bob fastened his horse, rolled back his sleeves and took hold with a will.

"Where's your examining board, and your candidates?" he inquired. "I thought I was going to see an examination."

"Up the Meadow trail," panted the girl. "Don't stop to talk. Hurry!"

They hurried, to such good purpose that shortly they were clambering, rather

breathless, up the steeps of the Meadow trail. This led to a flat upper shelf or bench in which, as the name implied, was situate a small meadow. At the upper end were grouped twenty-five men, closely gathered about some object.

Amy and Bob plunged into the dew-heavy grasses. The men proved to be watching Thorne, who was engaged in tacking a small target on the stub of a dead sugar-pine. This accomplished, he led the way back some seventy-five or eighty paces.

"Three shots each," said he, consulting his notebook. "Offhand. Hicks!"

The man so named stepped forward to the designated mark, sighted his piece carefully, and fired.

"Do I get each shot called?" he inquired; but Thorne shook his head.

"You ought to know where your guns shoot," said he.

After the third shot the whole group went forward to examine the target. Thorne marked the results in his notebook and called upon the next contestant.

While the shooting went on, Bob had leisure to examine the men. They numbered, as he had guessed, about twenty. Three were plainly from the towns, for they wore thin shoes, white shirts, and clothes of a sort ill-adapted to out-of-door work in the mountains. Two others, while more appropriately dressed in khakis and high boots, were as evidently foreign to the hills. Bob guessed them recent college graduates, perhaps even of some one of the forestry schools. In this he was correct. The rest were professional out-of-door men. Bob recognized two of his own woods-crew—good men they were too. He nodded to them. A half-dozen lithe, slender youths, handsome and browned, drew apart by themselves. He remembered having noticed one of them as a particularly daring rider after Pollock's cattle the fall before: and guessed his companions to be of the same breed. Among the remainder two picturesque, lean, slow and quizzical prospectors attracted his particular attention.

The two notable exceptions referred to were strangely contrasted. The elder was one of the prospectors. He was armed with an ancient 45-70 Winchester, worn smooth and shiny by long carrying in a saddle holster. This arm was fitted with buckhorn sights of the old mountain type. When it exploded, its black powder blew forth a stirring detonation and volume of smoke. Nevertheless, of the three bullets, two were within the tiny black Thorne had seen fit to mark as bull's-eye, and the other clipped close to its edge. A murmur of admiration went up from the bystanders. Even eliminating the unaccountable nervousness that had thrown so many shots wild, it seemed improbable that any of the other contestants felt themselves qualified to equal this score.

"Good shooting," whispered Bob to Amy; "I doubt if I could make out that bull's-eye through sights!"

The other exception, whose turn came somewhat later, was one of the easterners mentioned as a graduate of the forestry school. This young man, not over twenty-two years of age, was an attractive youngster, with refined features and engaging dark-blue eyes. His arm was the then latest model, a 33-caliber high power, fitted with aperture sights. This he manipulated with great care, adjusting it again and again, and fired with such deliberation that some of the spectators moved impatiently. Nevertheless, the target, on examination, showed that he had duplicated the prospector's score. To be sure the worst shot had not cut quite as close to the bull as had that of the older man, but on the other hand those in the black were slightly nearer the center. It was generally adjudged a good tie.

"Well, youngster!" cried the prospector heartily. "We're the cocks of the walk! If you can handle the other weep'n as well, I'll give you my hand for a good shot."

The young man smiled shyly, but said nothing.

The distance was now shortened to something under twenty paces, and a new target substituted for the old. The black in this was fully six inches in diameter.

"Five shots with six-shooter," announced Thorne briefly.

"A man should hit a dollar twice in five at that distance," muttered the prospector. Thorne caught the remark.

"You hit that five out of five and I'll forgive you," said he curtly. "Hicks, you begin."

The contest went forward with varying success. Not over half the men were practised with the smaller arm. Some very wild work was done. On the other hand eight or ten performed very creditably, placing their bullets in or near t

Indeed two succeeded in hitting the bull's-eye four times out of five. Every man took the utmost pains with every shot.

"Now Ware," said Thorne at last, "Step up. You've got to make good that five out of five to win."

The prospector stood forward, at the same time producing from an open holster, blackened by time, one of the long barreled single action Colt's 45s, so universally in use on the frontier. He glanced carelessly toward the mark, grinned back at the crowd, turned, and instantly began firing. He shot the five shots without appreciable sighting before each, as fast as his thumb could pull back the long-shanked hammer. The muzzle of the weapon rose and fell with a regularity positively mechanical, and the five shots had been delivered in half that number of seconds.

"There's your five," said he, carelessly dropping his gun back into its holster.

The five bullets were found to be scattered within the six-inch black.

The concourse withdrew to give space for the next contestant. Silence fell as the man was taking his aim. Amy touched Bob's arm. He looked down. Her eyes were shining and her cheeks red with excitement.

"Doesn't it remind you of anything?" she whispered eagerly.

"What?" he asked, not guessing her meaning.

"This: all of it!" she waved her hand abroad at the fair oval meadow with its fringe of tall trees and the blue sky above it; at the close-gathered knot of spectators and the single contestant advanced before them. He shook his head. "Wait," she breathed, laying her finger across her lips.

The contest wore along until it again came the turn of the younger man. He stepped to the front, unbuckled a covered holster of the sort never carried in the West, and produced one of those beautifully balanced, beautifully finished revolvers known as the Officer's Model. Taking the firm yet easy position of the practised target shot, he sighted with great deliberation, firing only when he considered his aim assured. Indeed once he lowered his weapon until a puff of wind had passed. The five shots were found to be not only within the black, but grouped inside a three-inch diameter.

"'*A Hubert*! *a Hubert*!'" breathed the in Bob's ear. "*In the clout*!"

"I thought his name was Elliott," said Bob. "Is it Hubert?"

The girl eyed him reproachfully, but said nothing.

"You're a *good* shot, youngster!" cried Ware in the heartiest congratulation, "but if Mr. Thorne don't mind, I'd like to shoot off this tie. Down in our country we don't shoot quite that way, or at that kind of a mark. Will you take a try my way?"

Amy again leaned toward Bob, her face aflame.

"'*And now*,'" she shot at him, "'*I will crave your Grace's permission to plant such a mark as is used in the north country; and welcome every brave yeoman who shall try a shot at it . . .*' don't dare tell me you don't remember!"

"'*A man can but do his best*,'" Bob took up the tale. "Of course I remember: you're right."

"All right," Thorne was agreeing, "but make it short. We've got a lot to do."

Ware selected another target—one intended for the six-shooters—that had not been used. This he tacked up in place of the one already disfigured by many shots. Then he paced off twelve yards.

"That looks easier than the other," Thorne commented.

"Mebbe," agreed Ware, noncommittally. "But you may change your mind. As for that sort of monkey-work," he indicated the discarded target, "down our way we'd as soon shoot at a barn."

The girl softly clapped her hands.

"'*For his own part*,'" she quoted in a breath, and so rapidly that the words fairly tumbled over one another, "'*in the land where he was bred men would as soon take for their mark King Arthur's round table, which held sixty knights around it. A child of seven might hit yonder target with a headless shaft.*' Oh, this is perfect!"

"Now," said Ware to young Elliott, "if you'll hit that mark in my fashion of shooting, you're all right."

Bob turned to the girl, his eyes dancing with delight.

"'*—He that hits yon mark at I-forget-how-many-yards*'" he declaimed, "'*I will call him an archer fit to bear bow before a king*'—or something to that effect; I'm afraid I'm not letter-perfect."

He laughed amusedly, and the girl laughed with him. "Just the same, I'm glad you remember," she told him.

Ware had by now taken his place at the new mark he had established.

"Fifteen shots," he announced. At the word his hand dropped to the butt of his gun, his right shoulder hunched forward, and with one lightning smooth motion the weapon glided from the holster. Hardly had it left the leather when it was exploded. The hammer had been cocked during the upward flip of the muzzle. The first discharge was followed immediately by the five others in a succession so rapid that Bob believed the man had substituted a self-cocking arm until he caught the rapid play of the marksman's thumb. The weapon was at no time raised above the level of the man's waist.

"Hold on!" commanded Ware, as the bystanders started forward to examine the result of the shots. "Let's finish the string first."

He had been deliberately pushing out the exploded cartridges one by one. Now he as deliberately reloaded. Taking a position somewhat to the left of the target he folded his arms so that the revolver lay across his breast with its muzzle resting over his left elbow. Then he strode rapidly but evenly across the face of the target, discharging the five bullets as he walked.

Again he reloaded. This time he stood with the revolver hanging in his right hand gazing intently for some moments at the target, measuring carefully with his eye its direction and height. He turned his back; and, flipping his gun over his left shoulder, fired without looking back

"The first ten ought to be in the black," announced Ware. "The last five ough to be somewheres on the paper. A fellow can't expect more than to generally wing a man over his shoulder."

But on examination the black proved to hold but eight bullet holes. The other seven, however, all showed on the paper.

"Comes of not wiping out the dirt once in a while when you're shooting black powder," said Ware philosophically.

The crowd gazed upon him with admiration.

"That's a remarkable group of shots to be literally *thrown* out at that speed," muttered Thorne to Bob. "Why, you could cover them with your hat! Well young man," he addressed Elliott, "step up!"

But Elliott shook his head.

"Couldn't touch that with a ten-foot pole," said he pleasantly. "Mr. Ware has given me a new idea of what can be done with a revolver. His work is especially good with that heavily charged arm. I wish he would give us a little exhibition of how close he can shoot with my gun. It's supposed to be a more accurate weapon."

"No, thank you," spoke up Ware. "I couldn't hit a flock of feather pillers with your gun. You see, I shoot by *throw*, and I'm used to the balance of my gun."

Thorne finished making some notes.

"All right, boys," he said, snapping shut his book. "We'll go down to headquarters next."

[TO BE CONTINUED]

Antigone Under the Californian Sky

Margaret Anglin's Impressive Portrayal of the Classic Heroine in the Greek Theater at Berkeley

By RALPH E. RENAUD

Dramatic Editor of the *San Francisco Chronicle*

PROBABLY religious worship and the adoration of beauty are the only emotions which can thrill vast crowds into solemn silence. Certainly these two emotions explain the attic quiet which must have greeted ***Antigone*** when Sophocles, in the full maturity of his power, offered his tragedy to its first devout critics gathered multitudinously into the huge bowl of the Theater of Dionysius. And both, I am tempted to say, exercised a not inconsiderable control upon the eight thousand sons and daughters of a utilitarian age and a less pervasive religion who assembled in the Greek theater at Berkeley, California, to watch the same immortal masterpiece on the last evening of June, A. D. 1910—almost a quarter century of centuries later. For no sooner had Margaret Anglin uttered the first word —that long drawn out "Ismene!" which was half a sibilant whisper of warning and half a melancholy call, as she contrived to make it —than a taut and tangible silence fell upon the listeners. Except for sharp intervals of excited applause, this continued as the woes of the House of Labdacus assumed monumental magnitude, only to disintegrate into overwhelming catastrophe.

Perhaps the strongest impression anyone carried away was that of austere beauty. Looking back upon the performance, one sees many things more clearly in retrospect, but not the loveliness of the scene. The glowing panorama on the stage and the dim yet classic outlines of the frame in which it was mounted crave the open eye and heart of the moment and can hardly be revivified in print. The day faded very softly that evening and left the sky of a peculiar deep luminous purple in which the stars seemed to burn rather than gleam. The crowd, which was seated early, soon melted into a dark mass, individualized only by the crimson point of a cigar here and there, or the vague and wavering white patch of a woman's wrap or hat. The screens of cypress arranged at either end of the stage in order to focus the action, and immediately below the stage in the diazoma to conceal the orchestra, showed somberly against the ample facade of the theater which rose stately and severe to the topping eucalyptus trees—black silhouettes which scarcely quivered in the suave night air.

Except for the mystic altar flame lighted by a boy who advanced slowly through the swinging bronze doors of the main entrance, one might have supposed from the opening scene between Antigone and Ismene that the performance was to be a bleak and gray one. Miss Anglin's trailing robe was of deepest gray while the veil which enveloped it was of

Antigone defies Creon, the King of Thebes

uncompromising black. As she crept out the doors which closed upon Creon's palace and glided silently with raised arm along the wall, she moved like an unhappy shade from the underworld. When Miss Ruth Jordan entered, Ismene's white garments appeared also of a lighter gray in the faint silver light which flooded the stage. It was in this mysteriously impressive atmosphere that the two sisters, the one exalted and strong in her tragic resolve to honor her dead brother with the burial rites decreed by the gods yet forbidden by the bitter Creon, the other "too weak to war against the State," debated Antigone's pious yet fatal plot.

Yet when Eugene Ormonde, as Creon, strode upon the stage with the chorus of Theban elders there came a sudden and somewhat startling change. It was to sing the opening ode to Helios that the chorus assembled and the calciums immediately flashed an effect of full sunlight upon a very dazzlement of color. Brilliant blues, reds, Tyrian purples and rich saffrons intermingled boldly, though gratefully subdued by quieter hues. For points of emphasis, like the dashing brush strokes of an exuberant artist, sparkled the scarlet crest, golden greaves or shimmering shield of an armored guard. Thenceforth the action presented a splendid pattern of changing color which formed an opulent setting for the relentless and overmastering progress of the play.

Some hints of these effects I had received at the interesting dress rehearsal of *Antigone* on the previous Sunday night, but in a chaotic fashion that is queer to remember. There was a complete contrast of modern nervous bustle and ancient serene restraint. It was most curious to catch the gleam upon the spectacles of the forlorn Theban elders waiting in little shivering groups for their cue or to watch Creon, his carmine robes trailing beneath an up-to-date overcoat as he puffed a cigar and walked briskly up and down to soothe the shrewd bite of the night breeze. Occasionally the ordered movement on the stage would suddenly cease, everyone would begin to chatter and scurry about until a battery of newspaper cameras had brought them into quiet again. There would be a blinding flash-light, a huge puff of white smoke sailing heavenward like a balloon and then commotion again until the next picture.

Margaret Gordon as the Queen

Until she had to go upon the stage, Miss Anglin, oblivious of her lightly-sandaled feet and bare ankles, sat back on the first stone tier and called out staccato suggestions and directions to the performers. "That altar's too high; it cuts off the entrances! Have it made lower!" "Raymond, child (to little Raymond Hackett), you mustn't let them put so much paint on your face!" "Ruth, you must get a belt. That dress falls too straight." "Tell those guards their armor's too bright." "We'll have to have another spot. What! Can't get it! Well, you must get it!" Indeed, one who has not seen the mechanism of production in actual operation can have no conception of the infinite labor involved. Of course Miss Anglin had capable friends to help her—Professor George Riddle, Professor William Dallam Armes, Percy MacKaye, the poet-dramatist, Alice Kauser, the play broker, James O'Donnell Benett, critic of the Chicago *Record Herald*, and others—but considering the fact that she was simultaneously rehearsing another play and actively playing still a third, it is wonderful that she could appear at all.

Naturally most of the defects which loomed so large at rehearsal either disappeared or diminished at the performance itself. The music was a disappointment. Complicated modern orchestration, even with Mendelssohn's supposedly classic treatment, is ill-suited to interpret the sublime simplicity of Greek tragedy, and the volume of the instruments was such that scarcely a word of the beautiful choric odes could be distinguished. An accompaniment of pipes and a couple of little drums, in the Greek manner, allowing the chorus to intone their verses, would have been better. The orchestral interludes were a distraction or, at the best, merely served the function of the ordinary ent'r-acte music in the commercial playhouse.

Some of the roles could doubtless have been more convincingly portrayed and the reading of Plumptre's blank verse was

Only the great actresses (and they are so pitifully rare!) can deliver themselves of such potently magnetic effects.

Indeed the whole production was not merely successful but memorably inspiring. Such performances are usually either pedantic and archaeological, or amateurish, as was the almost forgotten attempt of a band of Stanford students and professors some seven or eight years ago on the same stage. But the Anglin presentation, correct, to be sure, but unclogged by scholastic conventions and unhampered by Greek dramatic ritual that would be meaningless to moderns, gave the great and deathless story with notable intelligence, almost perfect art and concentrated power. It was strange to see a great concourse of moderns, eager and attentive yet mentally restive under a method that was alien to them, gradually drawn into the vortex of interest that circled with ever swifter inevitability to engulf just and unjust alike into the maw of fate.

The mask, the cothurnus, the padding of the ancient stage were properly discarded for the flexibility of the modern manner. The performance so took on the verisimilitude which the imagination of Sophocles must have projected. The spirit of it was Greek to the core and consequently universal. If that last appeal of Antigone uttered by Miss Anglin:

"Behold me, O ye senators of Thebes,
The last, lone scion of a kingly race,
What things I suffer and from whence they
come,
Revering still the laws of reverence."

has come to us as a poignant echo from a past of two thousand four hundred years; it will roll onward into an unknown future as far ahead. We who heard it are fortunate to have been in tune with eternity.

Noon on the Desert

By LENITA STONE

Locked in a fierce embrace lies sand and sky—
A broad expanse of gleaming, molten gold,
And brilliant blue of the clear desert sky.
Hushed is the sultry air from every sound,
Except the wheeling hoarse-voiced vulture's cry.
Above an insect-line, a caravan,
That creeps betwixt the desert and the sun.
It is the silent hour, the hour of noon,
When long, fierce day yields up her golden fruit,
Bears to the burning world that perfect hour,
Fraught with enchantment, and hqt ecstasy—
The noon-tide joy of sun and sand and sky.

The Malcontent

By Wm. Hamilton Osborne

Author of The Red Mouse

THERE was a stealthy movement at one end of the little room. The French windows of his California bungalow, half-screened by palms without and within, were being cautiously, silently thrust open by some unheard, unseen force. Somewhere in the house a clock struck twelve, and, under cover of its incisive tones, the windows opened wide, and an interloper entered and stood for one instant behind the palms.

He was alone. In his hand he held a thing of bulky blackness, and from this thing there trailed a tube—the whole constituted a device ready for action at an instant's notice.

The room that he was entering was not a drawing-room—not a boudoir. It was filled with potted palms and plants. The room itself was small and was chiefly built of and enclosed with large panes of glass. In other days it might have been designated by the term, conservatory. But the owner of this little room that jutted out from a handsome little house, called it a sun parlor. It was, in fact, something more than that, for it was a living-room. The master of the house used it as such. His spare time was spent in that enclosure of plate-glass. Even now, while the intruder poised the sinister black machine in his hand—even at that time th- - ~(the house sat idly at a table, peace with all the world.

alone. The mistress of the house sat across the table, snugly and gracefully fitted into an armchair, reading a book of the day. They were the Trevors, these two—young people, pleasant people, and Trevor, at least, had the appearance of one without an enemy in the world.

The intruder, with his implement still poised in his hand, noted all this. He made no further attempt to advance. He seemed to be waiting all this while, for some opportunity—for the psychological moment to arrive. Behind him were the open windows affording instant escape.

Trevor turned to his wife. A happy, even more complacent expression crossed his features as he looked at her—and yet it was an expectant glance, as though he waited a bit impatiently for her to turn to him. At this juncture the wiry individual behind the palms watched the two as a cat watches a mouse.

"Madeline," suddenly whispered Trevor to his wife.

Click. In that instant the intruder had done his deadly work. In that instant also, he attempted to escape, but they caught him in the act. Trevor leaped from his chair and bounded across the room, caught the intruder by the coat-tails and dragged him back, just as he was leaping from the low balcony.

"If it isn't Jimmy Lorraine from next door," he cried jocosely, "trying the second story act on us."

Jimmy Lorraine, who was a grave sort of personage with a slight scowl, shook his head. "This is the first story," he returned

"Doin' the burglar act, then," persisted Trevor.

But the exact Lorraine still shook his head. "Burglary is a night offense," he objected, bathing himself in the strong light of the sun, "and now, it happens to be just noon." He held his camera aloft—for Jimmy Lorraine was a man with one kind of reputation that he guarded carefully—he was the best amateur photographer in town.

"I got what I was after," he went on, "at any rate."

"What were you after?" queried Madeline Trevor, interestedly.

Lorraine's eyes glowed with the fervor of art. "I wanted a picture of absolute content," he said, tapping his camera, and then thoughtfully winding it up, a process that so far he had neglected—"and I got it," he mused, "a picture of absolute content."

When he was gone, Madeline turned to her husband. "Absolute content," she repeated icily, "funny he should choose *us* as models of content."

Trevor was startled. He stopped with a lighted match halfway to his cigar, and stared at her, holding the match in midair until it burned his fingers.

"Why," he faltered, "aren't we models of content?" he asked, "I thought we were."

She laughed. "Content," she kept repeating, "ridiculous. How can we be content? Are you content?"

Some strange sense of immediate joy thrilled him as he looked at her, and he held out his arms to her, without answering in words. But she eluded him. She had become, on the instant, adamant.

"Answer me," she exclaimed, mentally stamping her foot, "are you content?"

Trevor's memory traveled back over vistas of hard struggle—small pay—long hours—even hunger. Slowly he called to mind each successive rise—the climb to the top of the hill. So far as he was concerned, he had reached the goal.

"Answer me," persisted Madeline Trevor.

He passed his hand over his face. "I—I don't know what you mean," he faltered.

"I thought you didn't," she responded, "and I'm glad Jimmy Lorraine took his picture and told us about it—it brings up something that I wanted to say—and—," tears seemed struggling to the fore, but she repressed them— "something that I hardly dared to say. Tell me just one thing Murray—have you got the face to tell *me* that you're content?"

Murray Trevor smiled. "I've got the face to tell it to anyone," he answered. "All my life up to this I've been looking for happiness. I've got it now and I'm going to hold fast to it. I am content."

"Regardless," said the lady, "of the condition of anybody else. Myself, for instance."

He paled slightly at that. "You don't mean to say," he ventured, "that you're tired — of me?"

"Don't be a fool, Murray," she exclaimed. "Of course it isn't that. It's simply this: Don't think that I complain. I don't," notwithstanding which, every atom of her was shrieking its wrongs at the top of its voice. "I'm perfectly willing to go along all the rest of our lives without complaining. But I'm not content and I'm not happy and there's no use saying that I am. How can I be with all your friends and my friends forging on ahead of us. We simply don't occupy the position that we ought to fill."

"Money, you mean?" he asked.

"Ambition, rather—or lack of ambition," she returned. "A man of your ability—think what you might be—what you might do."

He sank into a chair, lit his cigar this time, and placed both hands upon his knees. "You are certainly taking the conceit out of me by the handful, Mad," he said. "Here I thought all this while that I was a little tin god on wheels. We own this dandy little house and it's half paid for—fine as silk, all improvements. We've never had to struggle since we've married. My net income from my business—my own business, too, not somebody else's—keeps on at four thousand a year—we're comfortable, have lots to eat, we go to San Francisco to supper, theater, take our little trips East and around here and there, and have bully times together—and besides we've got lots of friends and they stick to us—too much, perhaps, sometimes."

She sniffed. "Our friends don't come here, Murray," she reminded him, "to enjoy our society—they come to show us

what they've got and to see what we haven't got."

Murray laughed and tapped his knee. "By George, Mad," he conceded, "you're slick. I never would have thought of that. But that's where we've got it over them, it seems to me. *We* don't care."

"*You* don't care, you mean," she said. All this was done very prettily and very gently—but the sting was there, and Murray felt its poison. He took the offensive.

"Mad," he said, rising and pacing the floor, "just tell me just what you want. Just what you think we ought to be. Come, out with it, the whole story. Don't abate a jot."

It was what she wanted him to say, and she plunged full tilt into her secret longings and laid them bare. "Murray," she told him, "you don't know how much I think of your ability. You're clever and I know it. I've heard lots of people say so, and one person in particular—"

"Who?"

"MacFarlane," she responded. "Stephen MacFarlane. *He* knows what's in you and he tells everybody, too."

Trevor drew a weary hand across his brow. "He ought to know," he sighed. "I was his right-hand man for many a long year—and the years were mighty long those days. All right, go on."

"No," she said, "we stop right here, with MacFarlane. There's an example right before your eyes—a big, successful man, with not half your cleverness. Look at his wife—look at the way they live. See what they do, what a stir they make—what strings they pull—"

"Why," protested Trevor, "he's nothing but a big, rough Scotch ironmonger—that's all he is."

"And you are nothing but a gentlemanly ironmonger," said his wife, "an American ironmonger. Same line of business, but way down the line. You said a moment ago that your net income was four thousand a year. Why, it seems to me that every man should make ten. I don't see why *you* can't be another MacFarlane. You can try at least."

Trevor furrowed his brow. "Why, Mad," he cried, "look here. MacFarlane began at the bottom of the ladder. He s MacFarlane had a hard row to years. They — they lived in a for some years. Young Steve, th —was born down underground. You wouldn't think it now to look at him."

Madeline's vision traveled out across the future. "Ah, old Mr. MacFarlane is a man of grit, of ambition," she sighed. "I've heard him say that his motto was 'Ride through.' Well, he's ridden through."

"What do you think he's worth?" asked Trevor.

"A million dollars," she returned.

He shook his head. "He'll foot up about a quarter of a million—not so much on paper, but a whole lot to own. Why, the income on a quarter of a million is ten thousand dollars or more. Think of it."

"You're crazy," she replied, "it must be more than that."

He smiled. "My little income of four thousand is the income on eighty thousand, Mad. If you were a widow and had eighty thousand dollars, you'd think you were rich. But your lawyer wouldn't hand you more than four thousand a year to live on—not if he was wise. But—don't misunderstand me—MacFarlane makes more out of his money and his brains than a mere five per cent. He runs up to fifty thousand a year—he did last year at any rate. That's going some."

Madeline's eyes glowed now. "That's what I would have *you* do," she said. "I want you to do it. I want to see you forge ahead. Ride through."

Again he drew his hand across his forehead. His ideas needed readjustment. Theretofore he had been standing on an apex looking down. Now, new and rugged heights appeared before him.

"You want me to follow in Steve MacFarlane's footsteps," he said slowly, deliberately.

"Yes," she whispered.

"And you — so that you may follow in Mrs. MacFarlane's footsteps — am I right?"

Her eyes said, Yes, but she smiled gently. "So that we, both of us, can be somebody," she compromised.

He held his head between his hands for a moment, thinking deeply. When he looked at her again, his face was flushed as though with too great rapidity of thought. A new, strange light was in his eyes.

"I want to do anything you want me to Mad," he said. "I have tried to map hings so that both of us could be happy mfortable. But — I am willing to —

try again. I want to please you. I don't see why I can't do what you want me to do—follow MacFarlane. I was in the architectural iron business with him for many a year—I said so. And most of the methods he's using were my methods—I installed them there. Those methods have been successful with him. But MacFarlane had another trait that I'm afraid I haven't got—"

"What trait is that?" she asked.

"It's a trait that most rich men have," said Trevor, "and most rich men put it into practice until they're rich—it's the trait that makes them rich—"

"*What* is it?" she repeated, with impatience.

He looked her full in the face now—for he saw his way clearly, up the rugged path before him. "They sacrifice everything and everybody to their business. Business comes first, first all the time," he said.

"Of course," she answered lightly.

Trevor's eyes brightened. He caught her suddenly by the hand. "Look here," he exclaimed, almost with ecstasy in his voice, "I see a good beginning—the thin edge of the wedge, right now. Of course the whole thing will take time—ten years. But now, there's a beginning point—the Alderdice contract. MacFarlane gets it every year. I can get it this year, Mad, I'm sure of it. It's a good beginning."

"Yes," she said.

He shook his head. "Only," he added, "I'll need a thousand dollars more."

She nodded. "You have it in the bank," she said.

"Oh," he returned, "I have twenty-five hundred in the bank. It will take all that. I can borrow six thousand on the side. But — I've figured on that contract so many, many times. I need ten thousand dollars, or nearly that, to swing it, Mad. . . . . That means I've got to get a thousand more out of what we've got. We've got to save it in a year . . . out of our comforts, luxuries, such as we have. It's too late to swing Alderdice this year, I'm afraid. We'll have to wait a year. Do you think we can pluck a thousand up by the roots, somehow?"

"I'm sure we can," she said.

"All right, it's a go," he said eagerly. "I'll cut all my expenses down to rock bottom—I'll give up cigars—I won't buy suits of clothes—I'll cut out everything. You'll do the same?"

"Yes," she answered, "anything to make it go."

"The business — first," he added.

"Business first," repeated she.

During the ensuing six months it was their slogan—night after night as they sat about the little table in the sun-parlor, Madeline kept Trevor to his purpose, stimulated his ambition, drew for him glowing pictures of the future. She had heard of wives, she had read of wives who had made successes of their husbands. She knew at least one such—Stephen MacFarlane's wife. And she bent her every energy to making Murray Trevor a success.

She made herself doubly charming to him—looked her best—kept his wits sharpened, and above all, held before him many a bright and shining example of success.

"Ellenbogen, that big dry goods man of New York, used to sleep in packing-boxes when he first started out," she would say.

"Yes," Trevor would concede, "such men followed the beaten track—they sacrificed everything for business."

"How much better you might do," she went on; "you have all the advantages—you are educated, intelligent. They had none."

"I'm afraid," Trevor would interrupt, his mouth widening into a dry smile as he listened to these trite aphorisms, "that the man with the advantage nowadays is the man without the advantages. . . . By the way, Mad, how almighty pretty you look to-night. What a stunning get-up you've got on."

She kissed him, and her hand stole up and about his neck for an ins . . "I was waiting for you to admire it," she returned.

"You—you made it yourself?" he queried; "of course you did?"

"Myself," she echoed, blankly, "no. It's the French shop's very best—at the very cheapest price. Knocked down—a bargain. One hundred and twenty-five—for sixty-eight. I simply had to get it, dear."

"It's great," he said shortly. He drew a long breath. "By the way," he went on, "I thought I'd tell you that I've done pretty well on the saving line in the last six months. Haven't smoked a cigar—walk to the shop and back every day. Haven't bought a

suit of clothes or a pair of shoes." He stopped. His glance seemed for the instant to eat into her soul. "How have *you* been making out at this end of it, my dear."

Her chin quivered. "Well," she admitted, "I've done the very best I could. I haven't bought a thing that wasn't needed, Murray. And of course, for the rest of the year we won't need to spend so much—"

He held up his hand. "How much have you saved in these last six months," he asked.

"F-fifteen dollars, odd," she faltered.

He rose, "Fifteen dollars," he exclaimed, "why that will never do. I thought we were agreed to cut down all we could. Where is the fifteen dollars?" He held out his hand.

Again her chin quivered. "I — I haven't got it now. But I have it all arranged to save it out of my next week's allowance," she assured him.

He closed his eyes for an instant. When he opened them he seemed to be another man. "You — you still want to follow old MacFarlane," he demanded; "still want to be rich?"

"Yes," she answered, "we must not stand still. We must go on."

His teeth clicked. "All right," he said, "we'll follow old MacFarlane's methods, from now on." His clenched hand descended gently but firmly upon the mahogany table before him. "I'm going to 'Ride through' in his way. There'll be no more allowances, you understand. I'll do what MacFarlane always did. I'll hold the purse strings. I'll land that Alderdice contract next year or I'll bust. Watch out."

Madeline watched out. And so did Trevor. Moderately stout before, Trevor's flesh fell off until he was spare and gaunt. But it made him handsomer than ever, and in his face there deepened lines of purpose and of strength that had not been there before. He had new and added duties. He crept out of the house at seven in the morning and visited the grocer and the butcher and bargained and haggled to a scandalous extent. He paid cash for everything.

"Ten cents more saved," he would say to himself. That ten cents would buy ten cents' worth of raw material. It would make up into twenty-five or fifty cents' worth of [illegible] when he got the Alderdice asp. Day and night he had his hand upon the purse strings. Madeline for a long while refrained from asking him for money—it was a disgraceful experience for her. She was not accustomed to it—nor to him, as he had suddenly become. But he never faltered.

"What do you want it for?" he would demand. If her request was a proper one, she got the money. If not, she didn't.

"A dollar now is worth a thousand ten years hence," he told her.

One day at his office in the works he received a letter from the Green Store in town. It was a bill for $43.75, for dry goods, and across its top was stamped these words: THIRD NOTIFICATION.

He handed it to Madeline that night.

"I thought it was understood," he said, "that we were to pay cash—that you weren't to run up bills. You've been doing it, haven't you, contrary to our agreement?"

"Y-yes," she admitted.

"And you've been hiding the bills from me, haven't you?"

"Yes."

"All right," exclaimed Trevor. He sat down at his little typewriter that he kept for his house correspondence and wrote hastily for a few moments.

"Read that," he exclaimed.

She read it, gasping as she read. This is what it said:

> THE GREEN STORE:
>
> Gentlemen:—You will take notice that hereafter I shall not be responsible for any bills contracted at your store by my wife, Madeline V. Trevor. If she makes purchases on credit, you will look to her, and not to me, for payment.
>
> Very truly,
>
> J. MURRAY TREVOR.

"You — you're not going to send it!" she exclaimed.

"Send it," he answered; "you don't know me. I am following in the footsteps of Stephen MacFarlane, one of the most successful men in town."

"He never did such a thing," she exclaimed.

"He's done it a dozen times to my own knowledge," retorted Trevor, "and when he didn't need money half as much as I do now. This letter goes to-morrow morning—to the Green Store and to every other store in town."

It did. And Trevor landed the Alderdice job—underbidding Stephen MacFarlane & Company by a hair's-breadth.

Even Madeline, humbled and humiliated as she was—shabby as she felt herself to be—even she glowed with excitement when he told her about it and showed her the paragraph in the evening Star that commented briefly upon his victory.

"It's only the first step, Mad," he explained to her, "but that job gives us three thousand more a year. And in the last year I've made five net on my other work. That makes eight—we've doubled in one year. That's going some. And that's what I'm going to try to do—double each year, if I can, for ten years—"

"Eight thousand," she said, "then we can be somewhat easier—here in the house, I mean."

He shook his head. "No—we can't be easy at all in this house. I've got a bigger job I want to get—the Lawyer's building—eighteen stories—going to be the highest structure we've ever had here. A big job, covers a lot of ground. Iron runs into hundreds of thousands of dollars. A fine profit, too. And I've got to get it. . . . And that means . . . "

"What?" gasped Madeline.

"That we've got to take a four-room flat or board. We're going to sell this house or rent it. We can't keep a girl. We've got to starve. But — the stake is worth it. If I can get *this* job and swing it, I can get fifty more."

She opened wide, reproachful eyes. "A flat," she faltered.

He nodded. "We may have to come to a packing-box yet," he told her.

"What will our friends think of us?" she wailed.

He waved his hand. "Friends," he answered; "don't worry about those. The friends we have now are nothing—we're going to have big friends—different kind of friends one of these days. The time will come when Mrs. MacFarlane will call you Mad, and you'll call her Mag. Don't worry about friends. They'll come when the business gets to be big. And it's business first."

It seemed to be. And Trevor seemed to know what he was about. He never hesitated—they moved into a four-room flat and rented the new cozy little villa that they'd been so happy in. Trevor nosed about at bargain sales and secured the best at the lowest prices. It was his business to keep his wife and himself housed and fed—the rest must go into the works. Besides, he was stepping closely in Stephen MacFarlane's footsteps.

And he got the Lawyer's building job—and got it, not at all to the surprise of Stephen MacFarlane, but very much to the surprise of Stephen MacFarlane's wife—a pursy, puffy lady, whose sense of her own importance was equaled only by her avoirdupois.

"Stephen," she protested, pursing her lips over her teacup, "even if Murray Trevor got that job, I'm sure he can't hold it. He'll fall down and you'll pick up the job. Why, they're nobody—nobody at all. You ought to see her clothes. And where do you think they live?"

Stephen MacFarlane spluttered. Behind him stood a butler, grim, silent, respectful. Stephen MacFarlane's glance roved over the sideboard, laden with solid silver—over the glass closet with thousands of dollars of value stored away in it—glanced at the pearl dog-collar on his wife's throat—worth tens of thousands—glanced at his wife's face.

"What I want to know," roared Stephen MacFarlane, savagely, "is to know how much we're paying for porterhouse steak. Why don't you tell me? If we're paying too much, I'll find a place that'll suit us—and what in thunder are you wearin' those pearls for when there's nobody here?" There being no answer as usual, from his worthy spouse, and the butler merely holding his chin half an inch higher, Stephen MacFarlane proceeded: "Don't you worry about Murray Trevor. Hang him, I wish he would fall down on the job. But he won't. I don't know where he lives or how he lives, but he's going to swing that job—and if my family'd live on a back street and eat corn beef and cabbage for a while, I wouldn't be lettin' jobs slip through my fingers, I can tell you. I've had a cinch till Murray Trevor butted in, I tell you."

MacFarlane was right. Trevor swung the job, finished it, and it made him comparatively rich. When he had his money and had banked it, he told Madeline all about it.

"Now we can move back into our own house?" she asked.

"Um — no," he returned, "fact is, I've rented the Carteret House on the Avenue. We'll move in next month."

Madeline gasped with surprise. "The Norton Carteret mansion," she asked.

He nodded. "Sure," he answered; "I'll tell you how it is. I've grown up out of the small work now and I've got to do some entertaining—you've got to do it for me. Big metropolitan architects and their wives—people like that—big contractors—big owners. That counts with them, somewhat. We've got to make a show."

The blood rushed to Madeline's face. Now, at last she was coming to her own. For five years they had starved and pinched themselves, had become ill-natured, sharp-tongued, cold, hard. But now, life, real life, was to begin once more—

"Now, remember," Trevor told her, as they bought new furniture, "every dollar must show. It's business, still. We can't waste a cent, you see."

It was after the big house was furnished and they had settled down to life on a larger scale, that Madeline crept into her husband's room one morning and held out her hand.

"I need twenty dollars, Murray," she informed him.

He turned upon her sharply. "What for?" he demanded almost savagely. "I thought I had provided everything. Quick. What do you need it for?"

She wrote down the list of articles on a slip of paper and he scrutinized each one—and crossed several of them out. "Fifteen dollars will cover all you need," he said, and handed her the money.

That night he brought her a collar of pearls. In the midst of her ecstasy over it, he placed a heavy hand upon her shoulder. "Wear it only in the presence of company," he said; "take care of it. We may have to realize upon it before we get through."

She obeyed. She wore it only in the presence of company. And they had company—plenty of company—big-mouthed, big-shouldered men, with frumpy wives; other men redolent of rum or rye—men who had been iron-workers themselves in their time. Only once or twice did a metropolitan architect venture over—though Murray Trevor (and not his wife) was summoned frequently to dine with them at the borough of Manhattan.

"We're getting there," Trevor would tell [illegible] le in town are talking al[illegible] some of them here now and then," suggested Madeline, "some of our old friends."

Something wistful struggled to the fore in Murray's glance. But he only shook his head. "You only want them so you can crow over them," he said. "There's no money in that—or in them. Every dollar has got to tell. . . . I heard a man wondering why we didn't keep horses—I guess he's right. Everybody has a limousine. But to advertise right, I guess we'll have to set up a victoria and drive."

They did set up a victoria and they did drive. "But," Trevor cautioned his wife and his coachman, "understand this. This turnout is not for long rides—it must stick to the main streets here in town—the fashionable streets. Hang it, we want to force it down the throats of the people. We may need 'em in our business one of these days. . . . By the way," he told Madeline, "I have swung the big Merchants building job on Thirty-first street. There'll be a pile of money in it. My first city contract. What do you think of that?"

She placed a trembling hand upon his arm. "Don't you think," she faltered, "just to—to please me—and it would be good for the business, too, I think—that we might have just one, a great *big* blow-out—have everybody that we know—or used to know—just once."

He thought about it for an instant. "By George," he said at last, "you're right. It'll cost us ten thousand dollars, but it'll be worth five times that much as an advertisement. Invite everybody. By the way," he exclaimed suddenly, "there's one man here in town that we've got to have. Don't forget him, if you please—that's Westendorf."

She recoiled a step. "Nobody has him," she exclaimed in horror, "the—that Mrs. St. Germain who — who lives at his house is — isn't Mrs. Westendorf, that's all. How can we have him?"

"We can have him—and her, and we've got to," he persisted.

"Her," she gasped.

"Exactly," he returned, "and for the very reason you suggested—nobody recognizes him or her. Well, I want to borrow a hundred thousand from him to use in this Merchants building job and if *you* recognize her, she'll see to it that he loans it.

You have them and everybody else, that's all."

Madeline obeyed; and everybody came, and glared and stared and wondered and envied and snickered and sneered and jeered. And in the midst of her big house, furnished with perfect taste, clad in a simple gown worth hundreds, with a patronizing smile for everybody, Madeline rustled and glided about, her eyes shining with ambitious pride.

Once, behind her, she heard two of her male guests whispering together.

"Rich," exclaimed one—and it was Stephen MacFarlane's voice that she was hearing; "Good Lord, man, you can't stop this Murray Trevor. He's got it in him. He'll be a millionaire—a multi-millionaire. Look at him—it sticks out all over him, don't it? He's got success branded on his face for everyone to see."

Madeline followed the glances of the two. Yes, Murray was still there—he had been in one corner for half an hour, talking to a pretty dowdy little woman, whose husband was an insurance clerk, Ormsby, by name, and one of their very oldest friends. And there was something strange about it all—while Murray Trevor talked to this dowdy little woman, he seemed oblivious to all about him—his face was lighted up, the lines had faded from it. Once or twice Madeline heard him laugh heartily—a ringing laugh that she had not heard for years.

At four that morning he sat down in her room on one of her dainty little chairs and smoked before retiring.

"You seemed to find Olivia Ormsby quite entrancing," she reminded him gently.

He flushed. "Yes," he admitted, "and I don't know what it was. I like to see people happy and contented, somehow—and she seemed to be so, absolutely." He rose abruptly, and stalked toward the door. "My talk with her reminded me of something. I want to get it."

He left and was back again in an instant with a piece of gray cardboard. He handed it to Madeline. "Queer I should just happen to think about it. It's the picture Jimmy Lorraine took of us one day. Poor Jimmy—dead and gone. Look at it."

Madeline looked at it. A strange tight feeling assailed her throat—her eyes smarted as she looked. She turned it over and looked upon the back.

"Murray," she exclaimed, "what do you think? The date's on here—the date Jimmy took it."

"How long ago?" he asked.

"Ten years ago to-day," she answered, "see?"

She was about to show him the figures on the back but thought better of it, for a reason. There was another word there that she preferred he should not see. Instead, she laid the picture face up, upon her bed.

Then she held out her hand. "By the way, Murray," she reminded him, "I'm going to New York to-morrow and I need some money—I've *got* to have some money, do you understand?"

He became immediately alert. "What for?" he asked.

She told him, sighing wearily.

"How much?" he asked.

She sighed again—and she told him.

Slowly he counted it out.

"Money," he grumbled, "always money. Well, all right. But make it show, Mad, make it show."

He left her sitting at her dressing-table, fixing her hair—he finished his cigar in his own room and went to bed as the sun began to streak the eastern sky.

He could not know that his young wife was sitting wide-awake, propped up in bed, scanning a square of cardboard under the feverish glow of her electric bed lamp. He could not know that her attention was concentrated, not upon the face of the photograph, but upon its back. He could not know that upon her suddenly had descended the knowledge that the future promised none of the joys of the past. He could not know that she held her glance riveted to one word that Jimmy Lorraine had scribbled in pencil in his high-class scrawl on the picture's back.

That one word was: "Content."

Sacramento valley and in the very heart of the great valley of California, lies Sacramento county, which alone contains 632,108 acres, almost a thousand square miles!

The western boundary of the county for its entire length, over fifty miles, is the Sacramento river, the great navigable waterway of the state. The southern boundary is formed by Dry creek, Mokelumne river and San Joaquin river. The American river traverses the county from east to west near its northern line and the Cosumnes river crosses it from northeast to southwest. These rivers are all large streams tributary to the Sacramento, California's great inland highway, and provide the county with a bountiful supply of water for all purposes.

Topographically, the county may be described as consisting of gently rolling or almost flat valley land. Its altitude varies only from thirty to three hundred feet above sea-level, the highest elevation being found in the extreme eastern portion, where begin the rolling foothills of the Sierra Nevada mountains.

The city of Sacramento, capital of the state, county-seat, and metropolis of the great valley of California, is situated on the Sacramento river on the western border of the county of Sacramento. It is ninety miles by rail from San Francisco and only seventy by water. It seems certain that the figures of the recent census will show that the population of city and county will exceed eighty thousand, indicating a growth of nearly one hundred per cent in ten years.

But what of this county? What advantages does it offer, material and otherwise? What opportunities does it afford for investment, large or small? What does it promise the homeseeker in improved conditions? These are the questions that we will try to answer plainly and briefly.

To the world at large, "California" has come to be synonymous with sunshine, but many are apt to think in this connection more especially of the southern part of the state. It is hard for one at first to realize that there is little real difference between the climate of southern California and Sacramento county. It is a fact, however, that climatic advantages are almost identical. General A. W. Greely, chief officer of the U. S. Signal Service, in an article on "Winter Resorts," says: "Among the elements which constitute a perfect winter climate are small variability of temperature, freedom from excessive phases of either absolute or relative humidity, genial, gentle winds, frequent but not heavy showers of rain, and a large proportion of sunshine. In short, a moderately temperate, fairly dry and sunny climate is the desideratum, the difficulty of finding which in perfection has been termed an idyllic quest." The climate of Sacramento county fulfils all the aforesaid requirements and offers an end to this "idyllic quest."

For centuries poets have sung of "Sunny Italy," where, it is said, "Perpetual summer exists, skies are blue, and the sun ever shines." Actual tables of comparison have proven beyond cavil that Sacramento county has more clear days, a warmer winter, spring, and yearly average, and about the same summer and autumn temperature as the choicest section of Italy. Sacramento has a record of more days of sunshine than any other county in California, and, with the exception of Yuma, Arizona, than any habitable place on the globe. It is indeed rare that winter conditions are severe enough to injure the most tender vegetation. In summer, the mercury mounts high but the air becomes proportionately dryer and the evaporation of the moisture exuded from the body is so rapid as to cause little inconvenience. Sunstroke and heat exhaustion are practically unknown. Even in the warmest weather it is seldom that one does not need at night a blanket covering for comfort. All the year the climate is tempered by the prevailing winds from the southwest; cyclones, tornadoes, hail or electrical storms, are unknown. The seasonal winter fogs are broken by the effective barrier of the Coast Range, and the heat of summer is not unalloyed with salt-air breezes. A few statistics are most compellingly interesting, covering as they do a period of thirty-three years at Sacramento.

Mean temperature: Winter 47. Spring 59. Summer 87. Fall 62. Annual 60.

Average number of days in the year below 32 is 8.

Average number of days in the year above 90 is 39.

Annual mean rainfall: 20.09 inches, divided as follows:

Winter 10.36; spring 5.99; summer .16; fall 3.58.

Were it not for the well-defined dry season of three months each summer, the term "rainy season" here would be a misnomer, so scattered through the other nine months is the precipitation.

In the southern part of California, irrigation is absolutely essential to agriculture and horticulture. In Sacramento county the diversified rainfall, splendid watercourses and alluvial soil make irrigation a work of supererogation except for forced products or very extensive culture. The county's entire history holds no record of the failure of a crop of any kind because of drought!

Nature made Sacramento a railroad center, for it is situated midway of the great valley of California and faces the one gap in the Coast Range through which the ocean can be reached on even grade. Before the railroad came, Sacramento was the western terminus of the Overland stage line and the Pony Express. Here the first rail in California was laid, the first railway built, the first transcontinental line planned, started, and completed.

To-day, Sacramento may be termed the principal center of the great Southern Pacific system. Here are its main shops, employing more than three thousand men the year round. From the city radiates the system's main lines, extending to Los Angeles, New Orleans, Portland, Ogden, Omaha, Chicago—besides two routes to San Francisco and a third building. This last parallels the river and is to be a double-track its entire length. It will further the development of a large section of the county hitherto without a railroad and will greatly facilitate freight and passenger traffic

between the capital and the metropolis. Besides the main lines Sacramento county is honeycombed with branch lines of the Southern Pacific which have made possible the rapid development of her resources.

December 1, 1909, marked an era in Sacramento county's railway history, for on that day there was opened for traffic another transcontinental line—the Western Pacific, a part of the Gould system. Its main shops are located in Sacramento, and are already giving work to more than one thousand men.

The Santa Fé System now runs within forty miles of Sacramento, and there is every reason to believe that in the near future there will be built a railroad south from Humboldt county to Stockton via Sacramento, operated jointly by the Southern Pacific and the Santa Fé, and thus the city of Sacramento will be made a distributing point by two great transcontinental lines of the greatest redwood forests in the world!

The city and county are blessed with splendid electric lines as well. The Northern Electric already runs from Sacramento north to Chico (nearly a hundred miles) through a country rich in vegetables, fruits, and minerals. The main line is being extended still farther north and is already tapped by numerous feeding branches.

Another electric line runs south to Stockton and is to penetrate far into the famed San Joaquin valley. Still a third great line is to climb to beautiful Lake Tahoe at the summit of the Sierra, opening a rich and prosperous region to the business men of Sacramento and affording the tourist one of the most wonderfully picturesque trips in the world. And work has now begun on an electric road to Vallejo which will connect Sacramento with deep-water at that point, making her almost a sea-port.

The Sacramento river is California's largest waterway, navigable for two hundred and seventy miles, open the year round, the natural artery of commerce for the Sacramento valley and the key to all its wealth. All roads in the valley lead to the city of Sacramento and competing transportation agencies must reckon with the river traffic in determining their rates. During the summer and fall especially thousands upon thousands of bushels of golden products of the glorious valley are conveyed by boat to San Francisco, ofttimes to transfer their valuable cargoes to some deep-sea vessel bound for distant ports. The river's total tonnage for 1909 was close to 500,000 tons, of which the city of Sacramento handled 150,000 tons—an increase of twenty per cent in five years. Sacramento is headquarters for twenty-five big river steamers. Four large, fast, elegantly-appointed boats run each way every day between the city and San Francisco.

If railroads are the arteries of trade, the highways are the veins of commerce. Early in 1907, Sacramento county bonded herself for $825,000—*$600,000 for roads* and $225,000 for bridges. Her *highways are a combination of asphaltum*, oil and macadam, costing $1,200 a mile. Level and clean as a floor, seemingly endurable as the marble hills, they appear to be the last word in road construction. Altogether the county will possess 104 miles of these ideal roads besides 1,056 miles of other highways, every mile of which is owned by the county and is free to public use. Already an additional expenditure of $1,000,000 is being considered.

In round numbers there are in the county one thousand eight hundred farms with an average acreage of three hundred and forty acres. Twenty acres will make a family independent and Sacramento has room for an additional rural population of more than 150,000. The United States soil experts give Sacramento sixteen varieties, including all the loams and principally fine loams. Broadly, the soils are three—rich alluvial deposits along the rivers, higher bottom-lands left by ancient waterways, and the red soil of the plains and lower foothills. All are adapted to fruit, grain and produce. Everything can be grown there—most things at great profit.

Mining long ago became secondary in the county, yet last year $1,166,055 in gold was mined; natural gas has been found in paying quantities, and there is an inexhaustible supply of the finest granite.

To-day dairying is a leading industry. One dairy (said to be the largest in the world) produced last year 700,000 lbs. of butter. The whole county shipped out over 2,000,000 lbs. of butter and 700,000 lbs. of cheese.

From Sacramento's delta lands over 7,000,000 bags of beans were shipped last year besides large quantities of fruits and other vegetables. Sacramento county yearly ships one-fourth of the asparagus crop of the world.

In the section about Fair Oaks and Orange Vale oranges ripen and are marketed from four to six weeks earlier than in any other part of California. A total of thirty thousand boxes of oranges was shipped last year from Sacramento county.

Other flourishing towns and communities of the county are Freeport, Isleton, Emmaton, Ryde, Walnut Grove, Galt, Elk Grove, Florin, McConnell, Arno, Brighton, Folsom, and Oak Park (a suburb of the city).

Ten years ago Sacramento had a population less than 30,000; to-day it must be more than 60,000. In the city stands the magnificent marble Capitol in a grand park of thirty-three acres, studded with three hundred and thirty-five varieties of trees, and made more glorious by the most luxurious and beautiful flowers. All told, the building represents a cost of nearly $3,000,000 and could not be duplicated to-day for $5,000,000.

Just at the edge of the city proper are the attractive and commodious grounds of the State Agricultural Society, where is held each September California's great and wonderful state fair. The society and the fair do more than all other agencies combined to maintain the state's enviable reputation as a producer of fine livestock and also to exploit all her natural resources. This year the dates of the fair are September 3rd to 10th, inclusive.

cultivation, there is always assured a maximum crop production.

The stock industry is one which has grown very profitable. Cattle may be bought in the fall and sold after feeding at a nice margin of profit. Well-cured alfalfa is worth much to the farmer for feeding purposes. Good hay, carrots and sugar-beets, together with chopped barley, will render the beef steer equal to the corn-fed steer of Iowa or Illinois. Idaho will soon fatten her feeders instead of shipping them to the Chicago markets, and when fattened this stock will be slaughtered at the new western seacoast markets instead of shipping to Chicago, with the consequent shrinkage and expensive handling now necessary.

As Idaho is the third state in the Union in the production of sheep, it will be profitable to use the fall pastures of the Twin Falls tract in fattening the old ewes as well as the lambs, for, with ample water, good green feed and cool weather, sheep can be fattened very quickly, and by finishing with good hay and a ration of grain, they will compare with the Idaho sheep finished in the corn belt.

Hogs have been grown on the tract very successfully, due to the splendid green alfalfa and clover pastures.

The difference in results between irrigated farms and farms in the rain belt is easy of explanation. It is not the result of either accident or miracle. Soil, sunshine and water are the three elements essential to plant growth. The irrigation farmer, by controlling his water-supply, is master, so to speak, of the three elements under consideration. He can control them as to certain results, as can the master of a factory or machine-shop his materials into a finished product. In other words, the irrigation farmer is a manufacturer of farm products. The very conditions which are necessary to bring rain to the rain-belt farmer, of necessity shuts out his sunshine. The peculiar location of southern Idaho in relation to the mountains and the warm currents of the Pacific give her an added advantage in the matter of warm atmosphere to her long days of sunshine.

The soil on the Twin Falls tract is volcanic ash, particles are very fine and it retains moisture exceedingly well. The entire country is underlaid with lava, the depth of soil averaging six feet or more. No section of the world has better drainage, the country being traversed by deep coulées going to bedrock at least every half-mile apart, draining into the Snake river cañon, six hundred feet or more below the level of the plains. Nature has been very kind to this section, providing a system of drainage that cannot be duplicated by man, which precludes the possibility of the soil ever becoming water-logged or injured by an accumulation of moisture and the consequent evils following this condition. The soil, from a chemical viewpoint, is exceedingly rich in all soluble constituents so necessary for the best growth of fruit, and is exceedingly rich in iron, so necessary for highly-colored fruit.

The temperature in this section, when taken into consideration with the altitude, is remarkable. A glance at a map will show that Idaho is in the same latitude as Minnesota, Wisconsin and Maine, yet, on account of its physical condition, Idaho has a climate more like the states one thousand miles south of the first-mentioned state. The lower portion of the Twin Falls tract, extending from Shoshone Falls down to the Snake river, has an average temperature of sixty-four degrees; farther back on either side it goes down to fifty-two degrees, then to fifty degrees. The average temperature or thermal line fifty degrees extends through the great fruit belt of southern Idaho. It will thus be readily seen that the Twin Falls section is very favorably located with regard to temperature.

Water rights are protected. Under the Carey act, the state land board supervises the entire construction of the irrigation system and the dams and safeguards the interests of the settlers. The state stands between every purchaser and the company that supplies the water. This insures settlers that under the laws of the state of Idaho the supply of water cannot be taken from them by any other person, nor diverted to the use of promotion companies. The state protects the rights of the settler and is a court of last resort in all controversies which may arise between the company and the settler in regard to water service, construction, etc. The law has worked admirably in Idaho. When the major portion of the land under a canal is sold, providing the system is completed, management of the system passes to settlers. When the last payment on the water is made, the settlers have to pay only enough to keep the canal in repair and provide for its operating expenses.

Twin Falls is the county-seat of Twin Falls county, southwest of Pocatello, on the branch of the Oregon Short Line Railway. It has a population of over five thousand and is growing very rapidly, the activities of a fast growing city being visible on every hand. In the business district substantial blocks accommodate the requirements of trade. In the residence section are many handsome homes, with shade trees lining the streets, along which pure streams constantly flow. Because of the practically unlimited quantity of cheap power for manufacturing purposes available from the numerous waterfalls in the nearby Snake river, the future of Twin Falls as a manufacturing center is assured. The giant power-plants mean the furnishing of power at extremely low cost. They mean the location at Twin Falls of great manufacturing plants for the conversion into the finished product of the vast quantities of raw material produced throughout the great agricultural area of which Twin Falls is both the central and the shipping point. The city is the distributing point for an immense area, and unless all indications are at fault it will become the wholesale and retail shipping center of southeastern Idaho. Twin Falls is now one of the important stations in point of business on the Oregon Short Line in Idaho.

Showing a portion of the largest freight yards on the Pacific Coast

belting or transmission rods. It is said that 250,000 horsepower can be developed on one small stream and leave unused thousands of feet of fall within a few miles. One tributary of the Sacramento alone will produce within a few years more power than is now derived from Niagara Falls. That stream and a score of others is as conveniently located for power transmission to Oakland as are Toronto and Ontario and the shore cities of New York to the great eastern cataract.

Hundreds of shops, mills and factories in Oakland and its immediate environs are operated by electric power transmitted from the Sierra, and the work of constructing new power plants in the mountains, transmission lines to Oakland, and distributing systems of wires and cables is going on with energy.

Fifth. Harbor and waterfront.

Few people know that the Oakland estuary is larger than the City [illegible] great shipyard. The [illegible] most perfectly [illegible] country, and [illegible] government [illegible] and the [illegible] the [illegible] is expected [illegible] for [illegible] also [illegible]

The [illegible] by the [illegible] sea frontage [illegible] seven miles. A belt railroad is to extend the whole length of the waterfront, connecting with the railroad lines centering here. This belt railroad will be owned by the municipality, the city now owning its waterfront. Switching charges will be based on cost of construction and operation, and will therefore be low.

Waterfront improvements involve the quay system of docks. This brings a vessel parallel to the freight cars and facilitates loading and unloading. In addition, a system of cargo handling devices already in operation, and electrically operated ones to be installed, will greatly hasten the process of transfer of cargoes.

Sixth. Manufacturing advantages.

Low [illegible] available for [illegible] and [illegible] be [illegible] [illegible] [illegible]

The Grand Central Canal is the key to the great Kuhn irrigation project

The Vale of Sacramento

Attractive Colonization Work of the Sacramento Valley Irrigation Company

By H. G. Squier

ONCE again the eyes of the world are directed toward the famous Sacramento valley. In 1848, the discovery of gold by John Marshall at Coloma awakened a world-wide interest. Thousands of adventurous spirits braved the dangers of a long and perilous trip across the trackless plains—surrounded on all sides by lurking bands of Indians and menaced by dangers unseen—thence on over the snow-capped mountain peaks into the land of California. Others came by way of Panama or in sailing vessels around the Horn. These people came lured by the lust of gold, expecting shortly to return to their homes in the East ladened with wealth untold.

When the pioneers arrived, they found not only untold mineral wealth, but also an agricultural country full of promise to those who would till the soil and extract from mother earth the wealth that lay hidden in the rich and fertile soils of the great central valley.

The first excitement over the discovery of gold had somewhat subsided when many of the sturdier pioneers, such as the late General Will S. Green, Doctor Hugh J. Glenn and Senator John Boggs, realizing that the Sacramento valley was full of promise for a wonderful development along agricultural lines, secured for themselves large areas covering some of the best portions of this great valley. Bordered on the east and west by snow-capped peaks of the Sierra Nevada and Coast Range mountains and traversed from north to south by a noble and majestic river, lies this vast fertile plain. The pioneers found this vale a magnificent natural park dotted with groves of majestic oaks and carpeted with native grasses that furnished shelter and food for the countless herds of antelope and deer.

With the advent of the adventurous Americans the country underwent a wonderful change. The vast prairies were transformed into immense grain fields and the cry of the coyote soon gave way to the hum of the mower and the sounds of the threshing-machines. Steamers soon began to ply back and forth laden with wheat, oats, barley, and other products of the soil.

One of the most successful men of the time—Doctor Hugh J. Glenn—had secured control of and title to over forty-six thousand acres of the most fertile portion of the northern part of the valley, which he successfully tilled until the time of his death a few years since. For upward of forty years he drew from the soil her golden sheaves of wheat and barley. His one great ambition was to harvest and ship one million bushels in a single year. His grain was sacked and loaded on immense river-barges, towed by river-steamers to San Francisco harbor and there transferred on to sailing vessels that plowed their way around Cape Horn to the leading grain ports of the old world.

In the early eighties, the late General Green, whose home was at Colusa and who in thought was many years ahead of his time, foresaw the great possibilities of the country when these large grain fields would be divided into small holdings and made more productive by taking from the river a portion of its water and applying it through canals and laterals to the plains. Like the famous valley of the Nile, it needed but a supply of water to make it bring forth its wealth of fruit, alfalfa and vegetables. Here is a valley noted for its beautiful location, charm of climate, fertility of soil and wealth of water. And now at an expense of millions of dollars the construction of the great central

An attractive depot on the edge of the town greets arrivals at Eugene

Eugene, the Well-Born

A City, Surrounded by Orchards and Small Farms, that Has Almost Trebled in Population During the Last Five Years

By D. C. Freeman

THE city of Eugene, Oregon, is what a horticulturist calls true to name. It signifies "well-born." Truly does the trim and handsomely finished city of homes and institutions of learning sustain its civic cognomen. The municipality is being built on thoroughly modern lines. Favored by almost every condition that makes for well-being, never having suffered from setbacks, thwarted growth or ambitions, the community is distinctive for its uniformly attractive comfortable homes, superior social atmosphere, the very best advantages of refinement and education and modern innovations. It is composed of cordial, hospitable western Americans. It closely realizes the ideal of a community where discriminating families like to live—because of the splendid environment which Eugene possesses in a high degree.

It is an old-established town, long known as the seat of the state university, the best educational institution in Oregon. The city's greatest growth has occurred during the past five years. But the city holds noteworthy laurels aside from the distinction and prestige of the great university. That the university, however, is a strong factor in attracting only the best people to Eugene, it may be cited that the student registration increased twenty-five per cent last season. The population has sprung from three thousand two hundred within the space of a few years to twelve thousand. It bids fair, with all the present prospects, to realize twenty thousand within three years. This is a conservative estimate. Every indication points to an annual increase of from three to five thousand.

Here is a carefully compiled table which compresses much in figures that illustrate the substantial rate of growth of Eugene.

FIGURES SHOWING EUGENE'S BUSINESS GROWTH

Population	*P. O. Receipts*	*New Buildings*	*Bank Deposits*	*Ass'd Valuation*
1900 3,200	$ 9,664.00	.....	$ 722,498.15	$1,491,150.00
1905..... 5,400	15,704.00	.....	1,268,090.22	1,853,695.00
1907. 7,000	20,710.17	(1) $ 250,000.00	1,480,289.02	3,513,487.00
1908	25,120.09	455,693.00	2,493,477.09	3,509,620.00
1909.....	30,051.52	1,000,000.00	2,581,955.00	.....
1910.....(5) 12,000	(3) 13,768.69	(4) 200,000.00	(2) 2,600,000.00	4,740,645.00

EXPLANATIONS

(1) First building ordinance passed.
(2) Five months of 1910
(3) First quarter of 1910.
(4) Four months of 1910.
(5) [illegible] and school census, fourteen per cent increase in June, 1910, over June, 1909, in postoffice rec

In October

THE MYSTIC WESTERN SUNLIGHT STREAMS
ON SEAWARD MOUNTAIN SLOPES—
TO SOUTHWARD, BROWN AS WEARY DREAMS,
TO NORTHWARD, GREEN AS HOPES;
YET SHARING, NORTH AND SOUTH BETWEEN,
ALL THAT THE WAKENED SEA SHALL MEAN.

farming and small farms, Idaho has emerged full-fledged into the progressive stage. When they chance on any leisure from boosting, her citizens will advance fifty reasons by way of explanation for such sudden growth. A plague on their reasoning—they themselves and the climate are the explanations. The latter rejoices in sunny days and a bracing atmosphere. It is affirmatively healthful. If, of itself, the climate does not produce a mental uplift, the tonic of pure air, stimulating altitude and the vastness and potentiality of surroundings will do so. It is there, encouraging and optimistic. The settlers themselves are overwhelmingly American, well-educated, experienced people with the vigor of youth and middle age. The bars of the Daughters of the American Revolution and the buttons of the Sons are in evidence, while college pins are too frequent for comment. They face obstacles the way the emigrants on the Oregon Trail did a steep grade: "Unhitch the rear teams, double on to the front. Steady there. Now, all together, pull, pull, pull—keep on pulling!" That's the way the Star of Empire was hoisted westward. That's the spirit of Idaho to-day.

Idaho

By ARTHUR PEIRCE VAUGHN

[The Indian meaning of the state name is, the gem of the mountains, the jewel-radiance, the glamour on mountains, snow-fields under the sunrise]

Far on the crest of the mountains,
Cold in a world of snow,
Eastward where dawn hath its fountains,
Shines the jewel I-da-ho.
Where golden light and tender
From the sun, new-born, out-streams,
There in a halo of splendor,
The Gem of the Mountains gleams.

Rich are the fruits of the valleys,
Boundless the sweep of plain,
Radiant the rainbow that dallies
Twixt the sunshine and the rain;
Deeper than sounding of plummets
The plunge of her waterfall,
And the jewel that gleams on the summits
Is the treasure symbol of all.

Fair are her woodland waters
That laugh to the kiss of the breeze,
But fairer the face of her daughters
And lighter their laughter to please.
Warm is the love they offer
If the heart of the lover be true,
And this is the pledge we proffer—
The Gem of the Mountains for you.

Proud is our empire's story
  That we build in the Golden West,
And her ever-increasing glory
  Is the faith by us confessed.
Stern was the breed of our fathers,
  Strong as iron and salt as the sea;
That strength they bequeathed to others,
  To the race that is yet to be.

Far on the crest of the mountains,
  Cold in a world of snow,
Eastward where dawn hath its fountains,
  Shines the jewel I-da-ho.
Where golden light and tender
  From the sun, new born, out-streams,
There in a halo of splendor
  The Gem of the Mountains gleams.

The Third Sun

By HERMAN WHITAKER
Author of THE PLANTER, ETC.

EASTWARD, the moon's pale lantern hung in the upper arms of a dwarf yucca, one of a dozen that ran, a bristling spine, along the crest of a rise. Eastward, a sudden bleaching of the indigo sky announced the coming day. Not out of the cool fresh peace of a northern dawn was it born, with slow additions of rainbow lights. Following a breath of hot wind, a conflagration leaped up from under the eastern edge of the desert. In the time required to lower the moon down to the yucca's lower branches, night passed. With violence almost explosive, the sun burst out of crimson mists and rolled on up its burnished plane, bathing the desert with fluid rose and gold.

Under the spell of those first soft lights, the land took on an appearance deceptively pleasant, and the man—one of a group of three at the foot of a yucca—looked over it with wonder in his dull white eyes. Seen in perspective, the sparse bunch-grass and creosote weed appeared to cover the sand, gave it almost the appearance of sunburned prairie—an illusion that was strengthened by the silvery waves of light that rolled

off and away before the wind to a far-off blue range.

Was this the parched desert that had drained his gross strength, taken toll of his soft flesh, robbed his face till the blistered skin hung in pouches? The sudden lighting of his eyes bespoke the hope that they had passed, at last, beyond its heated confines; but as, rising, he obtained a wider view, the flash died and he resumed his characteristic scowl. Turning, he looked down upon the woman who lay a few feet away with both arms twined about the neck of his dead partner.

An Indian, by her rich color, she was no kin to the broad-faced, flat-nosed tribes which inhabited that portion of the Mexican plateau. Though slightly hollowed by travel and privation, her face was oval and delicately rounded; her nose, mouth and ears were all small and well-formed. Tapering from fine shoulders to little wrists, her arms were beautiful—as was the leg and ankle that protruded from beneath her crimson skirt.

Judging by it and the short sleeveless tunic, also deep blood in color, a Mexican would have picked her at once for aTehuana of the Isthmus, and without their vivid evidence she might easily have been identified by the satin-gold skin which proclaims the pure Aztec blood unmuddied by Spanish strains. Indeed, the palm-roofed village from amongst whose comeliest girls the dead man had chosen her, lay almost a thousand miles to the southward. Sinaloa, Jalisco, Guerrera, Oaxaca, Chiapas, she had followed his fortunes, prospecting the Pacific Coast states, and now, lineal descendant of the Aztecs, she lay with her face pillowed on his dead breast, under the hot eye of the sun that had shone for a thousand years upon their ancient power. Since his life had gone out at midnight, she had so lain with only an occasional deep heave to prove her alive; she did not rise till, stooping, "Bull" Kennedy roughly shook her shoulder.

"He's dead, and crying ain't a-going to bring him back. It was his own fault anyway." Touching a black bruise under his cheekbone, he added, "He shouldn't have struck, an' me with the gun in my hand."

Whether she understood his words or merely judged by the action, she wrenched loose from the hand that left a livid mark on the soft gold of her shoulder and fell back, significantly pointing at an empty sack.

"Well—what of it?" His white eyes flickering, he ran on with strident garrulity that emphasized his own falsehood, "Whose money paid for this outfit? Bought the mules, grub—everything? And 'twas him that put it all into the cañon."

He lied—as he well knew. No man could have foreseen the landslide that buried the mules with their packs, rifles, ammunition, everything but "Bull's" pistol, hundreds of feet deep at the bottom of a cañon. After many failures and by a very miracle of stalking, the prospector had brought down a baby deer with the last shot but one, and if "Bull" had not indulged his gross appetite, gorging while they slept at night, its dried flesh would have tided them over the ten days' journey out to the railroad. With cunning that took no thought of the morrow, he had made up the bulk and weight of his stealings by placing stones and yucca bark under the meat in the bag; or if the idea of the inevitable discovery did present itself, he dismissed it with the thought, "I've got the gun—what kin they do?" And he had used it, last night, firing the last shot into the heart of the prospector as he swung to strike him again.

Now, he harshly repeated, "After buying the outfit, I'm to take a beating because I happen to feel a bit hungry in the night? Not on your life! That ain't Bull Kennedy"—which was very true.

Any or all of his intimates on the San Francisco "Barbary Coast" would have sworn to it—just as, for matter of that, they would have taken oath to anything else he might have wished to have proved. Saloonkeeper and proprietor of a "tough" dance hall, he had risen to leadership among the ward-heelers, "repeaters," low politicians of "The Coast" by reason of his brutal courage, his rat-like cunning. No man who had ever seen his huge bulk split the heart of a bloody affray could question the one; any more than they who saw him emerge from the police court the following morning, triumphant and unfined, could doubt the other. Taken by and large, from any angle, "Bull" certainly loomed big on "The Coast"—never any bigger than on the night the prospector had dropped into the "dive" to comfort himself with a few drops of beer after a discouraging hunt for capital to develop his Mexican claims.

"Miner!" "Bull" had sized him up to Nellie, his most expert "beer-pus

"Easy money. Go ahead and pull his leg for all he's got."

"An' that's on'y a few quartz speciments," Nellie had reported, in huge disgust, ten minutes later. "He gave me this one for a lucky token."

"Yep, and it will net you fifteen bucks at any old hockshop," "Bull" had replied, after a careful examination. "No, you don't! I'll tend to him myself." And three minutes thereafter, the prospector was to be seen drinking bad champagne, without money and without price, in one of the little side temples dedicated to the "plucking" of the guileless stranger.

Having done a little prospecting in his youth, it had taken "Bull" only a few minutes to satisfy himself that the stranger had struck a bonanza, and when a metallurgist confirmed his individual findings next day, he formed a partnership on the spot.

That was a month ago—only a month. To "Bull," standing there under the brown gaze of the woman, it seemed a year, for its short span had seen his personal scheme of things turned upside down. Because water would have had to be packed for them across the desert, they had been unable to use riding animals, and the long "hikes" over copper-hot sands under skies of brass had rendered out fifty pounds of his fat in something less than two weeks. Only the evening before the mules went into the cañon, the prospector had pinned the slack of "Bull's" coat with cactus thorns into a pleat that stuck out when he put the garment on, like the back spines of a huge *iguana*. At home a smaller joke would have drawn his big fist. But the desert had touched him in spirit as well as in flesh, and though it was the last expression of the contempt excited in the prospector by his persistent grumblings, "Bull" had returned only a scowl. There had been bad blood between them, too, on the woman's account—at least, on "Bull's" side, for the prospector had laughed, contemptuously, it is true, yet with good nature, issuing a warning while he bandaged a knife cut in the other's arm.

"This girl ain't one of your beer-pushers, Mister. Though there ain't the shadow of a priest passed between us, we're married hard and fast to her notions, so take notice an' act according."

With however small a grace, "Bull" *had* acted "according," bridling gross instincts that had always had full play. But now? Looking at him across her dead, the Tehuana saw come creeping into his white eyes the same expression that had drawn her quick knife.

"As I say," he continued, spreading his face with a greasy smile while he sidled toward her, "as I say, there ain't no more use to cry over spilt blood than spilt milk. You can't pick it up again. Anyway, he was on'y a prospector, a worn-out mining bum. He couldn't have done the half for you of what I'm willing to do—if you treat me loving an' nice. All you've got to do is to steer me back to the railroad, where we can get a new outfit an' make a new try for the mine. It's a bonanza—nobody knows it better than you, an' nobody knows where it is but you. Being Injun, of course you can't do nothing with it yourself, an' if you tried to sell the hunch you'd be dead sure stuck. But if you do the right thing by me, I'll deal square with you—make you a rich woman, so help me God!" Perjury was always a pastime on the "Barbary Coast" and it slid like water off his tongue.

Only a few feet now lay between them, and she did not move. As he came sidling closer, hand outheld, face on a false grin, the dark fringe swept down over her eyes. Not till his breath touched her neck as he leaned over to take her waist did she budge. Then—the hand that pressed her breast flashed out, straight at his heart.

It was done so swiftly that, given an ordinary man, the knife had surely gone home. But in "Bull" a naturally abnormal suspicion had been fostered by the conditions of his life till it was almost a disease. Feeling her quiver under his hand, he sprang as she struck, sustaining, however, in spite of his quickness, a grazing wound.

"You would, would you!"

Roaring it in his pain and rage, he came back like a recoiling spring, his pistol clubbed to strike her down. But here he had to reckon with instincts more acute, because an eon or two closer than his own to the common primal brute. Springing into flight with the bound of a startled deer, she gained yards on his clumsy start; was increasing her lead at will when he stopped in his tracks, paralyzed by a sudden fear. Without her, he could never gain out of the desert.

"Oh—look here—girl!" He sobbed it, hoarsely, between breaths. "I didn't—mean nothing but—kindness. When you

lit into—me—with the—knife—I couldn't help—getting a bit riled."

She also had stopped, and without answering or even looking his way, she stooped, raised her crimson skirt and tied it, trunk-wise, about her fine hips. That done to her satisfaction, she began to return, very cautiously, watching him all the while with large suspicious eyes.

"Now, that's real sensible," he said, with an affectation of heartiness that covered the ugly thought: "you little hellion! If I once get my hands on you, I'll put you beyond running for many a long day." He went on, aloud, "We're going to be good friends—even if you was a bit shy at first. Come along. Don't be afraid." Encouraging her with honeyed words, he held out his hand, then dropped it with a startled "My God!" as, leaping suddenly to one side, she darted past him, racing hard for the yucca-tree.

He knew—instantly. Before leaving the "last water," she had converted with cunning Indian arts the skin of the deer into a leathern water-bottle of the country. Still half-full, it hung from a lower branch, and at the sight of it, his flaccid muscles stiffened with an accession of energy derived from those mysterious reservoirs which supply the insane with their furious strength. Under his craze of fear, he spurted in that mad race, gained on her so much that she had only time to gash the skin from top to bottom with a vicious slash as she passed. But so far as he was concerned, she might just as well have carried it off, for the thirsty sands drank up the last glistening drop as he stopped.

"You've killed us—both of us," wagging his head in a frenzy of self-pity, he repeated it again and again. "You've killed us, both of us. We're dead ones. We can never make out without water."

Flinging the sweat out off his brow, he raised white eyes to the distant range, far to the north. There was water—but no food. In the opposite direction the desert marched with a dreary tormented yucca a full sixty miles before its thirsty borders faded out in a country of upland piñon, and the first Indian village lay still a day's journey beyond.

"You kin never do it," he groaned. "You kin never do it. You're parched with thirst right now. Why *didn't* you drink it all up last night?" Yet, while he was saying it, a vital spark flew from the collision of fear and despair; out of the monumental selfishness which formed the basis of his character and is never so pronounced as in the face of death, was born the dogged resolution that was to keep him plodding, plodding, heavily plodding through the hot white sands all day.

Looking back as he moved off, he saw the Tehuana slowly returning to the still figure under the tree. When he looked again a flash of sand in the air told her grim employment—she was burying her dead with her hands. He had passed from sight among the yucca long before she turned her back on the lonely grave. Indeed, he gained such a start that the lengthening shadows were marking the decline of the afternoon sun, before, rising from a long rest in the shade of a yucca, he saw her again. Crouched on her hams, she was waiting, patiently waiting for him to move on.

Startled at the suddenness of it, he stood stupidly staring at the picture she made in a blaze of light that set her golden limbs flashing above and below her crimson vestures like flame around hot coal; and, as, without rising, she returned his set gaze, she might, what of her dark quiet, have passed for some old idol, an Aztec figure of hate. Without thought, he felt it, divined her purpose to follow, follow as the wolf follows the stricken deer: to drink from its throat at the end; and feeling it, he rushed her as the deer turns on the wolf—and just as futilely, for in a second she dodged and darted beyond his reach.

"Never mind, I'll get you yet," he called after her, hoarsely. But the flush of anger quickly faded, and his next bit of bravado covered a chill of fear. "Come on! If you're going to travel with me, you've got to keep moving."

Though his dry tongue could no longer moisten his cracking lips, the strength of the meat he had gorged last night was still in him, and now he set out, deliberately, to shake her off. In vain. While, at every step, his miner's boots slipped and slid in the soft sand, her naked feet took firm hold; looking back after an hour of exhausting effort, he saw the leg muscles flexing and reflexing easily under her satin skin; she was coming along with a movement unconsciously graceful and altogether unlike the chicken strut, with its consciousness of sex, that distinguishes the civilized woman. Whereas he was sobbing for his breath, her deep bosom heaved with its usual slow rhythm. While he had turned and

and out among the sparse shadow of the yucca, she had cut a straight course across his windings, and nothing impressed him so deeply as this—her complete indifference to the heat of the sun.

"That's where she gets me," he told himself, moving on. "She don't mind it a bit."

Shortly thereafter, however, he did leave her behind. All afternoon he had been greatly puzzled by a dark wavering line that seemed to cross his path parallel with, but underneath, the shimmering veils of heat. The prospector would have known it at once for an "Inkpot"—one of those outcroppings of lava which are common enough on the desert. From a crater no larger than a farmer's draw-well, its black flow crosscut the white sand for miles, and "Bull" was well in among the stones and sharp scoriæ before he recognized their value to himself.

"If she only follows," he savagely muttered. "If she on'y follows! Once get a mile of this stuff between her an' the sand an' we'll see what she kin do with barefeet."

Thrilling to a sudden savage hope, with fists clenched in the struggle against the desire to turn too quickly, not daring even a glance over his shoulder lest she take alarm, he stumbled along over the black lava, loose stone for nearly a mile; in fact, not until he sighted the sand—now stained deep blood by the sunset—did he whirl around to find —nothing. She was not even in sight, and as his disappointed eye returned from an eager search of the dark rocks, white stretch of sand beyond, an obsession of terror possessed him.

Unbroken by the cry of animal or bird, dry whisper of an insect, the heated silence awed and oppressed him. The vastness, infinite loneliness of those great golden spaces, pierced even the gross integuments that smothered his spirit, tore them away from his naked soul. While the sun burned down like a smoky lamp and went out in the far dust of the desert, he stood, agonizing for her reappearance. When night settled about him like a hot blanket, he crouched, hiding among the rocks like that other, the first murderer, till the moon's great white eye heaved up from under the low horizon and found him. Then he moved on.

Once out of the rocks, his superstitious fears fell away. If the yucca loomed in the pale light like so many grotesque dwarfs beckoning with crooked hands, they appeared in his dull imagination merely as stunted trees, and the soft night shut out the desert's loneliness. He even began to think and plan; thanked his stars that he was rid, at last, of the Tehuana. Not having slept the preceding night, he had to battle continually to keep awake, talked to himself as he walked along.

"'Twon't do, Bull. You've gotter keep going all night. It's your one chance. Lay up through the noon heat to-morrow if you like. But you've just *gotter* travel to-night." He was telling it to himself for the fiftieth time when the limb of a yucca a few yards to his right suddenly moved, and as he stopped, startled, to take note of the fact, something struck him; a heavy grazing blow on the brow.

Had it struck him fairly, his tale had ended then. As it was, he fell forward upon his knees, and, while swaying drunkenly, he saw the yucca tear suddenly loose from its roots; the trunk split into running legs; then as the significance of it all took form in his disordered mind, he struggled up—just in time to avoid the vicious slash which the Tehuana delivered as she flew by. Checking at a dozen yards, she whirled around, swinging her arm, and with the added force of her spin, a second stone came whizzing past his ear. As, desperate, he rushed her, a third struck him on the shoulder, and as the fourth came in from the safe distance to which she quickly retreated, he saw that she had others tied up in her skirt at her waist.

And the history of those four stones is the history of that long night. Sometimes from his left, again from the right, now from the front, then from his rear—for she vanished and appeared at will among the ghostly yucca—her stones came whizzing in with force that insured the end if one ever landed squarely. Thanks to his luck and the poor light, most either missed or struck his body. Nevertheless, they kept him nervous and harassed. Traveling with one eye always upon his rear, compelled to make occasional rushes when she drew too near and obliged to rest standing, he not only made little progress, but also lost his sense of direction. Bewildered, he stumbled this way and that like a driven bull under the fire of her stones.

Westward, the moon's pale lantern hung in a yucca. Eastward, the sudden fading of the white star blaze, bleaching of the indigo sky, announced the day. Again the sun burst, dripping resplendence, from a

bath of crimson mist to invest the desert and distant range with mirages of lavender and purple. As before, "Bull" overlooked the land from his crouch at the foot of a yucca with the same hope and following despair. All around him the white sands still ran out to the flat horizon, broken only by the dreary march of the yucca. A glance behind showed him the black riband of the "Ink-pot," still in sight; also, a significance he was far too exhausted to note: the mountains had moved, during the night, from his right over to his left hand.

They revealed, too, those first faint lights, the havoc a day and a night had wrought upon him. All over his face, a red stubble beard sprouted among the dirt and bruises; his shirt and trousers flapped loosely about the gaunt frame that had upheld his gross flesh. Crouching, head almost level with his knees, he looked for all the world like a spent bull before the *matador*. When, after the short rest her own weariness demanded, the Tehuana rose and cast a handful of sand in his face, he plunged at her with a weak, staggering rush which she easily avoided.

Fortunately for him, her stock of stones had long ago given out—though she had picked up all she could find to use over and over again. But this easement from physical harassment had been more than made up by mental torture. Twice, during the night, she had disappeared—for hours, it seemed to him—and each time a first suspicion that she was watching to steal upon him should he fall asleep, gave place to fear that she might not reappear. He had watched, agonizing, for her, had even gone to meet her. Whereafter the order of their going had been reversed, she leading, he following behind.

Not that he had experienced any change of feeling. If he could have laid hands on her then, or now, she had fared worse—if possible—than in the beginning. But, afraid to let her out of his sight, he followed her slow lead. At first by miles, then halves, quarters, finally by the hundred yards, the human equation moved on over the golden sands toward its solution.

The blind white heat of noon found them both crouched in the shadow of the same yucca, for she, too, was beginning to tire, showed no disposition to move on; and as, looking at him, she threw back the hair from her eyes with a gesture at once familiar and intensely feminine, he came under the sway of a curious illusion. Her bronze faded out to rose and white—both too pronounced—a pair of round blue eyes looked out at him from under a fluff of yellow hair; two small hands rose, tremblingly, before his face.

"I wanter be respectable, Bull, an' this is my one chance. He is dead stuck on me—wants me to marry him, an' if I only can, I'll live straight for ever after. Don't tell him. Don't let the girls give me away."

"You do, do you?" He spoke it aloud, staring into the brown eyes opposite. "Wanter be respectable, eh?" His hands went out, clutching, then one heavy fist sawed the air in feeble imitation of a blow. "Take that! Flossie, you go over and put that fall guy wise to this damn fool. Don't let him out of the house, either, till he's spent his pile."

An obscure paragraph in a morning paper—a "Barbary Coast" suicide never attained the dignity of "scareheads"—had summed the obscure tragedy in one terse phrase: "The body was handed over to the College of Surgeons."

Menacing the Tehuana with his fist, he went on: "Your beer checks ain't coming within a mile of a poor average lately. What's wrong with you anyway? Reckon you're played out. That's it. Why, your bones are sticking through your rouge. This ain't no hospital for old hosses. The hop-house for yours. Git!"

As, one by one, the faces of his girls appeared in his disordered vision, he thus addressed them, sometimes in commendation for some successful *coup*, again cursing them with maledictions that were the more terrible for being uttered in the dry monotone of utter exhaustion; and all the while he was calling his shameful roster, the Tehuana crouched opposite, vindictive, quiet, a brown Nemesis of the womanhood he had so often outraged. Perhaps some such feeling forced in upon him, for, suddenly ceasing his dry whisperings, he regarded her with a sullen glower that presently gave way to startled surprise. Whether she were feigning or had really fallen asleep, the long black lashes lay flat on her oval cheeks; under its scant crimson her bosom heaved with a longer rhythm.

In the next minute he did not even wink. Long ago the battle between them had resolved into a question of sleep, with victory wai[illegible] that could hold it off the lon[illegible] hardly believe that it

had fallen to him. But when, convinced, he began to move, no cat could have proceeded with more caution. Sinking slowly upon his side, he extended his length like an uncoiling snake and began to crawl on the flat of his belly over the sand toward her.

Not until he was close enough to touch her did he look up, and even then he rose just as gradually, with painful caution drawing his hands and feet under him, animal fashion, for the spring. But though, up to that moment, her eyelids had never even quivered, she dodged sidewise as he lurched forward, rolled over, rose and ran, leaving him sprawling like a short thick snake in the sand. Withal, it was a close call, for, returning, she was pinning up with cactus thorns the ends of the tunic his sudden clutch had torn from her shoulders.

Moving into the shadow of the next yucca, she crouched again, and he had scarcely resumed his sitting posture before the long black lashes descended again to her cheeks. Sure, now, that she was feigning, he allowed half an hour to slip by before a sudden suspicion caused him to try again. He knew, now, the reason behind her absences last night. Confident that anxiety would be more than sufficient to keep him awake, she had snatched an hour or two of sound sleep, and feeling drowsiness settle upon him like a heavy cloud, he could not afford to let her steal more. But though, if possible, he wormed his way more quietly than before, she rose ere he gained halfway and walked off to resume her rest farther on—and so with the round dozen attempts he made upon her during the afternoon. Though he would have given his saloon, dance-hall, bank account, all that he possessed, in exchange for just one of the somnolent moments she continued to snatch in his very teeth, he was obliged to rise and follow. Sometimes cursing in dry whispers, again in silence, now in the grip of the hallucination that set him conspiring with his cronies, the corrupt politicians of "The Coast," he staggered on. Burning down to a smoky setting in the far dust of the desert, the great copper sun left them, solitary specks of life, in the silence of gray spaces.

Westward, the moon's pale lantern hung in the upper branches of a yucca. Eastward, trembling pallors announced the coming day. Kindling under a puff of hot wind, the crimson conflagration leaped up from under the low horizon and, with violence almost explosive, the sun burst out and rolled on up its burnished plane.

Moonrise last night had seen them moving more freely in the comparative cool; but the first lights revealed them in the old position—the woman crouched at her distance, and the first sun blaze spilling fluid gold over her limbs and shoulders, accentuated her likeness to an Aztec idol, figure of hate.

Just as on the other two mornings, the man looked up when the light strengthened, and had the day broken over the watered piñon country of his agonizings, he might have been stimulated to a last supreme effort. But, as before, the desert ran, deceptively pleasant under those treacherous lights, off and away into the lavender distances.

"My God! I had thought to have gained out of it before this! Them mountains don't seem to have moved an inch." Though his cracked lips formed the phrases, no sound issued till his eye fell upon a greasy sack at his feet, and even then it was only a dry whisper: "God! what's that?"

It was not, however, until an upward glance showed him the skin water-bottle, now shrunken up to a bunch, in the branches above, that he realized its full significance. Minutes passed before his head rolled round heavily on his shoulders and he saw the low mound which had been indistinguishable in the pale moonlight. From it, his glance returned to the woman, and had he still been in doubt, the truth was easily to be read in her eyes. But he knew—that he had been herded, as cattle are herded, on a wide circle around the "Inkpot." She had played him as the *matador* plays a tired bull, luring it forward to the spot he had previously marked for the kill. Sitting there, exhausted and hopeless, head level with his knees, he was the thing itself—the bull, at bay, awaiting the stroke.

And he knew it—for the end. For a long day, still longer night, he had fought away the torpor that seemed to be squeezing his brain with the insistent pressure of giant hands. All that time the instinct of life had swung in balance against the lust for sleep, and, with the death of hope, it kicked the beam.

Opposite, the Tehuana was rising, one hand in her bosom, but he did not care. Throwing back his head, he yielded, grossly, as he had to all of life's lusts, filling his lungs with a huge sleepy sigh.

him a bit, and then took me to the parks where football games were going on. Later he gave me tea in his rooms, where I had the opportunity of meeting several other students. Nothing could have been done to make my visit any pleasanter and my spirits were somewhat revived. The next day I received a note from this instructor asking me to dinner at the high table of his college on Sunday evening. This proved a most enjoyable treat. I met many learned be-whiskered English professors and had a splendid meal. They were all interesting in conversation and interested in America, and I passed a pleasant and profitable evening.

The young clergyman was no less cordial. He also asked me to dinner in his college, also to tea in order to meet some friends of his, and later on he took me to a students' club. This was a gathering of about twenty students who had met to discuss, "The Church and Democracy." A paper was read and then an open discussion followed. They were keen to know about the American aspects of the question under discussion. After this, one acquaintance led to another and I had numerous opportunities of meeting well-known, as well as unknown, Oxford people.

Dr Walter G. E. Wents
A Californian who has attracted the attention of English scholars

ABOUT LUTHER BURBANK

All of this made me wonder at the attitude of the American students that I had met. I had been told that there was no cordiality toward Americans and no interest in things American among the Oxford students. Yet I had found exactly the opposite. In fact, there were innumerable questions asked me about American politics, American religions and American sports. There seemed to be three Americans who are especially well known here. Several of the dons and some of the more scholarly students were interested in William James. He has lectured in Oxford and is the cause of much discussion among thinkers here. But what surprised me the most was something else. Several times it happened that as soon as it was discovered that I came from California one question was asked: "Do you know Luther Burbank?" As long as I could talk about him, which unfortunately was not long enough, they would listen with the greatest interest and afterward ask all kinds of questions. One man wanted to know if it was true that Burbank had skipped the country, taking with him much money that he had collected from people on the pretense of making investigations? It was only necessary for me to tell them about our potatoes or our loganberries to convince them that Burbank's life has been worth living. To show how universal is this interest in Burbank I need only say that I was asked about him by a florist in Cornwall down near Land's End, by several professors and students in Oxford and by a skeptical Scotch Presbyterian minister in Edinburgh, who suspected the co-operation of the devil in such marvels. The other man who claims much attention from the Englishman is the one who discovered the north pole. This controversy was most alive at this time and there was the same fierce partizanship as in America.

AMERICANS AT FAULT

This has taken me somewhat from the point. It was only after a few weeks' residence in Oxford, after many talks with Rhodes scholars from America and after much kindness and cordiality from Oxford students, that I solved the problem. It is the fault of the American students that they are not cordially received. It is because they do not cordially seek to be received. They form a little clique among the Oxford students. They are the reserved ones. They hang out either at the American club or in

out into the fields to wield his bow and arrow? Then again is youthful exuberance given a rude check by this relentless rule:

No undergraduate shall play marbles on the steps of Queen's College.

But I suppose really what the authorities mean is that they may not play for "keeps!" For the steps of Queen's offer a fine opportunity to play this game; and I don't believe it can be intended that the children who go to school in Queen's College are to be denied the wonderful exercise afforded by this game. What the penalty is for breaking these rules I am not sure. But I suppose that if you were caught rolling your hoop along The High you would be slapped and slapped real hard by the proctor—and serves such a bad boy right.

MUST WEAR WHITE TIES

I was astonished recently to meet several of the students wearing ghastly white lawn bow neckties. I searched the rules. There it was:

Every student who presents himself at an examination shall wear either a dark gray, dark blue or dark brown suit, a white bow tie and cap and gown.

What would happen if one were to come in dressed in a light brown suit is hard to imagine. One American student told me that he couldn't keep his mind off that white tie. It completely unnerved him and he almost failed in his examination. But not so the Englishman. He doesn't even question. "White ties always have been worn," he says to himself, and then puts it on. Submission is the thing. Each student accepts the bullying because he knows that the day will come when he may be in a position to bully somebody else.

ONE CLEVER CALIFORNIAN

Few American students have attracted the attention of English scholars. To do so means either marked ability in presenting his subject or the presentation of a subject which is in itself unique and unhackneyed. One American, who is also a Californian, and what is more a graduate of Stanford University, has aroused interest in his work. In the first place he has displayed great cleverness in collecting his material and rare insight in making its presentation both scholarly and readable. Also he has chosen a subject which is both unique and unhackneyed. He has been turning over virgin soil and it is yielding noteworthy results.

Walter Geeling Evans Wentz is his name and he was graduated from Stanford University with the "Earthquake Class" of 1906, with the degrees of Bachelor of Arts, (Master of Arts, 1907). His home formerly was in San Diego. He was a student of English literature at Stanford, with a minor interest in psychology. Gradually he became interested in Celtic literature and the

psychology of the Celtic races. This study led him to see the prominent place held by fairies in both the literature and life of the Celtic peoples. He resolved to go to Celtic countries and find out what the belief in fairies is as held by these people and what it means. He went to Ireland, Scotland, Wales and Brittany. He lived with the people and learned many things from them. He says:

"My many good Celtic friends and helpers . . . have given me, in their best and rarest thoughts, so many golden threads, and I have done no more than furnish the loom and weave these golden threads together in my own way in this psychic pattern of the Fairy-Faith."

THERE SURELY ARE FAIRIES

The results of this study are given to the world in a volume of three hundred pages published in France not long ago. In recognition of the value of the study, the University of Rennes in Brittany, France, conferred upon Mr. Wentz the degree of "Docteur ès Lettres" on July 19, 1909. Therefore we must call him Dr. Wentz.

This is a most remarkable work. Children should hail the author as a real benefactor of mankind. He has given them scholarly support for what they know is true, *i. e.*, the existence of fairies. No longer will it be necessary for youngsters to "reach that age" when they must realize that Mr. Grimm and Mr. Barrie and Hans Christian Andersen have been telling lovely lies.

In this book of Dr. Wentz's entitled, *The Fairy-Faith in Celtic Countries: Its Psychical Origin and Nature*, the author reaches a by no means uncertain conclusion. He says:

"And if fairies exist as invisible beings or intelligences, and our investigations lead us to believe that they do, they are natural and not supernatural, for nothing which exists can be supernatural." Again he says, "Believing that the proof of our psychical theory of the origin of the belief in fairies . . . has been suggested, if not made, we submit this study to the judgment of its readers. With more complete evidence in the future, both from science and from folk-lore, there will be, no doubt, a better vindication of the *theory* and perhaps finally there will be its transformation into *what we hold it to be now—a fact.*"

And after several hundred pages in which Dr. Wentz presents his evidence which he has collected and after he has given it careful psychical consideration and reconstruction according to metaphysical philosophy, religion and science, he reaches this conclusion:

> Fairyland and real fairies exist. For besides the evidence offered by the Gaelic and Brythonic peoples themselves and substantiated by the scientific opinion of such well-known authorities in pure science as the late F. W. H. Meyers, and, to-day, by Sir William Crookes, Sir Oliver Lodge, M. Camille Flammarion, and Dr. William James (of Harvard University) that there is a psychic element or subjective world in nature, this is what Ireland's poet, William B. Yeats, wrote me while this study was in progress, concerning the Celtic Fairy-Kingdom: "I am certain that it exists and will some day be studied as it was studied by Kirk." And the author feels confident in maintaining that there is a real invisible fairyland within our own earth's atmosphere and that real fairies who are not men nor shades of men live in it now.

ANDREW LANG APPROVES

This book attracted the attention of no less a critic than Andrew Lang. In the Illustrated *London News* of October 30, 1909, he devotes a page to Dr. Wentz and his theories. Also he has some complimentary flings at Stanford University:

"This (the conclusion of Dr. Wentz) will not be granted at Oxford, but Stanford, a fresh young seat of learning, may be open to argument." Mr. Lang goes on to say of the author: "It must not be supposed that Mr. Wentz is either jesting or is ignorant of his subject. He examines all the current theories of the origin of the fairy-belief and approves of the merits which, in various degrees, they possess. But they are all inadequate, he says. There is something more than myth. There are genuine fairies, a secret commonwealth of elves, fauns and fairies, as the Rev. Robert Kirk argued, about 1690." But Mr. Lang needs more proof and says: "I am not wholly of Mr. Wentz's opinion, though I conceive that certain obscure but probably genuine phenomena have some cause unknown, and that the Celts attribute these phenomena to fairy agency."

AN AUDACIOUS SCHOLAR

One could not expect an Englishman to be convinced quite so rapidly of something

that has always been considered untrue, especially when it is not an Englishman who is presenting the argument. To allow that of all people, a fresh young American, from the Wild West at that, has proved a point which would thoroughly disprove and upset all calculations of previous thought in England is really too much. Indeed it takes a courageous, even an audacious man, to do what Dr. Wentz has done. He is devoting his life to the study of something that the world says does not exist. He has made his first point; he has claimed attention and stimulated discussion around his thesis.

And now we must rejoice that we have given to us dozens of new fairy stories, some of them of rare beauty and interest. I will quote one which Dr. Wentz heard in Ireland:

How Tim Farrel Found a Wife

There used to be an old bachelor in these parts named Tim Farrel, who lived all alone just like a hermit. And once, on a November night, he thought to go out to see if he could hear or see anything. So he went to a place where there is a big gap between two fields and it wasn't long before he heard horses galloping as hard as they could come. Tim drew himself to one side so as not to be observed, and what was his surprise to see eleven strange horses come out followed by a twelfth and on each of them a rider with a maiden behind him.

Tim was always quick at decisions and when the eleventh horseman had gone by he said so that all of them could hear him, "Be God, I am going to have a wife, too;" and just in time for the twelfth rider, he jumped at him and seized the maid. He took her home in a hurry; and she was with him a year and never spoke a word.

Tim couldn't understand it at all and so he never said anything about it. But when it was November night again and just a year since he got his wife, he went to the gap to see if he could hear anything this time. And it was the very same horsemen who came again, though one of them didn't have a maiden with him, and as they passed where Tim was hiding he heard the last one say, "Now mind Tim Farrel who took my wife from me this night a year." And the others said, "Little good she has been to him. If he had sense enough to pull a pin out of her hair she would say much." Tim didn't wait any longer. Off he ran and never stopped till he was home; and as soon as he pulled the pin out of the girl's hair she talked as much as any woman you ever saw. She said that she was a gentleman's daughter and belonged to County Mayo, for the "good people" had taken her one night just as it was getting dark and she was walking past one of their forts on her way to the manor.

Tim thought to make a visit to the gentleman who might be his father-in-law, and sure enough the gentleman's daughter had been *taken* on the same November night Tim got his wife; but it took Tim to find it out, for there they were trying to raise a changeling, and soon what did he do but build a big fire and put her on it; and when she went up the chimney in smoke the people in the manor were for shooting him, but he said, "Wait a minute." And before one of them could move a hand, he was gone to bring the gentleman's daughter. He soon came back with her and none of the family could thank him enough. Of course the only thing Tim could do was to marry her publicly, though he used to say when he was a bachelor that there wasn't a woman in the whole world good enough for him.

This story from the mass in the thesis is not the kind used by Dr. Wentz to build up his theory; it is simply illustrative, like some others, of the typical Irish way in which the legendary ideas about fairies still flourish. The theory rests upon statements furnished by trustworthy seers in the various Celtic countries, and upon well-attested psychological experiences of Celts, as well as upon psychical research.

AMERICAN ATHLETES

Americans are taking a more and more prominent part in athletics at Oxford. They find some difficulty at first in getting accustomed to the weather and its quick changes from warm to cold and from wet to dry. As some writer said recently, "England doesn't have a climate; she gets only samples." This is quite true at Oxford. In general the effect of Oxford weather is depressing, and one readily understands why the students take it easy during term-time and do their studying in the vacation at home. And of course the Americans feel the effects of the weather more than the Englishmen. It takes them a term or two to get into sympathy with the capricious climate. But during the last year American [illegible] have become a real factor in Ox[illegible]

The president [illegible] iversity Athletic Club [illegible] versity

men and the squads who do play the games. Like so many things in America, the sports are centralized, the games are in the hands of the few. And these few play well, break records and furnish intensely exciting sport for the less energetic spectators.

ALL ENGLISHMEN IN TRAINING

At Oxford the whole system is radically different. Every man, almost without exception, goes out for athletics. Every afternoon about two o'clock you see any number of bare-legged students hurrying down to the river to row. Nearly every "Fresher" gets "tubbed," as they call the preliminary training in rowing. Those who don't row get into the football games, either Rugby or Association, or as they are called in Oxford, "Rugger" and "Soccer." And they all go out nearly every day, alternating some days with hockey, tennis or golf. Bicycles are not extinct in England. The majority of the students ride, both for convenience and pleasure.

The best part of all this is that in England when a man leaves college he doesn't hang his athletic togs up alongside of his university degree. The men keep up their games and keep down their flesh. Nearly all the Englishmen look well trained and are in good physical condition all the time. A book just published in London has this passage:

> "Look at those tall, thin Englishmen!" said John. "The English are the best-dressed men in the world. How clean they are! But they seem cold, as if they were not quite dry from their last bath."
>
> "And that young man is an American," said Diana, mischievously. "Americans always have padded shoulders, they always need shaving, their boots are always soiled, and their clothes are always unbrushed. Slap an American on the back and he'd disappear in a cloud of dust!"

There is an element of truth in that. The Englishmen show the results of their good athletic lives. They are usually rather lithe and solid. Their clothes haven't the generous padding of the Americans. Their life in an English university trains them into a real love for sport. They love it because they are in it and not just because they like to watch others at it. Incidentally, if a man were not fairly athletic and in good physical training, I don't see how he could run for Parliament in England. If we ever get the idea that playing politics is a strenuous game in America we need only be in this country during a general election to see what a serious and exciting business it is. Candidates have to be not only clever with their tongues but quick with their fists and swift with their legs. I have noted numerous occasions when political aspirants have had to use the old-fashioned argument of two big doubled-up hands on the end of muscular arms in order to convince agitators that they have a right to speak their opinion. Even the chancellor of the exchequer has had to go through a back door of the hall where he was speaking, up a ladder, out of a window and along a railroad track to his motor-car to escape an angry crowd of opponents who would have mobbed him. Nearly every election speaker has to dodge fruit and eggs. And the polling goes on for over a week, a good test of body, mind and nerves for candidates and people, for the excitement is intense, the competition to secure voters hard and furious.

All life in England is extremely active. Every business and profession is full of competition, which requires energetic work. To succeed as a merchant, as a physician, as a priest or as a duke, means the possession by every man of a sound physique, alert mind, and above all else poise and judgment. And beyond all doubt this combination of character is attained to a great extent by the system of athletic sports, with its continual round of exercise. The beginning is made in the schools, but unlike so much of our American sport, it does not stop with this introduction. All through their lives athletics play an important part with Englishmen. They cultivate sport not for the sake of sport and its records and championships, but for the benefits that healthful exercise gives to every man.

GETTING FRESH AIR

There is one problem that confronts every American in England. That is the problem of fresh air. It is a cry that resounds all over this land. To get this fresh air all comfort is sacrificed. Windows must be wide open, day and night. Only recently I was attending a lecture on the "Twelfth Century." In this beautiful old Gothic lecture-room—long, high ceiling with carved rafters, great colored window-panes, and of all horrors, a stone floor—

there was at the end of it a small fireplace. Here a pretty little fire struggled bravely to look cheerful, and this was the only means of warming the room. The twelfth century history should be taught in just such a room. One cannot appreciate those days of discomfort, before furnaces were invented, in the bright steam-heated lecture-rooms of a modern university. Then there is another advantage in attending lectures in these beautiful barn-like buildings. If at times you don't *hear* all that the professor says, you can *see* the words. They spell themselves out in frozen breath from the speaker's mouth.

Are the English so hardy and rugged that they are proof against these attacks of fresh air? Not at all. It isn't because we are puny Americans that we look longingly toward a paradise of steam-heat. The Englishman has never been warm in winter. Because November has arrived he expects to be cold until April. And worse still he takes cold. Early in the month of November he settles down with his annual winter cold. Every Englishman that you meet in the street has his mouth open. If he hadn't he would smother. And lectures or any public speeches are said amidst a storm of coughs and sneezes. One afternoon a friend of mine, an Englishman, was visiting me. He was suddenly taken ill and had to go home in a hansom. As he is ordinarily in rude health I was rather puzzled. But upon reflection I came to the conclusion that for the first time in any winter he had been warm. His visit in the only warm room in Oxford was too much for his fresh-air constitution.

There was a good joke on all the fresh-air fiends of Oxford, on all at least who went to hear Paderewski play. A merry crowd had gathered in the town hall, windows were open and hundreds were offering their homage of coughs and sneezes to the great fresh-air god. But not so Paderewski; after his first piece he ordered the windows on the ground floor closed. After his second piece those of the gallery were likewise closed. After his third piece, much to his hearers' disgust, he ordered even the ventilators closed. And there he kept them, six hundred draft-loving Englishmen, for an hour and a half in the close, sweltering atmosphere of that stuffy hall. If anybody ventured to open a window or a door, Paderewski would shake his mane and roar out his order that it be closed. If they wanted to hear him they must suffer the danger of poisoned air.

An old resident told me that she could remember the time back in the sixties when Englishmen began to open their windows. The idea has gradually been absorbed that fresh air is advantageous to health. If they survive a few more winters they may begin to take in the American idea of house-warming. They do not realize that it is a pretty good plan to have every room and hall at least thawed out. The Englishman heats (to some extent) his room. The American heats his house. And when the Englishman realizes that he can get both heat and fresh air, perhaps he will begin to change his arctic habits. Fireplaces and wide open windows will give place to furnaces and ventilators.

OXFORD, THE PLAYGROUND

Somebody has contemptuously spoken of Oxford as "The Playground of the Rich." How true that title is! Yet why condemn the place on that ground? It is a big playground, and the loveliest playground that imagination can conceive. And it is for the rich. The Oxford student is living in a city of licensed robbers. Let me use a very homely illustration. I bought some dates at an Oxford fruiterer's shop on a Monday, paying tenpence for a pound. On Wednesday I was in London and got a pound of dates of the same quality for sixpence. It is the same with everything, a two-pound suit in London costs three pounds in Oxford. Landladies are legalized pickpockets. They are a kind of unattractive vampire in this university town. They leap with ferocious expectation upon the innocent large-eyed undergraduate, and cling to him, draining his purse until it lies cold and flat. Then he goes home for the vacation while the wicked woman gains strength for a fresh assault. She is like a wild, ravenous animal whose anger and appetite can only be appeased by a continuous feeding upon undergraduates and their gold.

But perhaps the disadvantages of this kind only enhance the [illegible] side of Oxford life. Existence [illegible] bath in that river which caus[illegible] get the past. One moves as th[illegible] dream,

is played according to Oxford rules and not as the game is played in Chicago. And the way to learn the method of play at Oxford is to learn it at Oxford and not to get it from Rhodes scholars. For judging by observations, many of them are playing the game by different rules and do not seem to have entered into the Oxford game.

OLD ENGLAND DYING

Old England is dying. There can be no doubt of this. While Old England is dying, "New" England is waking. It is a great thing to see the life and vigor of an English election. It intensifies the impression that the visitor and student of English affairs has already gained: that a great change is coming over England. The days of merry old England are indeed numbered. One rejoices to think that the great mass of English people are shaking themselves and asserting their rights in the government of the country. At the same time one mourns to think of the passing of much that is so picturesque and distinctive of English life.

The Socialists have not been preaching their doctrines in vain. For years they have been carrying on their vigorous onslaught against established convictions. They have declared war on the dukes and all that is bound up in the system which maintains the dukes. Great tracts of undeveloped land have been handed down to men who were fortunate enough to be babes in certain cradles. For generations the run of English people have simply accepted this condition of affairs. The result was a wonderfully interesting life throughout the country, full of fiction and poetry. But now comes the reign of fact and prose. Subordinate tenants are asserting their rights to buy and hold a small section of the earth's crust for themselves and their families. One of the first steps toward this reform is the demand for the nationalization of land. The dukes are against the wall and the Socialists have their pistols drawn. The country has got to change. It is a great blessing and a great pity. One is glad to see the English people getting what is their right—what Americans have always enjoyed. But one is equally sorry to see the passing of so much that has been traditional for so many generations.

It seems quite certain that this big change is sure to come over England. The English have never been a conservative people as we have in the United States or as Germany has. England is more like France in this respect. She always goes to big extremes. One generation has seen England a despotic monarchy, the next has seen her a commune. Then back the pendulum swings and England has a king again. Then she has a democratic representation combined with the monarchy. The United States has been content to grow and develop along the broad lines that her written constitution gives to her. England is cramped by having no written constitution. And now the House of Lords, which is the chief revolutionary element in English political life, "has declared war on the British constitution," says one of the chief socialistic writers in England, Gilbert K. Chesterton. He goes on, "and serves it right for being an unwritten constitution." The people elect their representatives to Parliament and expect to have the control of the nation through them.

Why the representatives of a handful of the English people, who get their seats merely because they happened to have the fathers that they have, should overthrow the laws which have been passed by the representatives of the great mass of English people, is a great and confusing problem.

THE SUFFRAGETTE PROBLEM

Another instance of this great tendency to do things with a big upheaval is the state of the woman's suffrage problem. While there has for a long time been a desire to have the vote, the American suffragettes have never gone to such extremes as the English women have. Throwing acid, chaining themselves to the iron posts of the Parliament houses, horsewhipping, trying to starve when jailed, and interrupting public speakers, are only a few of the wild methods they have chosen to adopt. In conservative America, when the proper amount of interest is shown and women come to express the desire to vote, the ballot is given to them without any tiresome claims for martyrdom such as we find in England.

Then again, America is more evenly balanced when it comes to a question of temper. Because of a slight difference of opinion on a religious question, violent means are resorted to in England, while in America absolute liberty is allowed and tolerance granted. It is a sad sight in wandering over England to see the wild unchecked havoc wrought in the name of religion. No respect for sacred things, no reverence for the house

of God, and no care for beauty of art or architecture, can be found among those who sought to change the character of the English church. Statues were smashed, windows broken and many sanctuaries pillaged by so-called reformers, to say nothing of the bloodshed.

It is the same reckless spirit that seems to prevail in all things English. It is such a beautiful country, so full of treasures of untold value, and it seems such a pity that the people have not more of the even, conservative temper that prevails in the United States. Then the death of Old England might be but a peaceful one and a change into a far more glorious future of joy and prosperity. But any study of the English disposition and a perusal of English history do not encourage one to look for a calm settlement of existing troubles.

The Coming of Rain

By Henry Anderson Lafler

All earth waits but to hear her silver feet afar,
Trailing down the mountains and along the river-plains—
Blow, South Wind, and bring her whom we greet afar—
Bring the Silver Maiden of the gray sweet rains.

Long blue days, and the never-shadowed sun above,
Stars that stir and waken with the lapse of light—
We are weary for the rains and the clouds of gray and dun above—
Slow, soft rains on the roofs all night.

Tawny are the hills as the lions at their slain thereon,
Yellow through the haze is the stubble of the wheat;
Earth scarce knows if ever trod the rain thereon—
Dim as a dream are her slim white feet.

Even as a man, while death counts his tale of days,
Dreams as he fades of a far-off hour,
So earth dreams how, far through the veil of days,
Green blades danced to a wild spring shower.

Hollows of the white-oaks now are all astore with gold—
Sealed and guarded treasure of the wild honey-bee;
Maple-bough and sycamore pave the forest-floor with gold—
Flames are the fruit of the red-cloaked tree.

But oh, friend, look, and mark if anywhere to south
White clouds drift, and hither gather slow.
Come! Make haste!—I waft a hearted prayer to south,
For trampled is the willow-spring—hear the cattle low!

Purple of the vinelands, ruddy of the trees arow,
Yellow of the barley-fields, brown of the briar,
Sweet, amber sweet, of the stilling hives of bees arow—
All's under roof, and the wood for the fire.

All earth waits but to hear her silver feet afar,
  Trailing down the mountains and along the river-plains.
Blow, South Wind, and bring her whom we greet afar—
  Bring the Silver Maiden of the gray sweet rains.

Heart of the night, I woke to hear a breeze afoot—
  Creaked like an old stair the pine-tree's frame.
Sudden came a gust, on the shoulders of the trees afoot—
  Sighed to a silence, *and then she came!*

Mousing at the door-latch, tapping at the pane soft,
  Rapping on the window-ledges her white hand;
Then I heard her murmuring down the forest-lane, soft—
  A whisper in the dark to the wide still land.

Went, as a singing, she, down the hills and valley-ways,
  Cooling-sweet to all athirst her glancing finger-tips.
Highroad, byroad, laurel-laced alleyways
  Trod the Silver Maiden of the sweet, sweet lips.

All the little seeds woke, chanting praises after her,
  All the little shrubs breathed such a woodsy smell,
Happiness of thorny vines followed like a laughter her,
  And the tall and gracious trees leaned and loved her well.

Cattle under cedar-boughs know that soon the hills will be
  Putting off their dusty robes and choose a fairer hue—
Poppy-broidered emerald! Running full the rills will be,
  And the trampled willow-spring gather heart anew.

All earth's glad that the silver rain is fleet again
  Down the mountain valleys and along the river-plains.
Praise, South Wind, who hast brought her whom we greet again—
  Brought us back the maiden of the gray sweet rains.

The Orientalizing of Appleton

By Frederick Ferdinand Moore

ARTHUR APPLETON, lieutenant of the fourth grade, Philippines constabulary, had his heart set on promotion. Like all new men in the service, he wanted a captaincy and a captain's pay, for captains got better posts than lonesome little native villages on the coast like Ballybigan. He had been in the Philippines but a month, and three of the four weeks he had spent in Ballybigan. By his own census, sent to Manila ten days after his arrival, there were four hundred and six natives in Ballybigan, and three-fourths of them were under the age of ten. About the only human beings Appleton could associate with were his twelve constables, who couldn't talk English, and as Appleton couldn't talk Spanish or Tagalog, his conversation with his subordinates began and ended with his drill commands. There was a school-teacher over in Salamogue, eight miles away, but he had

consumption and wanted to do his coughing in Appleton's face, so Appleton amused himself by teaching his bald-headed monkey tricks and reading aloud to himself.

Appleton didn't consider the half-blood Chinaman who kept the little *barrio* store as a human being. Wong could talk Pidgin-English and Appleton began to cultivate his acquaintance at first, but Wong bought and sold human skulls and trafficked in other ways with the head-hunters, and Appleton found that he slept better by staying away from the shack and its grewsome sights.

A trading schooner dropped into the little bay about once in three months with mail and supplies for the constabulary detachment. Between visits the China sea was as bald as the monkey, except for a few fishing *bancas* which the natives of Ballybigan sailed in the bay when they wanted a change of diet.

Appleton had been commissioned in the constabulary the week after he graduated from the University of California and was sure that he would like life in the Orient as an officer in the constabulary; but he found life in Ballybigan a trifle quieter than it had been on the campus and the Orient didn't seem such a magical place after three weeks in the "Bamboo army," as the regular army officers called the native police force.

The Sunday morning which marked the end of his third week in Ballybigan brought a courier from Salamogue, where the telegraph line ended. The native runner handed over the envelope, addressed:

LIEUTENANT ARTHUR APPLETON
Commanding Officer, Provisional Detachment,
Philippines Constabulary,
BALLYBIGAN, P. I.

"Like as not they want a report on the number of haversacks I have on hand, their condition and my recommendations as to supplying more carbine straps. This is a horribly responsible condition, I am sure," he growled, as he finished his muddy coffee. Before he opened the envelope he had his house servant remove the three breakfast dishes and lace his canvas shoes. Then he motioned for a cigarette, blew a few rings toward the jungle on the shady side of the house, and yawned while Gregorio tore the yellow missive and handed him the familiar government telegram.

"By George!" he exclaimed, after he had read his orders. "This looks like somebody will be busy!"

He had acquired the habit of talking and reading aloud to himself so his own voice would not seem strange to him when he went back to civilization.

"Now what do you suppose all this means? 'Government suspects that opium is being smuggled into the islands along the northern coast of Luzon from China or other nearby ports and then brought to Manila. Since the law prohibiting the importation of the drug, the price has soared to $200 per pound. Watch as much of the coast as possible near your station until a coast guard cutter arrives in a few days. Search any small vessels which stop at Ballybigan from foreign ports or appear suspicious. If you find contraband, seize it and arrest crew, wire headquarters for orders. By command of General Flint, General Commanding. McMurray, Captain and Adjutant, Manila.'

"Fine business! If I can make a good catch I'll get my captaincy and perhaps special duty in Manila, and then I can send telegrams to lonesome lieutenants in God-forsaken holes like Ballybigan."

Relieved that something had happened to break the monotony of life, he jumped up from the table, grabbed his pith helmet, buckled on his sword and started for the bamboo barracks for the usual morning inspection. As he stepped on the veranda of his bungalow he caught sight of a little schooner sailing into the bay, a half-mile below his quarters.

"There they are now!" he shouted gleefully. "There are the smugglers! Appleton, old man, you're in luck! We'll go down and welcome them to Ballybigan and go over their boat with a fine-tooth comb, grab the opium which is worth $200 a pound, seize it and apprehend the crew according to orders and wire Manila, 'We have met the enemy and they are ours.' I do like to catch smugglers."

He went back and picked up a field-glass and studied the strange boat. He made out the name *Yellow Bird* on the bows. She was a tiny schooner of about a hundred tons. The American flag flew from her spanker gaff, and from her fore truck a peculiar triangular white pennant with a blue cross. Appleton knew the latter was the "church flag," flown by vessels during divine service on board.

"Too blamed bad," he said in disgust. "She's a missionary boat. I'll go down and chin-chin with the sky-pilot, anyway. I don't have company every day."

Twenty minutes later, accompanied by a sergeant and two privates, he went over the side of the spick-and-span little *Yellow Bird*, which had sunk her anchor in the bay mud a hundred yards offshore.

As he stepped out of his *banca*, a pretty young lady was standing on the top of the accommodation ladder. She was dressed in white duck and wore a belt of gold braid, and Appleton observed that she had shiny brown hair, which swelled out from under a white canvas sailor hat. He also noticed that she had black eyes and cheeks with a pink tint—and dimples.

"Welcome on board the *Yellow Bird*, and may the Lord be with you," she said.

Appleton took off his hat and mumbled some reply. The clerical looking gentleman broke off the hymn in the middle of a sentence and greeted Appleton with a benign smile.

"Peace be with you," he said. "I am the Rev. Obadiah Kent, master of the *Yellow Bird*, a preacher of the gospel, the accredited representative of the United Society. This is my daughter, Patience. We are holding services—won't you join us?"

Before Appleton could reply, the Rev. Obadiah Kent resumed the hymn at the place where he had stopped, Miss Patience joined in, and Appleton took off his hat and joined the singing, a trifle off the key.

The congregation consisted of the eight members of the crew, all Chinese, the Chinese cook and the ship's black cat.

After a short prayer the Rev. Mr. Kent concluded the service and invited Appleton to the cabin.

"Where did you clear from and where are you bound for?" asked Appleton.

"Patience, get out the ship's papers, my dear. Show our dear friend and guest our credentials. I must go on deck for a minute and see that all is secure, for it may come on to blow."

Miss Patience produced a tin box and handed out packets of papers, which she unfolded and explained to Appleton. The constabulary officer rather enjoyed having her show him the papers; he liked to hear her sweet voice; he liked to watch her brush back the vagrant strands of brown hair; the white, deft fingers snapping over rubber bands made him sigh for someone like Miss Patience to take care of his accounts and make his reports about haversacks.

"Our work is cast among the poor heathen," she explained. "We have spent the past year coming up the west coast of Luzon, and now we are going down the east coast. Our last port was Vigan, north of here. We don't have to pay port dues or clear like the ordinary vessels, for you see this is our letter of marque to enter and clear free in all American ports, in the service of the Lord. In order to help defray the expenses we are allowed to trade, and here is our manifest. We have twenty sacks of rice for Wong Kim, the Chinese merchant here, which we will land, with your permission. Here are our credentials from the United Society and here is a letter of introduction from the Bishop of the Philippines. I hope," she concluded, with an arch smile, "that you are suited with our papers. We intend to leave a supply of tracts, printed in the native tongue, and some bibles, and we will probably be here a week, laboring to convert some of the natives. We would like to hold services in your barracks."

"It must be awful tiresome living in this little schooner," said Appleton. "You and your father must be my guests while you are in Ballybigan."

"That is so sweet and kind of you, I am sure. If it wouldn't be imposing on your hospitality, we might stay longer than a week."

"Stay as long as you want to—you would be saving my soul if you could stay six months—I get horribly lonesome in this place."

"I'm afraid that will be too long for us, for we must not forget our duty to the poor heathen." She laughed gaily and ran to call her father, and Appleton heard her joyously telling the Rev. Obadiah about the invitation to make his house their home during their stay in port.

"My dear friend, so kind of you, I'm sure," said the Rev. Kent, as he returned to the cabin. "It would be as good as a vacation to spend a couple of days ashore, wouldn't it, my dear? And this bartering with heathen is so tiresome—I wish I could get that rice ashore and in Wong Kim's store, and off my mind. I am utterly without inspiration while I have it to worry about."

Appleton suggested going ashore at once in his *banca* and taking the rice with them and having his *cargadores* deliver it to Wong Kim, so that his guests could go on to his house and have tiffin and rest after the

passage down the coast. The suggestion was hailed with delight by the Rev. Obadiah and Miss Patience, and Wong Kim soon had his rice and had paid for it, and the two visitors were resting on the veranda of Appleton's bungalow.

At tiffin Miss Patience charmed Appleton. She laughed and chattered and smiled at him bewitchingly and he began to wonder if his pay as a lieutenant of the fourth class would support a wife, and if it would, if Miss Patience Kent would marry him and a thousand and one other ideas entered his head. He wore his newest khaki uniform; and his sword belt and his gold-plated collar ornaments and his shiniest buttons.

In the afternoon the Rev. Obadiah walked through the town and left Miss Patience on the veranda with Appleton, and the two became very friendly.

They were all on very friendly terms at dinner, and after dark the Rev. Obadiah asked to be taken out to the *Yellow Bird* for a hymn-book, as he wanted to hold a service in the constabulary barracks and needed some hymns in the Tagalog language. Miss Patience also wanted to go aboard the schooner, and when Appleton declared that he would have them taken out and go with them, they insisted that he was tired and it would be too much trouble for him. Really, they did not wish to put him to so much bother, so he ordered his *banca* out and remained at home, estimating the cost of living for two in Ballybigan.

He sat on the veranda and watched the riding light of the *Yellow Bird*, rising and falling with the gentle swell of the China sea. He watched the *banca* glide over the moonlit water toward the schooner, and presently he saw it returning to shore, and was glad that they were returning so soon.

"What the dickens does that mean?" Appleton was talking to himself. "Didn't that riding light disappear? Of course it did. The schooner is swinging at its moorings. What's that? Are they getting canvas on her? That's the jibse'l going up! That clanking sounds like the anchor chain winding up— Oh, I guess he wants to shift her position for the night. Why, that's the forese'l being hauled up! Can they be getting under way? Well, blast me for a blind beggar, if she isn't heading out to sea!"

The *Yellow Bird* was heeled over to port under the strong land breeze and was rapidly slipping to sea. He could hear the rigging creaking as the schooner began to plunge in the swell. He jumped up and ran down to the beach and met the *banca* as it was brought ashore. Arthur Appleton, lieutenant of the fourth class, Philippines Constabulary, collapsed and sat down in the wet sand when he heard his boatmen explain that the Rev. Obadiah Kent had sent them back as soon as he boarded the *Yellow Bird* with his daughter.

"I wonder if anything is wrong," he asked himself. "I wonder if I can get that rice at Wong Kim's store and look it over."

He hurried up to the little *tienda* and burst in on the placid Chinaman.

"Where is that rice you got from that schooner?" he demanded.

"Lice? You likee see lice? Top side," and Wong pointed at a shelf laden with twenty brown sacks, supposed to be filled with rice.

"But the sacks you got to-day were white cotton cloth—these are dirty brown; these are not the sacks of rice which were brought ashore from that schooner which just sailed."

"All same lice," replied Wong, puffing at his pipe.

"You know better!" roared Appleton.

"No can catch white slacks—all same lice," droned Wong, and went on with his never-ending game of solitaire.

A courier looked in at the door, and seeing Appleton, entered. The lieutenant tore open the envelope and read:

"Appleton, commanding detachment, Ballybigan. Hold schooner *Night Hawk* if she puts in at your port. She has Chinese crew. Master is Atherton, wanted smuggler. He poses as a missionary. His wife plays part of his daughter. Vessel last seen in bay of one of the Bashee Islands. Changes her name at will and has fake letters from various officials. Apprehend and hold and seize cargo, allow nothing on shore. Known to have at least hundred pounds of opium. McMurray, Adjutant."

"Yes, there is an answer," said Appleton wearily. He took a blank and wrote: "Appleton, lieutenant, fourth class, Philippines Constabulary, respectfully tenders his resignation. Leave for Manila first transportation."

Highways of power. transmission lines and towers

Greater than Gold

"White Coal" Miners of the Sierra and Their Treasure Beds of Energy —The Story of Big Bend

By CLAYTON M. JONES

THREE years ago, a party of men plodded down the steep cañon that bounds the river-bed of the North Fork of the Feather river, flowing through the Sierra in California. Here and there along their toilsome way they set up transits to survey the country and now they examined the soil of the river-bank. Were they in search of gold, which the bed of this stream was said to contain? No; they were the miners of a new substance which is destined to become more valuable and of vastly more importance to the economic stability and prosperity of a state than even the great mines of ore. These men were miners of a new era—the miners of "white coal." They were searching along the river for a spot where they could sidetrack this water over a cliff and then let its enormous mass come tumbling down through great steel pipes to hit the blades of cunningly contrived wheels which they would erect at the base of the precipice.

After traveling through many miles of ravine and cañon, these men came to a spot eighteen miles above Oroville. Here the river shoots down a cañon, but the rushing water swirls for miles around a great bend and finally comes back to within three miles of the place where the bend started. And the surveyors noted that around this loop the river had dropped something like six hundred feet. Here, then, was a spot suitable to harness the turbulent flood. But a mountain intervened between the two ends of this river loop and in order to use this tremendous drop it was seen that the obstructing mountain would have to be dug through and the water thus diverted through the tunnel and then dropped down the other side of the hill.

Now it so happened that several years previously, Dr. Pierce, of patent medicine fame, had headed another expedition at this very point. They were mining for gold. To them, the rushing water was only a nuisance and an obstacle which covered

the Sierra Nevada mountains from Reno, Nevada, to Sacramento, California, the limit of haulage has already been reached on a one-track road. Estimates indicate that for a continuance of the present methods of steam haulage, the cutting of new tunnels in order to lower the grades would cost from $40,000,000 to $50,000,000 and consume eight years in the building, while a change to electric motive power could be made in two years at a cost of $13,000,000. With electric haulage, seventy five per cent will be gained in speed, and there will be a twenty per cent reduction in non-profitable tonnage on account of the fact that the electric locomotives are much lighter. It is ascertained that the road contemplates using electric power where the Sacramento division crosses the mountains, about one hundred and ten miles between sea-level on the west and the base of the interior plateau. With a grade of seven thousand feet and six or eight passenger trains a day, besides the heavy freight-trains, that section presents a tremendous problem in transportation. In calculating the expense of changing to electric locomotives, it is not assumed that each existing locomotive must be replaced by an electric counterpart of equal power. Much time is required in the current types of locomotives for a variety of operations which disappear completely when electricity is employed. These operations are: taking on water, heating the boiler, and changing direction on the turntable. Evidently fewer electric locomotives are required to accomplish the same amount of work.

California is being interwoven with an immense system of electrical distribution. The first high-voltage plant in the country in the mountains back of Pomona and San Bernardino, and subsequently the Santa Ana cañon plant, transmitting energy into Los Angeles, have formed the basis of the immense network of the Southern California Edison Company, which has grown until it reaches from Redlands to the sea and now includes a great transmission system extending from the Kern river far northward into Los Angeles, a distance of one hundred and twenty-two miles. This system covers the valley from Redlands to the Pacific very thoroughly. It includes seven hydraulic plants and seven steam-stations.

The other great system of southern California is that of the Pacific Light and Power Company, which covers particularly the territory between Los Angeles and the sea. As in the other network the principal station is on the Kern river, the distance from the power-house at Borel along the transmission line to Los Angeles is one hundred and twenty-seven miles. The Pacific Light and Power Company has four other hydraulic plants and three steam-generating stations, of which the steam-driven station at Redondo is the most interesting as it uses crude-oil, as do the other steam plants in this vicinity. The thoroughness with which these systems supply energy to the great central valley of southern California is remarkable. The branch lines run to the little towns and villages, providing them with light and power. Small industrial plants throughout this immense territory are also supplied with power. The power lines reach to every place where a market can be found. The combined systems cover a territory of over two thousand square miles aside from the long projection northward into the Kern river country. It is here that irrigation combines with the water-power plants, for the same water which makes the desert put on a garden glow also lights the streets and moves the cars in cities miles away.

The Pacific Light and Power Company will shortly begin the work of enlarging several of its plants so as to meet the increasing demands for energy. It has plans under way to develop more power on the Kern river and to extend its lines into the mountains, where additional plants are under contemplation. The Southern California Company is preparing plans for the construction of another power-plant in the Santa Ana cañon, which will involve an expenditure of $600,000. The plant will be located in what is known as Lost Man's cañon and will have a capacity of about seventy-five hundred horsepower. This is the sixth plant which this company has developed in the Santa Ana cañon. The total output of the six will amount to sixteen thousand kilowatts.

One of the greatest river-harnessing feats which was completed recently is that of the hydro-electric plant of the Stanislaus Power Company on the Stanislaus river in central California. This stream runs at the rate of three hundred cubic feet per second, but with a fall of fifteen hundred feet, and the energy obtained is equal to

Rubicon Water and Power Company. The preliminary engineering work has been completed and the first power-station will be built near Hale's Camp, in northern El Dorado county, and the second lower down on the Rubicon. The first will have a head of eighteen hundred feet and will develop about thirty thousand horsepower. On the Yuba river, locations have been recently filed which indicate that the water will be carried in flumes and canals from the north Yuba river in Sierra county, at a point below Sierra City, where the intake will be located, to the site of the power-house just below Downieville.

Another development deal consists of the formation of a large water and power consolidation in the Sierra under the name of the Lake Tahoe Power and Water Company, and in the development of which it is proposed to expend not less than $1,000,000 annually for the next four years. The principal purpose of the syndicate is the development of power from the water of Lake Tahoe, of which it controls the only outlet. Transmission lines will be run on both sides of the mountains, supplying energy to the state of Nevada, as far east as Ely, and on the California side to Sacramento, and through the valley of the Sacramento river. The water from Lake Tahoe will be used under conditions which will protect the Truckee-Carson irrigation system and the total output of the combined plants will reach two hundred thousand horsepower. The greater part of the energy sold in Nevada will be developed from the Carson and Walker rivers, while the engineers have plans for new stations in the Truckee, where three stations are already in operation.

Surveys will soon commence on the large power development of the Feather River Power and Development Company on the Middle Fork of the Feather river. The plan includes a chain of three plants, from which it is estimated that eighty-six thousand horsepower can be developed at low water. The first diversion of the water will be made at Nelson Point, in Plumas county, where fifteen thousand cubic inches of water will be carried eleven miles in a ditch to the mouth of Onion creek, where a fall of one thousand feet will be secured for the first plant. From the pond the water, now increased to twenty thousand cubic inches, will be carried by a ditch a distance of fourteen miles, to a point near the mouth of South Branch, where a fall of twelve hundred and fifty feet will be had for the second power-plant. From the second plant the water will be increased to twenty-five thousand cubic inches and will be carried in a ditch six miles to Fall river, where the third plant will have a fall of seven hundred and twenty feet. The Bay Cities Water Company has in contemplation a large water-power proposition on the American river, where $12,000,000 will be expended in developing seventy-five thousand horsepower.

The Mount Whitney Power Company, operating at Visalia, has two plants, one on the East Fork and the other on the Middle Fork of the Kaweah river. Current is transmitted about seventy miles, furnishing light for several towns and moving the cars in Visalia.

These power developments, together with many other smaller ones now being worked out in the Sierra, will cause an expenditure of over $50,000,000. Who can look into the future and make an adequate prophecy of the progress and civilization in store for this land of fruit and flowers; of factory and of forest; of irrigation and of mines; of glittering cities and swift-moving cars? Who can measure its advance under the comparatively new impulse of this new force—the force of falling water transmuted into power: the wizard of development?

The Keystone Fraction

By JAMES M. SPENCER

DRAWINGS BY J. A. CAHILL

WHEN they came in over the desert together they were just plain Slim McCrae and plain Bill Morrison. But that was before a claim had yet been staked or a shack thrown up where the now booming camp of Goldfeather stood. Things had changed since then and though Slim was the same Slim McCrae, his old partner, Bill, was now known as W. Henley Morrison, and dominated the mining life of Goldfeather. The Hawkeye group, whose record-breaking output during its two months' run had thrilled the mining world, was owned solely by Morrison; and using his suddenly acquired wealth he had quietly bought up stock in a number of the camp's producers until his word was law in the stockholders' meetings.

It was a familiar story to the miners of Goldfeather—the story of how near Slim had come to being one of the High-mucky-mucks of the camp. Just a week or so before the strike on the Hawkeye claim Slim and Bill had parted company, Slim taking one of their pack-burros and drifting farther on into the desert while Bill stayed to prospect the claims they already had. The two were still to be partners—or at least so Slim thought.

News traveled slowly in those days, and it was several weeks after the fabulous strike in the Hawkeye before the word reached Slim. He at once packed up and took the back trail. When he neared the old camping-ground he found that the country was staked everywhere. Morrison was away on business, but Slim soon found that the claims which he and his partner had staked out together were all recorded in Morrison's name. Slim scoured the camp for vacant ground, but all he found was a small fraction of a claim which had been overlooked during the first boom of the camp. He staked it off and threw up his location notice, calling it the Keystone Fraction.

And now Slim was at work for day's pay on a claim owned by his old partner. In the drift of the Gold Bull, an undeveloped property adjoining the Hawkeye group, he and his helper were running a machine on the night-shift. But every afternoon found Slim over at the Keystone. He was sinking a shaft through the wash, hoping to find some trace of the Ajax lead, whose course indicated that it cut through the Keystone ground. As the Keystone Fraction lay between the Gold Bull and the Ajax, both owned by Morrison, Slim knew that he could soon make a deal if he struck a showing for ore in his shaft.

"Lemme see what she looks like!"

Several months passed and still Slim stayed by the work on the Keystone, though the showing became no better with depth. He passed through the wash into solid formation, but the bedrock continued unchanged. Yet Slim showed no inclination to abandon the shaft. Every afternoon, about an hour before the night-shift went on at the Gold Bull, a mud-spattered figure climbed up the rickety ladder out of the Keystone shaft; a few minutes later would come the muffled [illegible] his blasts and Slim would

supper and his shift's work on the Gold Bull.

But one afternoon he did not come as usual to put down his round of holes in the Keystone, nor did he show up that night at the Gold Bull. Near noon the next day Slim's helper came around to his shack to see what was wrong. Slim was lying in bed, and old Doc Cummings was just fastening his medicine case to leave. Jack followed him outside, closing the door carefully behind him.

"What's ailin' 'im, Doc?" he asked in a lowered voice.

"Pneumonia—a pretty tough case, too. His fever is climbin' right up on him."

"You don't mean they ain't no showin' fer 'im?"

"Don't know—not much, I'm afraid. I'd say no showin' at all if he'd been fightin' booze like the most cases I've had. They're dying off like sheep all over camp."

But Slim's case developed more hopefully than Doc Cummings' gruff diagnosis gave Jack grounds for expecting. Fortified with a constitution free from alcohol, he withstood the grim scourge which was culling the ranks of Goldfeather, and after a couple of weeks had passed the crisis and was slowly regaining his wasted strength. Jack, who had moved his bunk to Slim's shack that he might nurse him through his illness, went back again to his job on the Gold Bull.

On the day Jack went back to work an unexpected visitor called at Slim's cabin. It was Morrison, showily dressed in the

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I get strong 'nuff again. No, I know they ain't much of a showin' in the shaft yet, but I thought maybe you could give me some kind of a deal as I hear yer buyin' up a good bit lately. The Keystone 'd give you connections between the Gold Bull an' the Ajax, you know; an' that orter be worth somethin' to you."

Morrison's eyes squinted together shrewdly and then he looked indifferently away. "Well, I dunno," he said; "I'll think it over, though. Got a pardner you could send along with my mining man to look the proposition over?"

"Yes, I guess I could get Jack to go over fer me."

"All right; if nothing happens maybe I'll send Hinkley around to talk it over with you to-morrow."

But Hinkley never came around. In fact, Morrison and his expert spent the following day in the lower drift of the Gold Bull. A strike had been made the night before which sent the mining stocks of Goldfeather on an impetuous bound upward. Two machine men just transferred from a stope in the Hawkeye were working in the drift where the ore-shoot was uncovered. As they were shoveling back the rock broken down by the shots of the day-shift, both suddenly dropped their shovels and made a wild scramble for a gleaming fragment which sparkled in the candlelight. After examining it close under their candles for a moment the two miners stumbled hurriedly over the heap of shattered rock and up to the breast of the drift. As one of them passed his candle slowly over the rough face of the drift he exclaimed:

"Talk about yer ore-shoots, I guess this dope sure skins any doin's Ol' Morrison's ever opened up!"

Hank roughly elbowed the other aside in his eagerness to get a closer view of the newly opened ore. "Out o' the way, Red! Lemme see what she looks like. Pure quill? Well, I reckon so! The ol' Hawkeye ain't in it. Bet you this truck 'll run fifty dollars to the pound. Hurry up there with the nose-bags, Red! We ain't got no time fer foolin' aroun'—the pusher 'll be in here 'fore we know it."

Red was already back where they had left their lunch pails and was excitedly emptying their contents over against the wall of the tunnel. Throwing a few shovelfuls of muck over the pile of sandwiches, he hurried back to his partner, carrying the empty pails with him.

About twenty minutes later Red and Hank were standing at No. 4 Landing

Five thousan' fer 'er on the spot. Is it a deal?"

"I give you my figures once," said Slim. "I wasn't handin' you no hot air either!"

"Then be hanged with you and yer offer!"

The door slammed behind him and he was gone.

"Yer blame shoutin' he'll knuckle in to you," Slim's partner assured him that night, as the two were speculating as to the outcome of Morrison's visit. "He's made up his mind to have that piece of ground and all you have to do is to stay by yer figgers. I'll bet he has that mullet-headed expert callin' on you in less 'n a week."

And Jack was right, for two days later Morrison's expert dropped in at the cabin. After trying for a time to sound Slim as to whether he had weakened any on his price since Morrison's visit, Hinkley shifted abruptly to the object of his own call.

"Well, McCrae," he said, "when can you furnish me a man? I want to put in a round of holes in that shaft of yours. If we break into any kind of a showing for ore we'll give you your deal on the lay. If not, I'm afraid you will have to change your tune about ten or fifteen thousand if you want to do business with Morrison. Can your man go out with me in the morning?"

"Yes, I guess so. Jack's workin' on the day-shift now, but I guess he can get off to-morrow."

The following morning found the men on their way to the Keystone shaft, Jack loaded down with a hammer and a set of drills. With the expert perched on the
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had cleared again Jack went over, and dropping a pick down before him, descended the rickety ladder with the expert following cautiously behind him.

"Well, I guess them ol' boys was sure muck makers!" he called back up the ladder to Hinkley as he stepped down onto the heap of shattered rock and began working his pick. For some time he pried away at the loosened slabs in silence. Every piece showed the same dull, grayish cast of the country rock through which the shaft had been sunk.

Suddenly Hinkley slid down from where he had been watching on the ladder above and began clawing excitedly at a pile of rock along the wall of the shaft. When he straightened up he held a small piece of rock close to the light of his candle. Jack stepped over to his side and snatched the lustrously glowing specimen from his hand.

"Tellurium, by Jingoes!" he burst out in great excitement. "Where did you get 'er, ol' man?"

"Right under that slab there, against the wall. Let me see your pick a minute."

Jack quickly drew back the pick handle from the other's grasp. "Jus' hol' on a minute, ol' timer! Don't get in such a sweat about it. Guess we'll jus' call the prospectin' off fer to-day. Yes, come on, get up the ladder there. To thunder with you an' yer report! What you reckon Slim cares for yer blame report now? Guess this chunk o' dope I got here 'll talk purty powerful itself."

It was after dark that night when Jack, with the help of another miner, had cleared the shaft of the broken rock from the blasts. For some time he picked at the bare bottom of the shaft, carefully examining the formation under the light of his candle. Finally he dropped his pick and climbed up the ladder, carrying a small sack on his shoulder. On top he stopped for a moment to speak to the miner who had been cranking the windlass.

"Don't think they's anything to 'er but a pocket, Bill. Got 'bout forty pounds o' purty good lookin' dope here, but they's no showin' on the bottom o' the shaft. You jus' stay here to-night to see that Morrison don't send no guy snoopin' aroun' to take gapin's. I'll take the dope an' go on over to the shack."

Slim, his cheeks flushed with excitement, was sitting up in his bunk impatiently waiting for further news from the Keystone.

"The pusher put us on the graveyard shift last night. Jus' thought we'd drop in an' see yer pardner."

Neither of the two miners seemed to see the little pile of ore as they stepped over near the bunk.

"These are a couple of fellers workin' on the Gold Bull, Slim," said Jack by way of helping the visitors to feel at their ease. "Here, set down on this bench over here, fellers."

They both sat down, but despite Jack's garrulous efforts to make them feel at home, the two maintained an air of awkward reserve rather unusual in anyone at all conversant with the social usages of Goldfeather. The visit was not strung out very long; after a few minutes the one called Red, rose from the bench and looked over toward Slim, clearing his throat in a hesitating manner.

"I onderstand you've made a strike on yer claim, pardner," he said, still apparently unaware of the rich specimens at Slim's side.

"Well, yes; at least I've got a purty fair showin'," Slim held out a piece of the tellurium. "Want to take a look at some o' the dope?"

Red merely glanced at the piece of ore held out to him. "Naw, guess not—fact o' the matter is I've seen that truck before."

Slim looked up into his face with a puzzled expression. "Seen it before? Guess yer mistaken, pardner. We jus' took this ore out this afternoon."

Red shifted his eyes to the floor and stood for a moment nervously fingering the handle

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a good bunch o' money. But as we wuz just a sayin', we're out on business ourselves. As fur as this truck's concerned"—he had picked up one of the specimens and was turning it over in his hands— "well, you fellers know as well as me an' Hank here that Morrison 'd lay down on you in a minute if he got any idee this truck come outen the Gold Bull."

Slim flashed an angry glance from one to the other of the strangers. "See here, you fellers," he began in a husky voice, "what in thunder are you drivin' at, anyway?"

"They's no call fer you gettin' up on yer ear that way, pardner. I wuz jest tryin' to break it to you easy that me an' my side-kicker here made a little cache in yer shaft 'bout a week ago. This dope you got here 's some glommin's we raked in when we opened up the vein in the Gold Bull."

Slim dropped the piece of ore which he had been nervously fingering and a dazed look came over his face. Jack, who until now had stood by in bewildered silence, stepped up to Red and caught him roughly by the shoulder.

"See here, ol' man," he said, "guess I orter know a little 'bout this deal myself, seein' as how it was me put in that round of holes over at the Keystone. How in blazes could you have any high-grade cached there, an' me not run onto it when I was puttin' down my holes?"

"Maybe yer pardner here can clear up on that as well as me," said Red, turning toward the bunk again. "You mind that boot-leg in the bottom of your shaft, McCrae? Where an ol' hole of yours potted out an' left a bug-hole big as a bucket? Well, we cached our haul in that boot-leg an' covered er' up with a bunch o' muck. D' you mind the place?"

Slim appeared not to have heard the question; he was swallowing hard at a lump in his throat. In a sudden intuitive glimpse he had seen the lately bright prospects of the Keystone sent glimmering. In a dazed manner he scraped together the scattered ore and put it in the canvas bag at his side. When he looked up again the two "high-graders" quailed before the wrathful look on his face.

"Now, you thievin' whelps, you!" he spluttered, his voice breaking with passion. "You see that door there? Take your glommin's an' get out o' here—an' don't lose much time 'bout it, either!"

Only a little later the same morning Morrison came to Slim's cabin and hurried inside with little formality at the door. The visit did not last long and when he rose to go Slim's one-time partner turned before leaving the door and cast back a dark, angry look.

"McCrae," he blustered, his voice husky with rage, "I'll never turn over a hand to give you a lift again. I've offered you everything in reason—yes, sixty thousand is clear out of all reason. I just want to tell you one thing before I go, though — you'll be blame sick of yer infernal bull-headedness 'fore you get another offer out o' me. I'll promise you that right now!"

With his head thrown stiffly back and his face flushed with anger, he bolted from the cabin. Through the dingy window-pane Slim watched him swinging along down the narrow street until he turned aside on the trail to the Gold Bull and passed from sight.

The development of the ore-shoot in the Gold Bull marked the high tide of Goldfeather's booms. Shortly after Morrison's strike vague rumors began drifting about camp; it was hinted that the rich ore bodies were pinching out. With heroic zeal the versatile stock promoters worked "double-shift" to avert the slump, but all their efforts were futile; the news leaked out and there was a sudden ebb in the flood of eastern capital which had formerly kept things booming. One after another dozens of "wildcats" closed down their works, and Goldfeather, having sprung up in the desert like a great mushroom, began dwindling quite as rapidly.

One morning when the station platform was jammed with a motley crowd of migrating miners, a trim-looking special car stood at the end of the mixed train which daily left Goldfeather. Inside the special sat Morrison. Rumor had it that just the day before he had closed out the last of his mining interests to an English syndicate and was leaving for San Francisco. Whether or not the report was true, he was inside his chartered car, impatiently waiting for the clanging of the engine bell.

As he sat looking out of the car window, Morrison's eyes were drawn to a little cabin not far from the track. Before its open doorway two miners were busy packing blankets and provisions upon a pair of small burros. The packs were soon on, and the little outfit headed away from the cabin toward the hazy horizon in the west.

There was a sudden din of the engine bell, an unsteady lurch, and the emigration of Goldfeather was on its way toward the green fringe of the outer world. Leaning from the car window, Morrison watched Slim and his partner moving slowly out over the shimmering desert.

Purity

By DELPH WATKINS

Dearest, when I think of thee,
A holy church I seem to see,
An altar white, and round about,
Pale lilies breathing sweetness out.

LOUISE
HOMER

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A favorite contralto, and one of the most beautiful of American singers

The Dawn of American Opera

By LITTELL MCCLUNG

AN American opera! To many super-critical musical folk this term sounds something like saying a Michael Angelo masterpiece by a promising young American artist. To others, who take a broader and more up-to-the-minute view of the great increase in the demand for grand opera in all parts of the country, the expression "American opera" means the dawn of a new artistic era in the United States.

While art, literature, science and architecture are enjoying a renaissance in the new world that has astonished the old, native opera has lain dormant in the minds of our composers and singers. Opera we are having, and plenty—the finest opera in the world, but none of it is by American composers. No opera-house on earth boasts the singers that the Metropolitan and Hammerstein organizations possess. Such names as Caruso, Tetrazzini, Garden, Fremstad and Farrar are not to be seen in front of any temple of song in Europe. Salaries paid to prima donnas and tenors in New York, Boston, Philadelphia and Chicago make the continental impresario gasp in astonishment. More money is spent at the Metropolitan Opera-House in one season than at any other lyric center in the world. Nearly $80,000 a week, it is estimated, is poured into this institution, which crowns the very pinnacle of our artistic achievements. The Wagner Ring is given with a magnificence and solemnity that would have delighted the soul of the master composer himself. *Aida*, *Il Trovatore*, *Falstaff*, *La Traviata*, and the other Verdi operas are presented and sung on a scale that far surpasses the premières of these operas at the famous La Scala in Milan. There is scarcely an Italian, French, German or Rus[illegible]ser whose works are not s[illegible]splendor at both the [illegible]hattan opera-hou[illegible]

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Metropolitan; Miss Alice Gentle, an unusually beautiful mezzo-soprano of the Hammerstein forces; Orville Harrold, the tenor, who is one of Mr. Hammerstein's most fortunate "discoveries;" Allen Hinckley and Herbert Witherspoon, bassos; and a dozen others. Miss Mary Garden, though born in Scotland, may be called an American singer, for at the Manhattan Opera-House she has achieved her most brilliant triumphs.

While it will naturally be the aim of impresarios to give American opera with as many native artists in the casts as possible, the singers who have risen to the heights of lyric fame and whose voices are golden in more senses than one, will also be heard in the works that will mark a new era in music. Caruso, Gadski, Fremstad, and Scotti may head the casts in the production of American opera.

When the Hills Were Brown

By A. V. HOFFMANN

As dreams are brewed from the somnolent stills
Of a witchery land in the twilight hours,
When the giant moths shuttle darkly forth
On their quest for sweets from the half-closed flowers,
When the mellowed chime of a vesper bell
Floats soft and low from the distant town,
Then comes a melody back to me
In the eventide, when the hills are brown.

It was long ago, in the eventide,
When maybells swung by the forest path,
When the fields were pink with the clover blooms,
And a promise of wealth in the aftermath,
When the spell of the fairies was woven in
With every wandering wisp of down,
We dreamed together love's golden dream,
In the eventide, when the hills were brown.

Then you sang to me an olden song,
Just a song that was sweet with the love we knew,
With a plaint for abiding trust and hope,
And a prayer that our faith would be always true;
Then I kissed your lips, and you sang no more,
But the twinkling stars peeped shyly down,
And the moths hummed low to the dreaming flowers
In the eventide, when the hills were brown.

There are joys that fade with the passing years,
There are graves that are made when our hearts are young,
There are griefs that are never relieved by tears,
There are echoed songs that are never sung.
There are bells that chime as the shadows fa
And a whispered prayer as our sun goes
But we never forget the dreams we dreamed,
In the eventide, when the hills were brow

The Rules of the Game

By STEWART EDWARD WHITE

Author of The Blazed Trail; Arizona Nights; The Riverman, Etc.

ILLUSTRATED BY J. A. CAHILL

PART IV, CHAPTER VII, TO PART V, CHAPTER VI

BEGUN IN THE FEBRUARY NUMBER

ON the way down the narrow trail Bob found himself near the two men from his own camps. He chaffed them good-humoredly over their lack of skill in the contests, to which they replied in the same spirit.

Arrived at camp, Thorne turned to face his followers, who gathered in a group to listen.

"Let's have a little riding, boys," said he. "Bring out a horse or two and some saddles. Each man must saddle his horse, circle that tree down the road, return, unsaddle, and throw up both hands to show he's done."

Bob was amused to see how the aspect of the men changed at this announcement. The lithe young fellows, who had been looking pretty sober over the records they had made at shooting, brightened visibly, and ran with some eagerness to fetch out their own horses and saddles. Some of the others were not so pleased, notably two of the young fellows from the valley towns. Still others remained stolidly indifferent to a trial in which they could not hope to compete with the professional riders, but in which neither would they fail.

The results proved the accuracy of this reasoning. A new set of stars rose to the ascendant, which the heroes of the upper meadow dropped into obscurity. Most of the mountain men saddled expeditiously but soberly their strong and capable mountain horses, rode the required distance, and unsaddled deftly. It was part of their everyday life to be able to do such things well. The two town boys and, to Bob's surprise, one of his lumberjacks, furnished the comic relief. They frightened the horses allotted them, to begin with; threw the saddles aboard in a mess which it was necessary to untangle; finally clambered on awkwardly and rode precariously amid the yells and laughter of the spectators.

"How you expect to be a ranger, if you can't ride?" shouted someone at the lumberjack.

"If horses don't plumb *detest* me, I reckon I can learn!" retorted the shanty boy stoutly. "This ain't my game!"

But when young Pollock, whom Bob recognized as Jim's oldest, was called out, the situation was altered. He appeared leading a beautiful half-broken bay that snorted and planted its feet and danced away from the unaccustomed crowd. Nevertheless the lad held him well in hand, awaiting Thorne's signal as impassive as an image.

"Go!" called the supervisor, his eyes on his watch.

The boy, still grasping the hackamore in his left hand, with his right threw the saddle blanket over the animal's back. Stooping again he seized the heavy stock saddle by the horn, flipped it high in the air, and brought it across the horse with so skilful a jerk that not only did the skirts, the heavy stirrup and the horsehair cinch fall properly, but the cinch itself swung so far under the horse's belly that young Pollock was able to catch it deftly before it swung back. To thrust the broad latigo through the rings, jerk it tight, and fasten it securely was the work of an instant. With a yell to his horse the boy sprang into the saddle. The animal bou[illegible]ward snorting and buck plung-i[illegible] his nostril wide. Flung [illegible]lessness in the saddle, [illegible] swaying and bending

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and giving gracefully to every bound, waved his broad hat, uttering shrill *yips* of encouragement and admonition to his mount. The horse straightened out and thundered swift as an arrow toward the tree that marked the turning-point. With unslackened gait, with loosened rein he swept fairly to the tree. It seemed to Bob that surely the lad must overshoot the mark by many yards. But at the last instant the rider swayed backward and sidewise; the horse set his feet, plunged mightily thrice, threw up a great cloud of dust, and was racing back almost before the spectators could adjust their eyes to the change of movement. Straight to the group horse and rider raced at top speed, until the more inexperienced instinctively ducked aside. But in time the horse sat back, slid and plunged ten feet in a spray of dust and pine-needles, to come to a quivering halt. Even before that young Pollock had thrown himself from the saddle. Three jerks ripped that article of furniture from its place to the earth. The boy, with an engaging gleam of teeth, threw up both hands.

It was flash riding, of course; but flash riding at its best, and how the boys enjoyed it! Now the little group of "buckeroos," heretofore rather shyly in the background, shone forth in full glory.

"Now let's see how good you are at packing," said Thorne, when the last man had done his best or worst. "Jack," he told young Pollock, "you go up in the pasture and catch me that old white pack mare. She's warranted to stand like a rock."

While the boy was gone on this errand Thorne rummaged the camp. Finally he laid out on the ground about a peck of loose potatoes, miscellaneous provisions, a kettle, frying-pan, coffee-pot, tin plates, cutlery, a single sack of barley, a pick and shovel and a coil of rope.

"That looks like a reasonable camp outfit," remarked Thorne. "Just throw one of those pack saddles on her," he told Jack Pollock, who led up the white mare. "Now you boys all retire: you mustn't have a chance to learn from the other fellow. Hicks, you stay. Now pack that stuff on that horse. I'll time you."

Hicks looked about him.

"Where's the kyacks?"* he demanded.

"You don't get any kyacks," stated Thorne crisply.

"Got to pack all that stuff without 'em?"

"Sure."

Hicks set methodically to work, gathering up the loose articles, thrusting them into sacks, lashing the sacks on the cross buck saddle. At the end of thirty minutes he stepped back.

"That might ride—for a while," said Thorne.

"I never pack without kyacks," said Hicks.

"So I see. Well, sit down and watch the rest of them. Ware!" Thorne shouted.

The prospector disengaged himself from the sprawling and distant group.

"Throw those things off and empty out those bags," ordered Thorne. Now there's your camp outfit. Pack it as fast as you can."

Ware set to work, also deliberately, it seemed. He threw a sling, packed on his articles, and over it all drew the diamond hitch.

"Reckon that'll travel," he observed, stepping back.

"Good pack," commended Thorne briefly, as he glanced at his watch. "Eleven minutes."

"Eleven minutes!" echoed Bob to California John, who sat near, "and the other man took thirty-five! Impossible! Ware didn't hurry any; he moved, if anything, slower than the other man."

"He didn't make no moves twice," pointed out California John. "He knows how. This no-kyack business is going to puzzle plenty of those boys who can do good ordinary packing."

"It's near noon," Thorne was saying. "We haven't time for another of these duffers. I'll just call up your partner, Ware, and we'll knock off for dinner."

The partner did as well, or even a little better, for the watch credited him with ten and one-half minutes, whereupon she chaffed Ware hugely. Then the pack horse was led to a patiently-earned feed, while the little group of rangers with Thorne, his sister and Bob moved slowly toward headquarters.

"That's all this morning, boys," he told the waiting group as they passed it. "This afternoon we'll double up a bit. The rest of you can all take a try at the packing, but at the same time we'll see who can cut down a tree quickest and best."

"Stop and eat lunch with us," Amy was urging Bob. "It's only a cold one—not

*Kyacks—pack sacks slung either side the pack saddle.

even tea. I didn't want to miss the show. So it's no bother."

They all turned-to and set the table under the open.

"This is great fun," said Bob gratefully, as they sat down. "Good as a field day. When do you expect to begin your examinations? That's what these fellows are here for, isn't it?"

He looked up to catch both Thorne and Amy looking on him with a comically hopeless air.

"You don't mean to say!" cried Bob, a light breaking in on him. "—of course! I never thought—"

"What do you suppose we would examine candidates for forest ranger in—higher mathematics?" demanded Amy.

"Now that's practical—that's got some sense!" cried Bob enthusiastically.

V

BOB saw that afternoon the chopping contest. Thorne assigned to each a tree some eighteen or twenty inches in diameter, selecting those whose loss would aid rather than deplete the timber stand, and also, it must be confessed, those whose close proximity to others might make ax swinging awkward. About twenty feet from the base of each tree he placed upright in the earth a sharpened stake. This, he informed the axman, must be driven by the fall of the tree.

As in the previous contests, three classes of performers quickly manifested themselves—the expert, the man of workmanlike skill and the absolute duffer. The lumberjacks produced the implements they had that noon so carefully ground to an edge. It was beautiful to see them at work. To all appearance they struck easily, yet each stroke buried half the blade.

The mountaineers, accustomed to the use of the ax in their backwoods work, did a workmanlike but not expert job on their respective trees. They felled their trees accurately over the mark, and their ax work was fairly clean; but it took them some time to finish the job.

But some of the others made heavy weather. Young Elliott was the worst. It was soon evident that he had probably never had any but a possible and casual woodpile ax in his hand before. The ax rarely hit twice in the same place; its edge had apparently no cutting power; the handle seemed to be animated with a most diabolical tendency to twist in midair.

Toward sunset Bob said farewell, expressing many regrets that he could not return on the morrow to see the rest of the examinations. He rode back through the forest, thoughtfully inclined. The first taste of the western joy of mere life was passing with him. He was beginning to look upon his life, and ask of it the why. To be sure he could tell himself that his day's work was well done, and that this should suffice any man; that he was an integral part of the economic machine; that in comparison with the average young man of his age he had made his way with extraordinary success; that his responsibilities were sufficient to keep him busy and happy; that men depended on him—all the reasons that philosophy or acquiescence in the plan of life ultimately bring to a man. But these did not satisfy the restlessness of his spirit. He was too young to settle down to a routine: he was too intellectually restless to be contented with reiterations, however varied, of that which he had seen through and around. It was the old defect—or glory—of his character—the quality that had caused him more anxiety, more self-reproach, more bitterness of soul than any other, the rolling stone spirit that—though now he could not see it—even if it gathered no moss of respectable achievement, might carry him far.

So as he rode he peered into the scheme of things for the final satisfaction. In what did it lie? Not for him in mere activity, nor in the accomplishment of the world's work, no matter how variedly picturesque his particular share of it might be. He felt his interest ebbing, his spirit restless at its moorings. The days passed. He arose in the morning: and it was night! Five years ago he had come to California. It seemed but yesterday. The days were past, gone, used. Of it all, what had he retained? The years had run like sea sands between his fingers, and not a grain of them remained in his grasp. A little money there was, a little knowledge, a little experience—but what toward the final satisfaction, the justification of a man's life? Bob was still too young, too individualistic to consider the doctrine of t' ' well done as the explanation f all. The coming years y, leaving

as little behind. Never so poignantly had he felt the insistence of the *carpe diem.* It was necessary that he find a reality, something he could winnow from the years as fine gold from sand, so that he could lay his hand on the treasure and say to his soul, "this much have I accomplished." Bob had learned well the American lesson; that the idler is to be scorned; that a true man must use his powers, must work; that he must *succeed.* Now he was taking the next step spiritually. How does a man really use his powers? What is success?

Troubled by this spiritual unrest, the analysis of which, even the nature of which was still beyond him, he arrived at camp. The familiar objects fretted on his mood. For the moment all the grateful feeling of power over understanding and manipulating this complicated machinery of industry had left him. He saw only the wheel in which these activities turned, and himself bound to it. In this truly Buddhistic frame of mind he returned to his quarters.

There, to his vague annoyance, he found Baker. Usually the liveliness of that able young citizen was welcome, but to-night it grated.

"Well, gentle stranger," sang out the irrigation man, "what jungle have you been lurking in? I labored in about three and went all over the works looking for you."

"I've been over watching the ranger examinations at their headquarters," said Bob, "it's pretty good fun."

Baker leaned forward.

"Have you heard the latest dope?" he demanded.

"What sort?"

"They're trying to soak us, now. Want to charge us for our water! Now *what* do you think of that!"

"Can't you pay it?" asked Bob.

"Great guns! why *should* we pay it?" demanded Baker. "It's the public domain, isn't it? First they take away the settler's right to take up public land in his own state, and now they want to *charge,* actually *charge* the public for what's its own!"

"Why shouldn't you pay?" demanded Bob again. "You get your value, don't you? The forest service protects your watershed, and that's where you get your water. The water-power people pay for what they get. Why shouldn't you pay for that service, just the same as you pay for a night watchman at your works?"

"Watershed!" snorted Baker. "Rot! If every stick of timber was cleaned off these mountains, I'd get the water just the same."*

"Baker," said Bob to this, "you go and take a long, long look at your bathroom sponge in action, and then come back and I'll talk to you."

Baker contemplated his friend for a full ten seconds. Then his fat pugnacious face wrinkled into a grin.

"Stung on the ear by a wasp!" he cried, with a great shout of appreciation. "You merry, merry little josher! You had me going for about five minutes."

Bob let it go at that.

"I suppose you won't be able to pay over twenty per cent this next year, then?" he inquired, with an amused expression.

"Twenty per cent!" cried Baker, rolling his eyes up. "It's as much as I can do to dig up for improvements and bond interest and the preferred."

"Not to mention the president's salary," amended Bob.

"But I've got 'em where they live," went on Baker, complacently, without attention to this. "You don't catch little Willie scattering shekels when he can just as well keep kopecks. They left a little joker in the pack." He produced a paper covered copy of the new regulations, later called the Use Book. "They swiped about everything in sight for these pestiferous reserves, but they encourage the honest prospector. Let us develop the mineral wealth, says they. So these forests were still open for taking up under the mineral act. All you had to do was to make a 'discovery,' and stake out your claim; and there you are!"

"All the mineral's been taken up long ago," Bob pointed out.

"All the valuable mineral," corrected Baker. "But it's sufficient, so Erbe tells me, to discover a ledge. Ledges? Hell! They're easier to find than an old maid at a sewing-circle. That's what the country is made of—ledges! You can dig one out every ten feet. Well, I've had people out finding ledges and filing on them; and our old friend Plant, before he passed away, did his duty like a little man."

"Can you do that?" asked Bob.

"I did do it."

"I mean legally."

*Extraordinary as it may seem to the modern reader, this sentiment—or this ignorance—was at that time sincerely entertained by men as influential, as powerful, and as closely interested in water as Baker is here depicted.

"Oh, this bunch of prospectors filed on the claims and got them patented. Then it's nobody's business what they did with their own property. So they just sold it to me."

"That's colonizing," objected Bob. "You'll get nailed."

"Not on your tintype, it isn't. I didn't furnish a cent. They did it all on their own money. Oldham's got the whole matter in hand. When we got the deal through we were ahead about thirty thousand acres all around the headwaters; and now these blood-sucking, red-tape, autocratic slobs can go to thunder."

Baker leaned forward impressively.

"It's a great chance. And, Orde my son, there's a few claims up there that will assay about sixty thousand board feet to the acre. What do you think of it for a young and active lumberman? I'm going to talk it over with Welton. It's a grand little scheme. Wonder that will hit our old friend, Thorne?"

Bob rose yawning.

"I'm tired. Going to turn in," said he. "Thorne isn't a bad sort."

"He's one of these damn theorists, that's what he is," said Baker, "and he's got a little authority, and he's doing just as much as he can to unsettle business and hinder the legitimate development of the country." He relaxed his earnestness with another grin. "Stung again. That's two rises you got out of me," he remarked. "Say, Orde, don't get persuaded to turn ranger. I hear they've boosted their salaries to ninety a month. Must be a temptation!"

VI

BOB arose rather early the following Sunday, snatched a hasty breakfast and departed. Baker had been in camp three days. All at once Bob had taken the young man in strong distaste. Baker amused him, commanded his admiration for undoubted executive ability and a force of character so dynamic as to be almost brutal. In a more social environment Bob would still have found him a mighty pleasant fellow, generous, open-hearted, and loyal to his personal friends. But just now his methods chafed on the sensitiveness of Bob's new unrest. Baker was worth probably a couple of million dollars, and controlled ten times that. He had now a fine house in Fremont, where he had chosen to live, a pretty wife, two attractive children and a wide circle of friends. Life was very good to him.

And yet, in the perversity and the clairvoyance of his mood, Bob thought to see in Baker's life something of that same emptiness of final achievement he faced in his own. This was absurd, but the feeling of it persisted. Thorne, with his miserable eighteen hundred a year, and his glowing enthusiasm and quick interest, seemed to him more worth while. Why? It was absurd; but this feeling, too, persisted.

Bob was a healthy young fellow, a man of action rather than of introspection, but now the hereditary twist of his character drove him to attempt analysis. He arrived at nothing. Both Baker and Thorne seemed to stand on one ground: each was satisfied, neither felt that lack of the fulfilling content Bob was so keenly experiencing. But the streak of feminine divination Bob had inherited from his mother made him understand—or made him think to understand—that Baker's satisfaction was taken because he did not see, while Thorne was working with his eyes open and a full sense of values. This vague glimpse Bob gained only partially and at length. It rather opened to him new vistas of spiritual perplexity than offered to him any solution.

He paced rapidly down the length of the lake—whereon the battered but efficient towing launch lay idle for Sunday—to the Lake Meadow. This was, as usual, surrounded by hundreds of campers of all classes. Bob was known to all of them, of course; and he, in turn, had at least such a nodding acquaintance with them that he could recognize any accretions to their members. Near the lower end of the meadow, beneath a group of a dozen noble firs, he caught sight of newcomers, and so strolled down that way to see what they could be like.

He found pomp and circumstance. An inclosure had been roped off to exclude the stock grazing at large in the meadow. Three tents had been erected. They were made of a very light, shiny, expensive-looking material, with fringes along the walls, flies overhead and stretched in front, sod cloths before the entrances. Three gaily painted wooden rocking-chairs, an equally gaudy hammock ed with benches, a big co rear, canvas pockets hu

a dozen and one other conveniences and luxuries bespoke the occupants as well-to-do and determined to be comfortable. Two Japanese servants dressed all in white moved silently and mysteriously in the background, a final touch of incongruity in a rough country.

Before Bob had moved on, two men stepped into view from the interior of one of the tents. They paced slowly to the gaudy rocking-chairs and sat down. In their progress they exhibited that peculiar, careless but con cious deliberation of gait affected everywhere by those accustomed to appearing in public.

The smaller, but evidently more important of these men, wore a complete camping costume. His hat was very wide and stiff of brim and had a woven band of horsehair; his neckerchief was very red and worn bib fashion in the way Bob had come to believe that no one ever wore a neckerchief save in western plays and the illustrations of western stories; his shirt was of thick blue flannel, thrown wide open at the throat; his belt was very wide and of carved leather; his breeches were of khaki, but bagged above and fitted close below the knee into the most marvelous laced boots, with leather flaps, belt lacings, and rows of hobnails with which to make tracks. Bob estimated these must weigh at least three pounds apiece. The man wore a little pointed beard and eyeglasses. About him Bob recognized a puzzling familiarity. He could not place it, however, but finally decided he must have carried over a recollection from a tailor's fashion-plate of the correct thing for camping.

The other man was taller, heavier, but not nearly so impressive. His form was awkward, his face homely, his ears stuck out like wings, and his expression was that of the always-appreciated buffoon.

Bob was about to pass on when he noticed that he was not the only spectator of all this ease of manner. A dozen of the campers had gathered and were staring across the ropes with quite frank and unabashed curiosity. More were coming from all directions. In a short time a crowd of several hundred had collected, and stood, evidently in expectation. Then, and only then, did the small man with the pointed beard seem to become aware of the presence of anyone besides his companion. He leaned across to exchange a few words with the latter, after which he laid aside his hat, arose and advanced to the rope barrier on which he rested the tips of his fingers.

"My friends," he began in a nasal but penetrating voice that carried without effort to every hearer. "I am not a regularly ordained minister of the gospel. I find, however, that there is none such among us, so I have gathered you here together this morning to hear a few words appropriate to the day. It has pleased Providence to call me to a public position wherein my person has become well-known to you all; but that is an accident of the great profession to which I have been called, and I bow my heart in humility with the least and most lowly. I am going to tell you about myself this morning, not because I consider myself of importance, but because it seems to me from my case a great lesson may be drawn.

"My father," went on the nasal voice, "came to this country in the sixties. It was a new country in the hands of a lazy people. It needed development, so my father was happy felling the trees, damming the streams, building the roads, getting possession of the land. That was his job in life, and he did it well, because the country needed it. He didn't bother his head with why he was doing it; he just thought he was making money. As a matter of fact, he didn't make money: he died nearly bankrupt."

The orator bowed his head for a moment.

"I might have done the same things. It's all legitimate business. But I couldn't. The country is being developed by its inhabitants. Work of that kind couldn't satisfy me. Why, friends? *Because now it would be selfish work.* My father didn't know it, but the reason he was happy was because the work he was doing for himself was also work for other people. I felt I had to do a work that would support me in the world—but it must be a work that helped humanity too. That is why, friends, I am what I am. That a certain prominence is inevitable to my position is incidental rather than gratifying.

"So I think the lesson to be drawn is that each of us should make his life help humanity, should conduct his business in such a way as to help humanity. Then he'll be happy.

"We are here for a complete rest after exhausting labors," he continued. "We have

looked forward for months to undisturbed repose amongst these giant pines. No thought of care was to intrude. But my colleague's great and tender heart has smitten him, and, I am ashamed to say against my first inclination, he urges me to a course which I'd have liked to avoid; but which, when he shows me the way, I realize is the only decent thing. We find ourselves in the midst of a community of some hundreds of people. It may be some of these people are suffering, far from medical or surgical help. If there are any such, and the case is really pressing, you understand, we will be willing, just for common humanity, to do our best to relieve them. And friends—" the speaker stepped forward until his body touched the rope, and he was leaning confidentially forth, "it would be poor humanity that would cause you pain or give you inferior treatments. I am happy to say we came to this great virgin wilderness direct with our baggage from Fresno, where we had been giving a two weeks' course of treatments—mainly charitable. We have our instruments and our medicines with us in their packin' cases. If need arises—which I trust it will not—we will not hesitate to go to any trouble for you. It is against our principles to give anything but our best. You will suffer no pain. But it must be understood," he warned impressively, "this is just for you, our neighbors! We don't want this news spread to the lumber camps and over the countryside. We are here for a rest. But we cannot be true to our high calling and neglect the relieving of pain."

The man bowed slightly and rejoined his companion, to whom he conversed low-voiced with absolute unconsciousness of the audience he had just been addressing so intimately. The latter hesitated, then slowly dispersed. Bob stood, his brows knit, trying to recall. There was something hauntingly familiar about the whole performance. Especially a strange nasal emphasis on the word "pain" struck sharply a chord in his recollection. He looked up in sudden enlightenment.

"Painless Porter!" he cried aloud.

The man looked up at the mention of his name.

"That's my name," said he. "What can I do for you?"

"I just remembered where I'd seen you," explained Bob.

"I'm fairly well known."

Bob approached eagerly. The discourse, hollow, insincere, half-blasphemous, a buncombe bit of advertising as it was, nevertheless contained the germ of an essential truth for which Bob had been searching. He wanted to know how, through what experience, the man had come to this insight.

But his attempts at conversation met with a cold reception, until Baker's jolly voice broke in.

"Well! well! well!" he cried. "If here aren't my old friends Painless Porter and the Wiz! Simple life for yours, eh? Back to beans! What's the general outline of *this* graft?"

"We have come camping for a complete rest," stated Waller gravely, his comical face cast in lines of reprobation and warning.

"Whatever it is, you'll get it," jibed Baker, "but I'll bet you a toothpick it isn't a rest. What's exhausted you fellows, anyway? Counting the easy money?"

"Our professional labors have been very heavy lately," spoke up the painless one.

"What's biting you fellows?" demanded Baker. "There's nobody here."

Waller indicated Bob by a barely perceptible jerk of the head. Baker threw back his head and laughed.

"Thought you knew him," said he. "You were all having such a love-feast gab-fest when I blew in. This is Mr. Orde, who bosses this place—and most of the country around here. If you want to do good to humanity on this meadow you'd better begin by being good to him. He controls it. He's humanity with a capital H."

Ten minutes later the four men, cigars alight, a bottle within reach, were sprawling about the interior of one of the larger tents. Bob was enjoying himself hugely. It was the first time he had ever been behind the scenes at this sort of game.

"But that was a good talk, just the same," he interrupted a cynical bit of bragging.

"Say, wasn't it!" cried Porter. "I got that out of a shoutin' evangelist. The minute I heard it I saw where it was hot stuff for my spiel."

"Which one is it, Painful?" asked Baker.

"You know; the Make-your-work-a-good-to-humanity bluff."

"And all about papa in the sixties?"

"That's it."

"'Ar[illegible] you *dare* tell the neighb

"Correct."

"The whole mountains will know all about it by to-morrow," Baker told Bob, "and they'll flock up here in droves. It's easy money."

"Half these country yaps have bum teeth, anyway," said Porter.

"And the rest of them think they're sick," stated Wizard Waller.

"It beats a free show for results and expense," said Painless Porter. "All you got to have is the tents and the Japs and the Willie-off-the-yacht togs." He sighed, "There ought to be *some* advantages," he concluded, "to drag a man so far from the street lights."

"Then this isn't much of a pleasure trip?" asked Bob with some amusement.

"Pleasure, hell!" snorted Painless, helping himself to a drink. "Say, honest, how do you fellows that have business up here stick it out? It gives me the willies!"

One of the Japanese peered into the tent and made a sign.

Painless Porter dropped his voice.

"A dope already," said he. He put on his air and went out. As Bob and Baker crossed the inclosed space they saw him in conversation with a gawky farm lad from the plains.

"I shore do hate to trouble you, doctor," the boy was saying, "and hit Sunday, too. But I got a tooth back here—"

Painless Porter was listening with an air of the deepest and gravest attention.

VII

THE charlatan had babbled, but without knowing it he had given Bob what he sought. He saw all the reasons for what had heretofore been obscure. Why had he been dissatisfied with business opportunities and successes beyond the hopes of most young men? How could he dare criticize the ultimate value of such successes without criticizing the lifework of such men as Welton, as his own father? What right had he to condemn as insufficient nine-tenths of those in the industrial world, and yet what else but condemnation did his attitude of mind imply? All these doubts and questionings were dissipated like fog. Quite simply it all resolved itself. He was dissatisfied because this was not his work. The other honest and sincere men—such as his father and Welton—had been satisfied because this was their work. The old generation, the one that was passing, needed just that kind of service; but the need too was passing. Bob belonged to the new generation. He saw that new things were to be demanded.

The old order was changing. The modern young men of energy and force and strong ability had a different task from that which their fathers had accomplished. The wilderness was subdued; the pioneer work of industry was finished, the hard brute struggle to shape things to efficiency was over. It had been necessary to get things done. Now it was becoming necessary to perfect the means and methods of doing. Lumber must still be cut, streams must still be dammed, railroads must still be built; but now that the pioneers, the men of fire, had blazed the way, others could follow. Methods were established. It was all a business, like the selling of groceries. The industrial rank and file could attend to details. The men who thought and struggled and carried the torch—they must go beyond what their fathers had accomplished.

Now Bob understood Amy Thorne's pride in the service. He saw the true basis of his feeling of the man as opposed to his feeling toward Baker. Thorne was in the current. With his pitiful eighteen hundred a year he was nevertheless swimming strongly in new waters. His business went that little necessary step beyond. It not only earned him his living in the world, but it helped the race-movement of his people. At present the living was small, just as at first the pioneer opening the country had wrested but a scanty livelihood from the stubborn wilderness; nevertheless he could feel—whether he stopped to think it out or not—that his efforts had that co-ordination with the trend of humanity which makes subtly for satisfaction and happiness. Bob looked about the works with an understanding eye. This work was necessary; but it was not his work.

Something of this he tried to explain to his new friends at headquarters when next he found an opportunity to ride over. His explanations were not very lucid, for Bob was no great hand at analysis. To any other audience they might have been absolutely incoherent. But Thorne had long since reasoned all this out for himself, so he understood; while to California John the matter had always been one to take for granted. Bob leaned forward, his earnest

sun-browned young face flushed with the sincerity—and the embarrassment—of his exposition. Amy nodded from time to time, her eyes shining, her glance every few moments seeking in triumph that of her brother. California John smoked.

Finally Bob put it squarely to Thorne.

"So you'd like to join the service?" said Thorne slowly. "I suppose you've thought of the chance you're giving up? Welton will take you into partnership in time, of course."

"I know. It seems foolish. Can't make it seem anything else," Bob admitted.

"You'd have to take your chances," Thorne persisted. "I couldn't help you. A ranger's salary is ninety a month now, and find yourself and horses. Have you any private means?"

"Not enough to say so."

"There's another thing," Thorne went on. "This forestry of our government is destined to be a tremendous affair; but what we need more just now is better logging methods among the private loggers. It would count more than anything else if you'd stay just where you are and give us model operations in your own work."

Bob shook his head.

"Perhaps you don't know men like Mr. Welton as well as I do," said he. "I couldn't change his methods. That's absolutely out of the question. And," he went on with a sudden flash of loyalty to what the old-timers had meant, "I don't believe I'd want to."

"Not want to!" cried Amy.

"No," pursued Bob doggedly, "not unless he could see the point himself and of his own accord. He's done a great work in his time, and he's grown old at it. I wouldn't for anything in the world do anything to shake his faith in what he's done, even if he's doing it wrong now."

"He and his kind have always slaughtered the forests shamefully!" broke in Amy with some heat.

"They opened a new country for a new people," said Bob gently. "Perhaps they did it wastefully; perhaps not. I notice you've got to use lots of lubricating oil on a new machine. But there was nobody else to do it any different."

"Then you'd let them go on wasting and destroying?" demanded Amy scornfully.

"I don't know," hesitated Bob. "I haven't thought all this out. Perhaps I'm not very much on the think. It seems to me rather this way: we've got to have lumber, haven't we? And somebody has to cut it and supply it. Men like Mr. Welton are doing it, by the methods they've found effective. They are working for the present; we of the new generation want to work for the future. It's a fair division. Somebody's got to attend to them both."

"Well, that's what I say!" cried Amy. "If they wouldn't waste and slash and leave good material in the woods—"

Bob smiled whimsically.

"A lumberman doesn't like to leave things in the woods," said he. "If somebody will pay for the tops and the needles, he'll sell them; if there's a market for cull lumber, he'll supply it; and if somebody will create a demand for knot holes, *he'll supply some way of getting them out!* You see I'm a lumberman myself."

"Why don't you log with some reference to the future, then?" demanded Amy.

"Because it doesn't pay," stated Bob deliberately.

"Pay!" cried Amy.

"Yes," said Bob mildly. "Why not? The lumberman fulfils a commercial function, like anyone else; why shouldn't he be allowed freely a commercial reward? You can't lead a commercial class by ideals that absolutely conflict with commercial motives. If you want to introduce your ideals among lumbermen, you want to educate them; and in order to educate them you must fix it so your ideals don't actually spell *loss!* Rearrange the scheme of taxation, for one thing. Get your ideas of fire protection and conservation on a practical basis. It's all very well to talk about how nice it would be to chop up all the waste tops and pile them like cordwood, and to scrape together the twigs and needles and burn them. It would certainly be neat and effective. But can't you get some scheme that would be just as effective, but not so neat? It's the difference between a yacht and a lumber schooner. We can't expect everybody to turn right in and sacrifice themselves to be philanthropists because the spirit of the age tells them they ought to be. We've got to make it so easy to do things right that anybody at all decent will be ashamed not to. Then we've got to wait for the spirit of the people to grow to new things. It's coming, but it's not here yet."

California John, who had [illegible] with the closest attention, al[illegible]

"Good sense," said he.

"But you can educate people, can't you?" asked Amy, a trifle subdued and puzzled by these practical considerations.

"Some people can," agreed Thorne, speaking up, "—and they are. But Mr. Orde is right; it's only the spirit of the people that can bring about new things. We think we have leaders; but we have only interpreters. When the time is ripe to change things, then the spirit of the people rises to forbid old practices."

"That's it," said Bob. "I just couldn't get at it. Well, the way I feel about it is that when all these new methods and principles have become well known, then we can call a halt with some authority. You can't condemn a man for doing his best, can you?"

The girl, at a loss, flushed and almost crying, looked at them all helplessly.

"But—" she cried.

"I believe it will all come about in time," said Thorne. "There's sure to come a time when it will not be too much off balance to *require* private firms to do things according to our methods. Then it will pay to log the government forests on an extensive scale, and private forests will have to come to our way of doing things."

"What's the use of all our fights and strivings?" asked Amy; "what's the use of our preaching decent woods work if it can't be carried out?"

"It's educational," explained Thorne. "It starts people thinking, so that when the time comes, they'll be ready."

"Furthermore," put in Bob, "it fixes it so these young fellows who will then be in charge of private operations will have no earthly excuse to look at it wrong, or do it wrong."

"It will then be the difference between their acting according to general ideas or against them," agreed Thorne.

"Never lick a pup for chasin' rabbits until yore ready to teach him to chase deer," put in California John.

Bob found it much more difficult to approach Welton. When he did, he had to contend with the older man's absolute disbelief in what he was saying.

"Want to quit the lumber business!" he echoed Bob's first statement. "What for?"

"I don't think I'm cut out for it. I couldn't keep on at it and do good work. I know that."

Welton labored in vain to induce him to change his mind. Several times he considered telling Bob the truth—that all this timber really belonged to Jack Orde, Bob's father, and that his, Welton's interest in it, was merely that of the active partner in the industry. But this his friend had expressly forbidden. Welton ended by saying nothing about it. He resolved first to write Orde.

"You might tell me what your new job is, though," he said at last, in apparent acquiescence.

"I've about decided to take service as a ranger," stated Bob, his face flushing.

From that moment all Welton's anxiety seemed to vanish. It became unbearably evident that he looked on all this as the romance of youth. Bob felt himself suddenly reduced, in the lumberman's eyes, to the status of the small boy who wants to be a cowboy, or a sailor or an Indian fighter.

So, without active opposition, and with only tacit disapproval, Bob made his change. Nor was he received at headquarters with any blare of trumpets.

California John met him as he rode out the gate. He reached out his gnarled old hand.

Bob, who had been feeling the least shade depressed, rode on, his head high. Before him lay the great mysterious country where had penetrated only the Pioneers! Another century would build therein the structure of its institutions. The far country of new things was to be the field of his enterprise. In the future, when the new generations had come, these things would all be ordered and secure. All problems would be regulated; all difficulties smoothed away; all opposition overcome.

PART V

I

NEXT morning Bob was set to work with young Jack Pollock stringing barbed-wire fence. He had never done this before. The spools of wire weighed on him heavily. A crowbar thrust through the core made them a sort of axle with which to carry it. Thus they walked forward, revolving the heavy spool with the greatest care, while the strand of wire unwound behind them. Every once in a while a coil would kink, or buckle back, or strike

as swiftly and as viciously as a snake. The sharp barbs caught at their clothing, and tore Bob's hands. Jack Pollock opposed the mountaineer's determined inscrutability. He watched Bob's efforts always in silence until that young man had made all his mistakes. Then he spat carefully, and, with quiet patience, did it right.

Bob's sense of humor was tickled. With all his education and his subsequent wide experience and training, he stood in the position of a very awkward subordinate to this mountain boy. The joke of it was that the matter was so entirely his own choice. In the normal relations of industry Bob would have been the boss of a hundred activities and twice that number of men; while Jack Pollock, at best, would be water-boy or fuel-purveyor to a donkey-engine.

In addition to the new men, they found Ross Fletcher and Charley Morton at the camp. The evening meal was prepared cheerfully and roughly, eaten under a rather dim light. Pipes were lit, and they all began leisurely to clean up. The smoke hung low in the air. One by one the men dropped back into their rough homemade chairs, or sprawled out on the floor. Someone lit the fire in the stone chimney, for the mountain air nipped shrewdly after the sun had set. A general relaxing after the day's work, a general cheerfulness, a general dry, chaffing wit took possession of them. Two played cribbage under the lamp. One wrote a letter. The rest gossiped of the affairs of the service. Only in the corner by himself sat young Curtis, a youth from the valley who had just passed examinations. As at noon, he had had nothing to say to anyone, and had not attempted to offer assistance in the communal work. Bob concluded he must be tired from the unaccustomed labor of the day. Bob's own shoulders ached; and he was in pretty good shape, too.

"What makes me mad," Ross Fletcher's voice suddenly clove the murmur, "is the things we have to do. I was breaking rock on a trail all day to-day. Think of that! Day-laborer's work! State prison work!"

Bob looked up in amazement, as did everyone else.

"When a man hires out to be a ranger," Ross went on, "he don't expect to be a carpenter, or a stone-mason; he expects to be a *ranger!*"

Immediately Charley Morton chimed in to the same purpose. Bob listened with a rising indignation. This sort of talk was old, but he had not expected to meet it here; it is the talk of incompetence against authority everywhere, of the sea lawyer, the lumber-jack, the soldier, the spoiled subordinate in all walks of life. He had taken for granted a finer sort of loyalty here; especially from such men as Ross and Charley Morton. His face flushed, and he leaned forward to say something. Jack Pollock jogged his elbow fiercely.

"Hush up!" the young mountaineer whispered. "Can't you see they're tryin' for a rise?"

But it was not for Bob, nor his like, that Ross was angling. In fact he caught his bite almost immediately. For the first time that day Curtis woke up and displayed some interest.

"That's what I say!" he cried.

The older man turned to him.

"What they been making you do to-day, son?" asked Ross.

"I've been digging post holes up in those rocks," said Curtis indignantly.

"You don't mean to tell me they put you at that?" demanded Ross. "Why, they're supposed to get *Injins*, just cheap dollar-a-day Digger Injins, for that job. And they put you at it!"

"Yes," said Curtis, "they did. I didn't hire out for any such work. My father's county clerk down below."

"You don't say!" said Ross.

"Yes, and my hands are all blistered and my back is lame, and ——"

But the expectant youngsters could hold in no longer. A roar of laughter cut the speaker short. Curtis stared, bewildered. Ross and Charley Morton were laughing harder than anybody else. He started to his feet.

"Hold on, son," Ross commanded him, wiping his eyes. "Don't get hostile at a little joke. You'll get used to the work. Of course we all like to ride off in the mountains, and do cattle work, and figure on things, and do administrative work; and we none of us are struck on construction." He looked around him at his audience, now quiet and attentive. "But we've got to have headquarters, and barns, and houses, and corrals and pastures. Once they're built, they're built and that

ends it. But they got to be built. We're just in hard luck that we happen to be rangers right now. The service can't hire carpenters for us very well, way up here, and *somebody's* got to do it. It ain't as if we had to do it for a living all the time. There's a variety. We get all kinds. Rangering's no snap, any more than any other job. One thing," he ended with a laugh, "we get a chance to do about everything."

II

THE week's hard physical toil was unrelieved. After Bob and Jack Pollock had driven the last staple in the last strand of barbed-wire, they turned their horses into the new pasture.

It next became necessary, Bob found, that the roof over the new office at headquarters should receive a stain that would protect it against the weather. He acquired a flat brush, a little seat with spikes in it, and a can of stain whose base seemed to be a very evil-smelling fish-oil. Here all day long he clung, daubing on the stain.

Below him the life of headquarters went on. He saw it all, and heard it all, for every scrap of conversation rose to him from within the office. He was amazed at the diversity of interests and the complexity of problems that came there for attention.

"Look here, Mr. Thorne," said one of the rangers, "this use book says that a settler has a right to graze ten head of stock *actually in use* free of grazing charge. Now there's Brown up at the north end. He runs a little dairy business and he has about a hundred head of cattle up. He claims we ought not to charge him for ten head of them because they're all 'actually in use.' How about it?"

Thorne explained that the exemption did not apply to commercial uses and that Brown must pay for all. He qualified the statement by saying that this was the latest interpretation of which he had heard.

In like manner the policies in regard to a dozen little industries and interests were being patiently defined and determined—dairies, beef cattle, shake makers, bees, box and cleat men, free timber users, mining men, seekers for water concessions, those who desired rights of way, permits for posts, pastures, mill sites—all these proffered their requests and difficulties to the supervisor. Sometimes they were answered on the spot. Oftener their remarks were listened to, their propositions taken under advisement.

Bob applied his broad brush and the evil-smelling stain day after day and with minute care as to every tiny detail of the simple work. But his eyes were wide and unseeing, and all the inner forces of his soul were moving slowly and mightily.

He reached the edge of the roof, stood on the ladder to finish the last row of the riven shingles. Slowly his brush moved, finishing the cracks deep down so that the principle of decay might never enter. Inside the office Thorne sat dictating a letter to some applicant for privilege. The principle was new in its interpretation, and so Thorne was choosing his words with the greatest care. Swiftly before Bob's inner vision the prospect widened. Thorne became a prophet speaking down the years; the least of these men in a great new service became the austere champions of something high and beautiful.

Thorne was standing in the doorway with Amy, their dictation finished.

"All done?" said he. "Well, you did a thorough job. It's the kind that will last."

"I'm right on deck when it comes to painting things red," retorted Bob. "What next?"

"Next," said Thorne, "I want you to help one of the boys split some cedar posts. We've got a corral or so to make."

Bob descended slowly from the ladder, balancing the remainder of the red stain. Thorne looked at him curiously.

"How do you like it as far as you've gone?" he permitted himself to ask. "This isn't quite up to the romantic idea of rangering, is it?"

"Well," said Bob with conviction, "I suppose it may sound foolish; but I never was surer of anything in my life than that I've struck the right job."

And this, could he have known it, was the outward and visible and only sign of the things spiritual that had been veiled.

III

WHEN Saturday evening came the men washed and shaved and put on clean garments. Bob, dog-tired after a hard day, was more inclined to lie on his back.

"Ain't you-all goin' over to-night?" asked Jack Pollock.

"Over where?"

"Why," explained the younger man, "always after supper Saturdays all the boys who are in camp go over to spend the evenin' at headquarters."

Aggressively sleek and scrubbed, the little group marched down through the woods in the twilight. At headquarters Amy Thorne and her brother welcomed them and ushered them into the big room with the stone fireplace. In this latter a fire of shake-bolts leaped and roared. The men crowded in, a trifle bashfully, found boxes and homemade chairs, and perched about talking occasionally in very low tones to the nearest neighbor. Amy sat in a rocking-chair by the table lamp, sewing on something, paying little attention to the rangers, save to throw out an occasional random remark. Thorne had not yet entered. Finally Amy dropped her sewing in her lap.

"You're all as solemn as a campmeeting," she told them severely. "How many times must I tell you to smoke up and be agreeable? Here, Mr. Ware, set them a good example."

She pushed a cigar box toward the older man. Bob saw it to be half-full of the fine flaked tobacco so much used in the West. Thus encouraged, Ware rolled himself a cigarette. Others followed suit. Still others produced and filled black old pipes. A formidable haze eddied through the apartment. Amy, still sewing, said without looking up:

"One of you boys go rummage the storeroom for the corn popper. The corn's in a corn-meal sack on the far shelf."

"Just then Thorne came in, bringing a draft of cold air with him.

"Well," said he, "this is a pretty full house for this time of year."

He walked directly to the rough board shelf and from it took down a book.

"This man Kipling will do again for to-night," he remarked. "He knows more about our kind of fellow than most. I've sent for one or two other things you ought to know, but just now I want to read you a story that may remind you of something you've run against yourself. We've a few wild red-headed Irishmen ourselves in these hills."

He walked briskly to the lamp, opened the volume, and at once began to read. Every once in a while he looked up from the book to explain a phrase in terms the men would understand, or to comment pithily on some similarity in their own experience. When he had finished, he looked about at them, challenging.

"There, what did I tell you? Isn't that just about the way they hand it out to us here? And this story took place the other side of the world! It's quite wonderful when you stop to think about it; isn't it? Listen to this ——"

He pounced eagerly on another story.

Finally Amy, who had all this time been sewing away unmoved, a half-tender, half-amused smile curving her lips, laid down her work with an air of decision.

"I'll call your attention," said she, "to the fact that I'm hungry. Shut up your book: I won't hear another word." She leaned across the table, and, in spite of Thorne's half-earnest protests, took possession of the volume.

"Besides," she remarked, "look at poor Jack Pollock; he's been popping corn like a little machine, and he must be nearly roasted himself."

Amy disappeared only to return bearing a cake frosted with chocolate. The respect with which this was viewed proved that the men appreciated to the full what was represented by chocolate cake in this altitude of tiny stoves and scanty supplies. Again Amy dove into the storeroom. This time she bore back a huge enamel-ware pitcher which she set in the middle of the round table.

"There!" she cried, her cheeks red with triumph.

"What you got, Amy?" asked her brother.

Ross Fletcher leaned forward to look.

"Great guns!" he cried.

The men jostled around, striving for a glimpse, half in joke, half in genuine curiosity.

"Lemonade!" cried Ware.

"None of your limejuice either," pronounced California John. "Look at the genuine article floatin' around on top."

They turned to Amy.

"Where did you get them?" they demanded.

But she shook her head, smiling, and declined to tell.

They devoured the popcorn and the chocolate cake to the last crumb and emptied the pitcher of genuine lemonade.

Then they went home. It was all simple enough: cheap tobacco, reading aloud, a little rude chaffing, lemonade, cake and popcorn! Bob smiled to himself as he thought of the consternation a recital of these ingredients would carry to the sophisticated souls of most of his friends. Yet he had enjoyed the party, enjoyed it deeply and thoroughly. He came away from it glowing with good-fellowship.

IV

AT these and similar occupations the latter days of June slipped by. Bob had little leisure, for the service was undermanned for the work it must do. Curtis soon resigned, to everybody's joy and relief.

On only one occasion did Bob gain a chance to ride over to the scenes of his old activities. This was on a Sunday when, by a miracle, nothing unexpected came up to tie him to his duty. He had rather an unsatisfactory visit with Mr. Welton. It was cordial enough on both sides, for the men were genuinely fond of each other; but they had lost touch with each other's interests.

Bob and two of the new mountain men had been for two days cutting up some dead and down trees that encumbered the inclosure at headquarters. They crosscut the trunks into handy lengths, bored holes in them with a two-inch auger, loaded the holes with blasting powder and a fuse and touched them off. The powder split the logs into rough posts small enough to handle. These fragments they carried laboriously to the middle of the meadow, where they stacked them rack-fashion and on end. The idea was to combine business with pleasure by having a grand bonfire the night of the Fourth of July.

For this day other preparations went forward. Amy promised a spread for everybody, if she could get a little help at the last moment. As many of the outlying rangers as could manage it, would come in for the occasion. A shooting match, roping and chopping contests, and other sports were in contemplation.

Then at noon of July second, Charley Morton dashed down the trail from the Upper Meadow, rode rapidly to headquarters, flung himself from his horse, and dove into the office. After a moment he reappeared, followed by Thorne.

"Saddle up, boys," said the latter. "Fire over beyond Granite. Ride and gather in the men who are about here," he told Bob.

Bob sprang on Charley Morton's horse and rode about instructing the workers to gather. When he returned, Thorne gave his instructions.

"We're short-handed," he stated, "and it'll be hard to get help just at this time. Charley, you take Ware, Elliott and Carroll and see what it looks like. Start a fire line and do the best you can. Orde, you and Pollock can get up some packhorses and follow later with grub, blankets and so forth. I'll ride down the mountain to see what I can do about help. It may be I can catch somebody by phone at the power-house who can let the boys know at the north end. You say it's a big fire?"

"I see quite a lot of smoke," said Charley. While they caught and saddled the packhorses, Amy was busy in the storeroom. They found laid out for them a few cooking utensils, a variety of provisions tied up in strong little sacks, several more hoes, axes and rakes, two mattocks, a half-dozen flat files, and as many big zinc canteens.

"Now hurry!" she commanded them. "Pack these, and then get some blankets from your camp, and some hobbles and picket ropes."

With Bob's rather awkward help everything was made fast. By the time the two had packed the blankets and returned to headquarters on their way to the upper trail, they found Amy had changed her clothes, caught and saddled her own horse, tied on well-filled saddlebags, and stood awaiting them. She wore her broad hat looped back by the pine-tree badge of the service, a soft shirtwaist of gray flannel, a short divided skirt of khaki and high laced boots. A red neckerchief matched her cheeks, which were glowing with excitement. Immediately they appeared, she swung aboard with the easy grace of one long accustomed to the saddle. Bob's lower jaw dropped in amazement.

"You going?" he gasped, unable even yet to comprehend the everyday fact that so many gently nurtured western girls are accustomed to these rough-and-ready bivouacs.

"I wouldn't stay away for worlds!" she cried, turning her pony's head up the trail.

Beyond the upper meadow this trail suddenly began to climb. It made its way by lacets in the dry earth, by scrambles in the rocks until, through the rapidly thinning ranks of the scrubby trees, Bob could look back over all the broad shelf of the mountain whereon grew the pines. At some distance it dropped over an edge. Above, the sky was deeply, intensely blue; bluer than Bob had ever seen a sky before. The air held in it a tang of wildness, as though it had breathed from great spaces.

Jack led the way to the top of a knoll and stopped.

Here the edge of the mountain broke into a tiny outcropping spur that shook itself free of the pines. It constituted a natural lookout to the east. Bob drew rein so violently that even his well-trained mountain horse shook its head in protest.

Before him, hushed with that tremendous calm of vast distances, lay the Sierra he had never seen, as though embalmed in the sunlight of a thousand afternoons. A tremendous, deep cañon plunged below him, blue with distance. It climbed again to his level eventually, but by that time it was ten miles away.

Then his eye fell to the ridge opposite, across the blue cañon. From one point on it a straight column of blue smoke rolled upward, to mushroom out and hang motionless above the top of the ridge. Its base was shot by half-seen, half-guessed lurid streaks.

Bob had vaguely expected to see a whole countryside ablaze. This single slender column was almost absurd. It looked like a campfire, magnified to fit the setting, of course.

"There's the fire, all right," said Jack. "We got to get across to it somehow. Trail ends here."

"Why, that doesn't amount to much!" cried Bob.

"Don't it?" said Jack. "Well I'd call that some shakes of a fire, myself. It's covered mighty nigh three hundred acres by now."

The way zigzagged down the slope of the mountain. As Jack had said, there was no trail, but the tracks left by the four rangers were plainly to be discerned. Thickets of willows and alders had to be crossed. Dimly through the treetops they seemed to see the sky darkening by degrees as they worked their way down.

By the time the horses stepped from the slope to the bed of the cañon, it was quite dark. Jack turned downstream.

"We'll cut the trail to Burro Rock pretty quick," said he.

Now ahead, through the gathering twilight, lights began to show, sometimes scattered, sometimes grouped, like the camp-fires of an immense army. These were the stubs, stumps, down logs and the like left still blazing after all the more readily inflammable material had been burned away. As the little cavalcade labored upward, stopping every few minutes to breathe their horses, these flickering lights defined themselves. In particular one tall dead yellow pine standing boldly prominent, afire to the top, alternately glowed and paled as the wind breathed or died. A smell of stale burning drifted down the damp night air. Pretty soon Jack Pollock halted for a moment to call back:

"Here's their fire line!"

The line of demarkation between the burned and the unburned areas seemed extraordinarily well-defined. Bob looked closer and saw that this definition was due to a peculiar path, perhaps two yards wide. It looked as though someone had gone along there with a huge broom, sweeping as one would sweep a path in deep dust. Only in this case the broom must have been a powerful implement as well as one of wide reach. The brushed marks went not only through the carpet of pine-needles, but through the tarweed, the snow brush, the manzanita. This was technically the fire line.

They entered the burned area and climbed on up the hill. Though evidently here the ferocity of the conflagration had passed, it had left its rear guard behind. Fallen trees still blazed; standing trees flamed like torches —but all harmlessly within the magic circle drawn by the desperate quick work of the rangers. They passed as rapidly as they could through this stricken field. The dark had fallen, but the forest was still bright, the trail still plain. They followed it for an hour until it had topped the lower ridge.

Then far ahead down through the dark trunks of trees, they saw, wavering, flickering, leaping and dying, a line of fire. In some places it was a dozen feet high; in others it sank to within a few inches of the ground; but nowhere could the eye discern an opening. Somewhere on the other side of that ring of fire were four men. They were trying to cut a lane over which the fire could not leap.

They followed the fire line down for a long distance through the eddying smoke. The flames to their right shot up and died and crept. The shadows to their left—their own among the number—leaped and fell. After a while, down through the mists, they made out a small figure, very busy at something. When they approached, they found this to be Charley Morton. The fire had leaped the cleared path and was busily eating in all directions through the short, pitchy growth of tarweed. It was as yet only a tiny leak, but once let it get started, the whole forest beyond the fire line would be ablaze. The ranger had started to cut around this a half-circle connected at both ends with the main fire line. With short, quick jabs of his hoe, he was tearing away at the tough tarweed.

"Hullo!" said he, without looking up. "You'll find camp on the bald ridge north the fire line. There's a little feed there."

Having completed his defense, he straightened his back to look at them. His face was grimed a dingy black through which rivulets of sweat had made streaks.

They left him there, leaning on the handle of his hoe. Jack Pollock seemed to know where the place described as the camp site was located, for after various detours and false starts, he led them over the brow of a knoll to a tiny flat among the pine-needles where they were greeted by whinnies from unseen animals. It was here very dark. Jack scraped together and lit some of the pine-needles. By the flickering light they saw the four saddles dumped down in a heap.

"There's a sidehill over yander with a few bunches of grass and some of these blue lupines," said Jack. "It ain't much in the way of hoss-feed, but it'll have to do."

He gathered fuel and soon had enough of a fire to furnish light.

"It certainly does seem plumb foolish to be lightin' *more* fires!" he remarked.

In the meantime Amy had unsaddled her own horse and was busy unpacking one of the pack-animals. Bob followed her example.

"There," she said; "now here are the canteens, all full; and here's six lunches already tied together that I put up before we started. You can get them to the other boys. Take your tools and run along. I'll straighten up, and be ready for you when you can come back."

"What if the fire gets over to you?" asked Bob.

"I'll turn the horses loose and ride away," she said gaily.

Jack handed Bob three of the canteens, a hoe and rake and one of the flat files.

"What's this for?" asked Bob.

"To keep the edge of your hoe sharp," replied Jack.

They shouldered their implements and felt their way in the darkness over the tumbled rock outcrop. As they surmounted the shoulder of the hill, they saw once more flickering before them the fire line.

V

CHARLEY MORTON received the lunch with joy.

"Ain't had time to get together grub since we came," said he, "and didn't know when I would."

"What do you want us to do?" asked Bob.

"The fire line's drawn right across from Rock creek down there in the cañon over to a bald dome. We got her done an hour ago, and pretty well back fired. All we got to do now is to keep her from crossing anywheres, and if she does cross, to corral her before she can get away from us."

"I wish we could have got here sooner!" cried Bob, disappointed that the little adventure seemed to be flattening out.

"So?" commented Charley dryly. "Well, there's plenty yet. If she gets out in one single, lonesome place, this fire line of ours won't be worth a cent. She's inside now—if we can hold her there." He gazed at a big dead pine blazing merrily to its very top. Every once in a while a chunk of bark or a piece of limb came flaring down to the ground with a thump. "There's the trouble," said he. "What's to keep a spark or a coal from that old coon from falling or rolling on the wrong side of the line? If it happens when none of us are around, why the fire gets a start. And maybe a coal will roll downhill from somewhere, or a breeze come up and carry sparks. One spark over here," he stamped his foot on the brushed line, "and it's all to do over again. There's six of us," added the ranger, "and a hundred of these trees near the line. By rights there ought to be a man camped down near every-one of them."

"Give us our orders," repeated Bob.

"The orders are to patrol the fire line," said Morton. "If you find the fire has broken across, corral it. If it gets too strong for you, shoot your six-shooter twice. Keep a-moving, but take it easy and save yourself for to-morrow. About two o'clock, or so, I'll shoot three times. Then you can come to camp and get a little sleep. You got to be in shape for to-morrow."

"Why especially to-morrow?" asked Bob.

"Fire dies in the cool of night; it comes up in the middle of the day," explained Morton succinctly.

Bob took to the right, while Jack went in the opposite direction. His way led downhill. He crossed a ravine, surmounted a little ridge. Now he was in the worse than total darkness of the almost extinct area. Embers and coals burned all over the sidehill like so many evil winking eyes. Far ahead, down the mountain, the rising smoke glowed incandescent with the light of an invisible fire beneath. Bob, blinded by this glow, had great difficulty in making his way. At last he found himself in the V of a narrow ravine. Here a single coal had lodged and already started into flame the dry small brush. It had fallen from an oak fully a hundred feet away, and in some mysterious manner had found a path to this hidden pocket. Bob carefully laid his canteens and the rake on a boulder and set to work with his sharpened hoe. The brush proved unexpectedly difficult. It would not stand up to the force of his stroke, but bent away. The tarweed, especially, was stubborn. He made an initial mistake by starting to hoe out his path too near the blaze, forgetting that in the time necessary to complete his half-circle, the flames would have spread, so he abandoned his beginning and fell back twenty feet. This considerably lengthened the line he would have to cut. When it was about half done, Bob discovered that he would have to hustle to prevent the fire breaking by him before he could complete his half-circle. It became a race. He worked desperately. The heat scorched his face and hands, so that it was with difficulty he could face his work. The little licking flames had at last become a personal enemy. He fought them absorbedly, throwing his line farther and farther as the necessity arose, running to beat down with green brush the first feeble upstartings of the fire as it leaped here and there his barrier.

"Well," drawled Charley Morton's voice behind him, "what you think you're doing?"

"Corralling this fire, of course," Bob panted.

"What for?" demanded Charley.

Bob looked up in sheer amazement.

"See that rock dike up the hill behind you?" explained Morton. "Well, our fire line already runs up to that on both sides. Fire couldn't cross it. We expected this to burn."

Bob suddenly felt a little nauseated and dizzy from the heat and the violence of his exertions in this high altitude.

"Here's your canteen," Morton went on easily. "Take a swig. Better save a little. Feel better? Let me give you a pointer: don't try to stop a fire going uphill. Take it on top or just over the top. It burns slower and it ain't so apt to jump."

"I know, I forgot," said Bob, feeling a trifle foolish.

"Never mind, you've learned something," said Morton comfortably. "Let's go down below. There's fresh fire there, and it may have jumped past Elliott."

They scrambled down. Elliott and Ware were found to be working desperately in the face of the flames. The fire had not here jumped the line, but it was burning with great ferocity up to the very edge of it. The rangers could not give back an inch, for an inch of headway on the wrong side the path would convert a kindling little blaze to a real fire. Bob gripped his handful of green brush and set to work. His garments were literally drenched with sweat, which immediately dried into steam. He could hardly breathe, and could see only with difficulty. How they stuck it out for an infernal half-hour, Bob could not have told; but stick it out they did. The flames gradually died down. The four men fell back. Their eyebrows and hair were singed, their skin blackened.

"Well, that was a good little scrap," observed Charley Morton cheerfully. "I certainly do wish it was always night when a man had to fight fire. In a hot sun it gets to be hard work."

Elliott rolled his eyes, curiously white like a minstrel's in his blackened face, at Bob, but said nothing.

"We'll leave Elliott here to watch this a few minutes, and go down the line," said Morton.

Bob lifted [illegible] and to his surprise found it en

"Why, I must have drunk a gallon!" he cried.

"It's dry work," said Morton.

The men traversed the fire line from end to end a half-dozen times. Anxiously Bob widened the path here, kicked back glowing brands there, tried to assure himself that in no possible manner could the seed of a new conflagration find germination. After a long time he heard three shots from up the mountain. He shouldered his blackened implements and commenced a laborious ascent. Stubs and sticks protruded everywhere, stones rolled from under his feet. Once, on a steep shale, he fell and rolled ten feet out of sheer weariness. In addition, he was again very thirsty and his canteen was empty. A chill gray of dawn was abroad, the smell of stale burning hung in the air.

By the time he had staggered into camp, the daylight had come. Across a tiny ravine the horses dozed, tied each to a short picket rope. About the camp-fire stood utensils from which the men were dispiritedly helping themselves. Bob saw that the long pine-needles had been scraped together to make soft beds, over which blankets had been spread. Amy herself, her cheeks red, her eyes bright, was passing around tin cups of strong coffee and tin plates of food. Her horse, saddled and bridled, stood near by.

"Take a little of this," she urged Bob, "and then turn in."

Bob muttered his thanks.

"How did you leave things at the lower end?" Morton was asking him.

"All out but two or three smoldering old stubs," replied Bob. "Everything's safe."

"Nothing's safe," contradicted Morton. "By rights we ought to watch every minute. But we got to get some rest in a long fight. It's the cool of the morning and the fire burns low. Turn in and get all the sleep you can. May need you later."

"I'm all in," acknowledged Bob, throwing back his blanket. "I'm willing to say so."

"No more fire in mine," agreed young Elliott.

The other men said nothing, but fell to their beds. Only Charley Morton rose a little stiffly to his feet.

"Aren't you going to turn in, too, Charley?" asked the girl quickly.

"It's daylight now," explained the ranger, "and I can see to ride a horse. I reckon I'd better ride down the line."

"I've thought of that," said Amy. "Of course it wouldn't do to let the fire take care of itself. See! I have Pronto saddled. I'll look over the line, and if anything happens I'll wake you."

"You must be about dead," said Charley. "You been up all night fixing camp and cooking—"

"Up all night!" repeated Amy scornfully. "How long do you think it takes me to make camp and cook a simple little breakfast?"

"But the country's almighty rough riding."

"On Pronto?"

"He's a good mountain pony," agreed Charley Morton. "California John picked him out himself. All right. I do feel some tired."

This was about six o'clock. The men had slept but a little over an hour when Amy scrambled over the rim of the dike and dropped from her horse.

"Charley!" she cried, shaking the ranger by the shoulder. "I'm sorry. But there's fresh smoke about halfway down the mountain."

Twenty minutes later, all six were frantically digging, hoeing, chopping, beating in a frenzy against the spread of the flames. In some manner the fire had jumped the line; that early in the fight a spark had lodged. As long as the darkness of night held down the temperature, this spark merely smoldered. But the sun made all the difference in the world. Green brush that would have resisted for a long time now sprang into fire at a touch. The conflagration spread swiftly, licking up all before it. The work was fierce in its intensity. Bob, in common with the others, had given up trying to protect himself. His clothes smoked, his skin blistered, he breathed the hot air in gasps. Strangely enough, he did not feel in the least tired.

To right and left of him the other men were working desperately to tear out the brush. He grubbed away trying to clear the pine-needles and little bushes that would carry the fire through the rocks like so many powder fuses. In trying to roll a boulder out of the way he caught his hand. A sharp lightning pain shot up his arm and into the middle of his chest. When he had succeeded in extricating himself he found that his middle finger was squarely broken.

VI

BOB stood still for a moment, looking at the injured member. Charley Morton touched him on the shoulder and motioned him back. Casting a look of regret at his half-completed defenses, he obeyed. To his surprise he found the other four already gathered together. Evidently his being called off the work had nothing to do with his broken finger, as he had at first supposed.

"Well, I guess we'll have to fall back," said Morton composedly. "It's got away from us."

Without further comment he shouldered his implements and took his way up the hill. Bob handed his hoe and rake to Jack Pollock.

"Carry 'em a minute," he explained. "I hurt my hand a little."

As he walked along he bound the finger roughly to its neighbor, and on both tied a rude splint.

"What's up?" he muttered to Jack, as he worked at this.

"I reckon we must be goin' to start a fire line back of the next cross-ridge somewheres," Jack ventured his opinion.

Bob stopped short.

"Then we've abandoned the old one!" he exclaimed.

"Complete," spoke up Ware, who overheard.

"And all the work we've done there is useless?"

"Absolutely."

"We've got it all to do over again from the beginning?"

"Certain sure."

Bob adjusted his mind to this new and rather overwhelming idea.

"I saw Senator Clark made a speech the other day," spoke up Elliott, "in which he attacked the service, because he said it was a refuge for consumptives and incompetents!"

At this moment Amy rode up draped with canteens and balancing carefully a steaming pail of coffee. She was accompanied by another woman similarly provided.

The newcomer was a decided-looking woman under thirty, with a full, strong figure, pronounced flaxen-blond hair, a clear though somewhat sunburned skin, blue eyes, and a flash of strong white teeth. Bob had never seen her before, but he recognized her as a mountain woman. She rode a pinto, guided by a hackamore, and was attired quite simply in the universal broad felt hat and a serviceable blue calico gown. In spite of this she rode astride, and rode well. A throwing rope, or riata, hung in the sling at the right side of her saddle pommel, and it looked as though it had been used.

"Where's Charley?" she asked promptly as she rode up. "Is that you? You look like a nigger. How you feeling? You just mind me, and don't you try to do too much. You don't get paid for overtime at this job."

"Hullo, Lou," replied Charley Morton. "I thought it was about time you showed up."

The woman nodded at the others.

"Howd'y, Mrs. Morton," answered Tom Carroll, Pollock and Ware. Bob and Elliott bowed.

By now the fire had been left far in the rear. At the top of the ridge Charley Morton called a halt.

"This is pretty easy country," said he. "We'll run the line square down either side. Get busy."

"Have a cup of coffee first," urged Amy.

They drank the coffee, finding it very good, and tucked away the lunches Amy, with her unfailing forethought, had brought them.

"Good-by!" she called gaily. "I've got to get back to camp before the fire cuts me off. I won't see you again till the fire burns me out a way to get to you."

"Take my horse, too," said Mrs. Morton, dismounting. "You don't need me in camp."

Amy took the lead rein and rode away as a matter of course. She was quite alone to guard the horses and camp equipage on the little knoll while the fire spent its fury all around her. Everybody seemed to take the matter for granted; but Bob looked after her with mingled feelings of anxiety and astonishment. This western breed of girl was still beyond his comprehension.

In spite of the cruel throb of his injured hand, Bob now found labor pleasant by force of contrast. The air was cool, the shade refreshing, the frantic necessity of struggle absent. Several times Charley Morton paused for a moment to advise him.

"You ought to throw your line farther back," he told Bob. "See that 'dead-and-down' ahead? If you let that cross your fire line, it'll carry the fire sooner or later, sure; and if you curve your line too quick to go around it, the fire'll jump. You want to keep your eye out 'way ahead."

Once Bob caught a glimpse of blue calico through the trees. Mrs. Morton was working stoutly with a hoe. Her skirts were turned back, her sleeves rolled up to display a white and plump forearm, the neck of her gown loosened to show a round and well-molded neck. The strokes of her hoe were as vigorous as those of any of the men. In watching the strong, free movements of her body, Bob forgot for a moment what had been intruding itself on him with more and more insistence—the throb of his broken hand.

In the course of an hour the fire line was well under way. But now wisps of smoke began to drift down the tree aisles. Birds shot past, at first by ones and twos, later in droves. A deer that must have lain perdu to let them pass, bounded across the ridge, his head high, his nostrils wide. The squirrels ran chattering down the trees, up others, leaped across the gaps, working always farther and farther to the north. The cool breeze carried with it puffs of hot air.

"There she comes!" gasped Charley Morton. "My Lord, how she's run to-day. We got to close the line to that stone dike."

They redoubled their efforts. The hoes, mattocks and axes rose and fell feverishly. Mrs. Morton, the perspiration matting her beautiful and shining hair across her forehead, labored with the best. The fire, having gained the upward-rising slope, came at them with the speed of an enemy charging. Bob forgot utterly his wounded hand.

And then, when they were within a scant fifty yards of the dike which was intended to be their right wing, the flames sprang with a roar to new life. Up the slope they galloped, whirled around the end of the fire line, and began eagerly to lick up the tarweed and needles of the ridge-top.

Bob and Elliott uttered a simultaneous cry of dismay. The victory had seemed fairly in their grasp. Now all chance of it was snatched away.

"Poor guess," said Charley Morton. The men, without other comment, shouldered their implements and set off on a dog-trot after their leader. The ranger merely fell back to the next natural barrier.

"Now let's see if we can't hold her, boys," said he.

Twice more that day were these scenes re-enacted. Each time it seemed to Bob that he could do no more. His hand felt as big as a pillow, and his whole arm and shoulder ached. Amy had been cut off from them by the fire. In two days they had had but an hour's sleep. Water had long since given out on them. The sun beat hot and merciless, assisting its kinsman, the fire. It seemed ridiculous that this little handful of men should hope to arrest anything so mighty, so proud, so magnificent as this great conflagration. As well expect a colony of ants to stop a break in the levee. But Morton continued to fall back as though each defeat were a matter of course. He seemed unwearied, though beneath the smoke-black his eyes were hollow.

"We ought to get help before long?" Bob asked.

"To-morrow, I figure," replied Morton. "The boys are scattered wide, finishing odds and ends before coming in for the Fourth."

The next defense was successfully completed before the fire reached it. Bob felt a sudden rush of extraordinary and vivifying emotion. A moment ago he had been ready to drop in his tracks, indifferent whether the fire burned him as he lay. Now he felt ready to go on forever. Bert Elliott found energy enough to throw his hat into the air, while Jack shook his fist at the advancing fire.

The cool of evening was already falling. They held the line until the flames had burned themselves out against it. Then they took up their weary patrol. Last night, when Bob was fresh, this part of fire fighting had seemed the hardest kind of hard work. Now, crippled and weary as he was, in contrast to the day's greater labor, it had become comparatively easy. About eight o'clock, Amy, having found a way through, appeared leading all the horses, saddled and packed.

"You boys came a long way," she explained simply, "and I thought I'd bring over camp."

She distributed food, and made trips down the fire line with coffee. In this manner the night passed. No one had slept. Sunrise found Bob and Jack Pollock far down the mountain, doggedly beating back some tiny flames. The camp was a thousand feet above, and their canteens had long been empty. Bob raised his weary eyes.

Out on a rock inside the burned area, like a sentinel cast in bronze, stood a horseman. The light was behind him, so only his outline could be seen. For a minute he

stood there quite motionless, looking. Then he moved forward, and another came up behind him on the rock. This one advanced, and a third took his place. One after the other, in single file, they came, glittering in the sun, their long rakes and hoes slanted over their shoulders like spears.

"Look!" gasped Bob weakly.

The two stood side by side, spellbound. The flames licked past them in the tarweed; they did not heed. The horsemen rode up, twenty strong. It seemed to Bob that they said things, and shouted. Certainly a half-dozen hopped spryly off their horses and in an instant had confined the escaping fire. Somebody took Bob's hoe from him. A cheery voice shouted in his ear:

"Hop along! You're through. We're on the job. Go back to camp and take a sleep."

He and Pollock turned up the mountain. They stumbled and staggered on. A twig sufficed to trip them. Pollock muttered between set teeth, over and over again: "I'd give a dollar and a half for a drink of water!"

Finally, with a flicker of vitality, Bob's sense of humor cleared for an instant.

"Not high enough," said he. "Make it two dollars, and maybe some angel will hand you out a glass."

Then both men fell over, sound asleep. An hour later Bob felt himself being shaken violently. He stirred and advanced a little way toward the light, then dropped back like a plummet into the abysses of sleep. Afterward he recalled a vague impression of being lifted on a horse. Possibly he managed to hang on; possibly he was held in the saddle—that he never knew.

The next thing was the flicker of a camp-fire, and the soft feel of blankets. It was night, but how it came to be so, he could not imagine. He was very stiff and sore and burned, and his hand was very painful. He moved it, and discovered that it was bound tightly. When this bit of surgery had been performed he could not have told.

He opened his eyes. Amy and Mrs. Morton were bending over cooking utensils. Five motionless forms reposed in blankets. Bob counted them carefully. After some moments it occurred to his dulled brain that the number represented his companions. Someone on horseback seemed to be arriving. A glitter of silver caught his eye. He recognized California John. Then he dozed off again. The sound of voices rumbled through the haze of his half-consciousness.

"Fifty hours of steady fire fighting with only an hour's sleep!" he caught Thorne's voice saying.

"We found the two of them curled up together," he next heard Thorne say. "Orde was coiled around a sharp root—and didn't know it, and Pollock was on top of him. They were out in the full sun, and a procession of red ants was disappearing up Orde's pants' leg and coming out at his collar. Fact!"

"They're a good lot," admitted California John. "Best unbroke lot I ever saw."

"We found Orde's finger broken and badly swelled. Heaven knows when he did it, but he never peeped. Morton says he noticed his hand done up in a handkerchief yesterday morning."

Bob dozed again. From time to time he caught fragments—"Four fire lines—think of it—only one old-timer in the lot—I'm proud of my boys——"

He came next to full consciousness to hear Thorne saying:

"Mrs. Morton fought fire with the best of them. That's the ranger spirit I like—"

"Don't praise me," broke in Mrs. Morton tartly. "I don't give a red cent for all your forests, and your pesky rangering. If Charley Morton would quit you and tend to his cattle, I'd be pleased. I didn't fight fire to help you, let me tell you."

"What did you do it for?" asked Thorne, evidently amused.

"I knew I couldn't get Charley Morton home and in bed and resting until that pesky fire was out, that's why!" shot back Mrs. Morton.

Then Bob fell into a deep sleep

[TO BE CONTINUED]

experiment of running sheep on American ranges in large bodies without the overseeing eye of the regular herder.

How they laughed, some of those western sheepmen who had grown up in the dust of a band of sheep!

"Raise sheep out here without a herder? Nonsense, the varmins 'll eat 'em up in no time.

"Sheep won't graze without a herder," they said; "they'll just bunch up and stay there all day long too scared to scatter out and eat."

But in no way daunted by their scoffings, the Forest Service men set about finding a suitable tract of land whereon the experiment could be tried.

Up in the Cascade mountains of Oregon, in the Wallowa National Forest, they found a tract of land admirably suited for the purpose. It was in the midst of one of the greatest sheep-raising districts in the West. The range was just what they wanted, being partly open grass-land and partly timbered, and nowhere in the West were there so many different species of wild animals to be found. And 'tis wild animals—the predatory class—that give the sheepman the most concern for his herd and force him to keep a herder ever with his flock to guard against their attacks.

The Wallowa region seems to be a "home range" for every variety of sheep-eating animals. Of bears, the grizzly, black, and cinnamon roam the mountains in numbers, while the lesser lights of the fraternity, like mountain lions, bobcats, lynxes, and coyotes, are very common. The last are the most cunning and persistent of all the animal foes of the sheep. The others only take an occasional flier at the herd, but the coyote is ever at their heels, year in and year out. When the sheep leave the mountains for the winter ranges, he moves along with them as if he were one of the camp-followers. All winter long he hangs along the outskirts of the camp if the sheep are on the range, and up close to the feedlots if the sheep are being fed at the owner's ranch. If he can't catch a lamb or ewe, the coyote dodges into the ranchman's farmyard when he sees the dogs are away, and grabs a fat hen or picks up an old turkey-gobbler who possibly has wandered too far from the protection of the farmhouse. In the early spring, when the herd moves out for the lambing ground he lurks along on the trail, and during the lambing season woe betide the little wobbly-legged chap who lumbers off to one side of the lambing ground too far from the watchful eye of the herder or his dog.

The hunter's cabin ornamented with grizzly skins

So when they built the fence in which to graze these sheep, they called it a "coyote-proof fence," knowing full well that if it could be built to keep that sharp-eared rascal out it would be a success. The building of the fence was duly accomplished under more than ordinary difficulties. Where the line ran through thick timber, it was necessary to clear off the trees even to the ground, because the animals might climb the stumps and jump over the fence. In places the rocky ledges were so close to the surface that holes could not be dug; hence they had to set the posts in frames and pile rocks in them to steady them. A barbed wire flat on the ground kept all digging animals from trying that means of obtaining entrance. Then above this came a section of woven wire, and above that several strands of barbed wire stretched at varying distances

Holes could not be dug, so piles of rock were

selling at between four and five cents per pound live weight, this gain was well worth making. Besides this, if the lambs gained this amount, it is safe to say that the ewes gained proportionately over the same class under a herder.

No estimate of the wool increase was made, but the results of the system in Australia prove beyond doubt that there is a very decided gain in wool growth under this system, the wool being of better staple, cleaner and heavier. In the region where the experiment was carried on, the sheepmen always expect an annual loss in their herds of from five to ten per cent, due to various causes: wild animals, poisonous plants, smothering in herding, etc.

A careful record was kept of the sheep in the pasture and the loss for the season was but one-half of one per cent. Under the best of care, lambs will snag themselves in the timber, ewes will break legs and get killed accidentally, and by smothering when suddenly alarmed. Such losses were found to be almost obliterated when the animals took care of themselves, and with the losses from wild animals eliminated, the other losses are extremely small.

Every morning a hunter with his dogs made the rounds of the fence, looking for signs of wild animals. During the season he found along the fence line the tracks of one hundred and thirty-six coyotes, eight grizzlies, fifteen black and brown bears, several wildcats, lynxes and other animals.

One long elk dashing through the forest struck the fence on a slant, tearing a great gash across his side, and left a trail of blood for the entire distance across the pasture to the point where he again came to the fence and jumped it. From the signs, it was evident he did not see the fence when he struck it the first time, for he broke the top barbed wires and smashed down the woven wire.

As to the bear family, wherever Old Ephraim came to the fence he went through it. Little cared he for the stinging of the sharp barbs on his heavy hide. Nor did the bears bother to test the fence to find a weak point. Fourteen times they went through by simply placing their great grisly heads between the wires, forcing their huge bodies through with their hind feet, leaving a large gap in the fence with more or less hair hanging to the barbs to tell the story.

The brown and black bears went through wherever they cared to. From the trails along the fence, however, it was evident they often contented themselves with traveling around the outside of the pasture, looking for an opening.

Of the entire herd of sheep not one was lost by these predatory animals. The one lone coyote who spent the summer inside was kept so busy by the dogs running him that he made no attempts upon the sheep.

The hunter during the season killed thirteen coyotes, two grizzlies, five brown bears, three cats and numerous other smaller animals.

Taken as a whole, the fence has proven a decided success. The sheep were heavier, sheared more wool, showed fewer losses from different causes and the cost of handling was less. Finally—and of equal importance—it has been very conclusively proved that, on a given area, twice as many sheep can be grazed under the pasture system as when herded. This means that by fencing the ranges the western sheepmen can graze just twice as many sheep as they are to-day on the same feed.

That the sheepmen are alive to the importance of the plan, is seen by the great interest that has been taken in it. Several sheepmen have built such coyote-proof pastures during the past summer and have had the most satisfactory results from it. The only trouble is that few of them own land enough in one body to handle any number of sheep upon, and the only method by which it could be placed in operation all over the range country would be some law allowing the sheepmen to lease or otherwise control tracts of government land for this purpose. The cattlemen of the West have for several years been asking Congress for such a law and the sheepmen have opposed it. Possibly the results of this fencing experiment may show the sheepmen the error of their ways and lead them to join with the cattlemen in the demand for the law.

The cost of materials for the fence is about $225 per mile, depending of course upon the prices of wire in the vicinity of the work. The Forest Service has recently published a bulletin on this coyote-proof pasture which gives full information as to cost of fencing and best methods of erecting the fence and much other information regard ter, of value to the stockmen of

From an Autumn Camp

By KATHERINE OLIVER

HE misses the prime time of year who turns away from the mountains at the end of summer. Wait a little longer, till autumn is well on—then nature is ready to take her holiday with you. The year's work is done, the budding, the blossoming, the casting of her seeds; she drops her hands into her lap and leans back with a sigh, to rest and doze under the mellow sun, uncaring how brown her face grows beneath its slanting rays.

Perfect repose prevails: the pine-needles point upward, absolutely motionless; the tawny meadows sleep in the sunshine; the brakes, no longer bristling in their freshness, droop, weary after the summer show; the season's parade of blossom and verdure is over—these are the laziest of siesta hours. Even Jerry McNew's cows down there in the meadow, whose temperamental complacency is a thing enviable, seem to have attained to a state of supreme content.

I am glad to observe, from my secluded outlook on this pine-grown knoll, from which I can see the wooded slopes opposite, the meadows below, and a bit of the road, just down there, that there are others besides ourselves, who, independent of the convention which appears to prescribe the months of July and August, with at most a week or two in September, as the proper vacation season, are staying on for better things. A spring-wagon has just passed, carrying sunbonneted women and barefoot children, and a moment ago I heard the beat of a horse's foot on the damp ground and caught the stimulating sight of a galloping rider.

I slipped away here two hours ago from the camp precincts, where a cheerful circle of tent neighbors, established in camp-chairs and hammocks, visited comfortably together, enjoying the real flow of companionable souls which doesn't go with city calls or conventional functions. The opportunity for this sort of visiting, afforded by a camping-out season, is one of its choicest features. This is the real natural intercourse between people who want to know each other—for surely no one ever includes in his own party anybody he doesn't want to know, unless he has made a grievous choice.

I did not flee this festive scene because I was of unresponsive mind—far from it—but because I had an appointment to keep. I had not spent an hour in the den for three days and that was to lose opportunities, choice, indeed. The den is a little cleared space in a thicket of young pines. It holds a little tent, set so far back and so snugly among the trees that it is almost as though it had grown there. The tent contains only a cot, with coverings and cushions. There is a long bench outside, where one may sit and read to one who rests. There is a little fireplace of smoky rocks that suggests vanished but easily recalled cheer and a furnishing of beauty; standing against the green, is a huge burnt stump, with a high standing slab at the back, all of the most beautiful texture, with a dull sheen like moire silk. The former lady of the house, now also vanished, utilized this beauteous object as a kitchen safe, covering it well with papers. We fell heir to the den and all its appurtenances, and its value therefore is greatly enhanced. It is indeed a windfall, a place to go to read the book that you have hoarded for just such a spot, the place to write one's letters, or to sleep, or to dream, wide-awake. Ah, this is rest—to stretch out on one's back in the green-walled place, and lie for an hour, gazing up at the motionless

green pine tops and the dome of exquisite blue above; to lose the rigid grip on things, to let go one's self and one's life, and, with the senses soothed and at peace, to drift out into the absolute repose of nature. Emerson, or some other soul equally in the confidence of the great mother, is at such a time the only companion who can possibly add to instead of detract from the joy of the hour, and even then he must not be read—only a word now and then, that by the testimony of another, one's impulses may be confirmed.

But listening to the words of her best friend is not as good as to delight oneself in her very presence, focusing her delicate colors with half-closed drowsy eyes, hearing, without consciousness of listening, the music of the woodpecker's busy tapping, afar off, and the lowing of near cattle, until gradually, sounds, scents and colors become blended into a delicious opiate that sweeps one away into perfect sleep. The awakening from such slumber is almost as beneficent as the falling into it. From being drenched in a blissful stupor, the sleeper rouses to luxuriate in the same grateful influences which prevailed with such wholesome effect before; only they are deepened now, the calm of external things is still more profound, for it is as though nature after hushing her tired child to rest, lay down beside him, and when he wakes he finds her sleeping and slips away on tiptoe lest he rouse her.

There are distinct advantages in being the first and last camp, and we have known the pleasurable vicissitudes of the entire season. That chiefest pleasure of first-comers was ours—the opportunity to forage among the nooks and corners of the woods, gleaning rustic furnishings for one's establishment from the abandoned belongings of last year's camps. It is as diverting as hunting hen's nests.

Ours has been the pleasure of welcoming each new relay of friends, expatiating upon the advantages of our location with all the zeal and enthusiasm of the "rooms-to-rent" lady; introducing them to the delights of the place, learned from our citizenship here, and gaining new gratification from their surprise and pleasure. But just here exists a flaw in the summer outing which one avoids by delaying his vacation till later. Unless one comes to the hills very early, indeed, scarcely has he begun overtures of friendship to the brooks and the woods, when the social season in camp begins and straightway nature, whom he came here expressly to visit, is crowded to the background by the numberless interests created by a throng of camp comrades. Instead of walking with her mornings, in some dim cañon, where communion would be sweet, one finds himself rolling festively along with a picnic party bound for the peak. Afternoons, in place of seeking her fellowship on the hills, one is lured into a fancywork-engrossed circle, while (must it be confessed?), one's nights, instead of being spent under her calm star-lit aisles, are devoted to penuchle parties indoors. Our days, since the camp circle has been diminished to a slender one and we have been obliged to seek new diversions, have been spent in forages to the cañons and on the hills. On all these gladsome jaunts we went on our own legs, and I'm sure profited the more because of doing so. Is it not one of the most difficult things to accomplish—a walk?

We knew the first rain of the season here, a gusty downpour with a splendid accompaniment of majestic thunder. There were catastrophes in camp, for it is obvious that wet weather alone can prove that one's tent doesn't leak (a truth worthy to be coined as a proverb). Ours *leaked*, all along where the sagging canvas formed eaves.

We waited for the first snow, as in the valley one waits for the rose carnival or grand opera. So lovely and fleeting a show it was—our green familiar woods masquerading for a morning in a regal glittering garment, till the jealous midday sun snatched it away. But there is nothing to compare with the valley in cloud. It is the day of the white stone, the day when we are waked by the cry: "The fog is in the valley!" Never mind breakfast, breakfast can wait—to get down to the edge of it is the main thing. We hurry out into the morning, along the wet trails. To one of imaginative mind who looks upon the spectacle for the first time, the impression is inevitable.

But the marvelous variations of this spectacle! To-day, a storm is on the deep and the vast is a chaos, here heaving upward and lifting confusion to the sky; there, rushing frightfully back, opening depth vistas that make the senses reel, and ever storming our [illegible]old with awful billows tha[illegible]d recede, melting into ha[illegible]row, it is a fair sea,

with shimmering surf, breaking into the cañons, and whitecaps curling to the light, and one might launch his boat from off our point here and fare away to those dim headlands about which the far waves glint. And, again, to-morrow, there is no sea at all, but a vast snowfield, off which blows an icy wind, tingling our blood with the zest of the adventurer in arctic realms.

But there is one hour of the miracle, the majesty of which is not for me to describe. That is the hour of dawn, when the naked purity of the heavens looks down upon the earth, clothed with her own garments of purification, purity beholding purity, silence, silence—a unity of purity and peace. Then it is that one finds no voice, only the thoughts of the great ones move through the awed mind, and one perceives in the calm and luminous distance that which Ruskin knew as the type of the Infinite, and in the majesty of the white universe, John's city whose foundations are of jasper, and its gates twelve pearls. And when the dawn moves up the sky and the earth-cloud begins to quiver and to pulsate with warm yearnings, and to glow unto its utmost bounds with a marvelous brightness, until the whole is luminous and singing with light, then, to the beholder, all sense and temporal meanings vanish and his spirit leaps to witness the supreme consummation: "Holy, holy, holy is the Lord of Hosts; the whole world is full of His glory."

Some Debts and a Debtor

By Frances R. Sterrett

LONGLEY whistled indifferently as he looked at his mail. He had received similar envelopes, with the same names in the upper left-hand corners, the first of every month for a year and a half.

"They might as well save their stamps," he grinned cheerfully as he dropped the letters into the waste paper basket, all but one, a thick creamy envelope, which he opened with a pleasant feeling of expectation. He did not recognize the writing, but the stationery looked expensive and he naturally liked costly things. It was with injured surprise therefore that he read:

Mr. Joseph Longley

Dear Sir:

For eighteen months our firm has carried your account of $197 on our books. In that time you have paid nothing of your debt and although our loss would warrant it, we have taken no steps to collect the money. You are also in debt to other Mifflin firms which have followed the same mistaken policy. The time has come to take some action and I will arrange for you to meet your creditors at an early date, when a plan can be agreed upon for the payment of the different accounts. If you refuse, action will be commenced immediately. This is not a threat but a plain statement of what will happen. You have had the goods and the merchants should have their money. I hope to hear from you at an early date.

Yours truly,

Frank A. Ransom.

"Well, upon my word!" muttered Longley feebly, and then his spirit rose and he declared that he would never, never pay a cent to anyone in Mifflin. He had expected to settle the accounts, of course, but now—well, in all the months of his indebtedness he had never received such a communication. It was an outrage! Who was this Frank A. Ransom? Some officious upstart who had

influenced old Ransom, who was as mild as milk. He knew he owed Ransom the $197, and Barker and Son, $45; Graves, $67; the Mifflin House, $63; Walker's Livery, $45; the Floral Company, $87. That wasn't so much. He knew lots of fellows who owed twice the sum.

It wasn't his fault, anyway. He couldn't live on his salary of $150 a month and if he couldn't pay for present necessities, how, in heaven's name, could he pay old bills? He would ignore the whole thing, he decided, when his eye fell on a line that seemed to stand out and smite him. "This is not a threat, but a plain statement of what will happen." He shivered slightly. Lawsuits were horrid and expensive. He really couldn't go to law. So he wrote a polite reply in which he said he would be in Mifflin Saturday and, because he was the most hospitable of men, he added that he would like to have his creditors dine with him at the Mifflin House. He felt quite virtuous after he had posted the letter and decided that he was really glad of an excuse to go back to Mifflin. He hadn't been there since he left over a year ago to find greater fortune in the city. He had had a good time in the old town, he remembered with a smile, and the two years that were between his graduation from college and his appearance in the city had held considerable pleasure, as the bills testified.

"The old town looks natural, hasn't changed any of its clothes," he thought Saturday, as he stepped into the one waiting carriage at the Mifflin station. He nodded to the clerk at the hotel and tore open the letter that was handed to him:

> Your creditors decline with thanks your offered hospitality. They unanimously agree that the cost of the dinner should be applied on your bills. I shall be at the office until six o'clock and will receive any communication you wish to make.
>
> Yours truly,
> FRANK A. RANSOM.

"Hang Frank A. Ransom!" he exclaimed, crumpling the letter into a ball and throwing it away. The hospitality he had offered seemed, after reading the letter, like an insult and he heartily wished all his creditors at the bottom of the sea as he walked into the Ransom office.

A young woman was at the desk where he so often had seen the white head of old Mr. Ransom, a very attractive young woman in a tailored suit of white linen and with crinkly hair that refused to be tailored. He involuntarily squared his shoulders as he inquired for Mr. Ransom.

"He is ill. Is there anything I can do?"

He forgot that he had sworn, no matter what happened, to refuse to talk to his correspondent, and asked for Frank A. Ransom, placing undue emphasis on the initial.

"I am Frank A. Ransom," she replied.

He gasped and blushed as he stammered: "I—I beg pardon! I am Joseph Longley."

"Mr. Longley? Will you sit down?" She turned to her desk and took out a bundle of papers. "The other creditors have left their accounts in my hands, so I speak for them as well as Ransom," she went on in a businesslike manner. "You have been in our debt for exactly seventeen months without paying a cent, not a cent. My uncle has been too lenient. It is time something was done."

"It is abominable," he confessed. "I assure you I meant to pay them, but time and money slip away. It costs so much to live and get about."

She looked at him scornfully. "What would you do if you had a wife and half a dozen children to support? Many a man has to take care of a family on less than half of what you spend on yourself. You don't know how to save. It's time you learned. It's ridiculous for a man to run up a bill of $87 for flowers, just flowers."

"They weren't for me," hastily.

"You ordered them. And surely the $45 for cigars and tobacco were spent for you?"

He might have said that he had not smoked it all himself, but he didn't. He sat and stared at her and thought how disagreeable she was, if she did have crinkly hair.

"Your salary is $150 a month," she said thoughtfully. "You surely don't pay more than $50 for your room and board. What do you do with the rest?"

Heavens! Was she going to demand an itemized account? The only thing he could remember was $33 for a dinner at the club for eight of his friends and a mighty good dinner it was. She would never countenance that, so he discreetly kept still and thought she was inquisitive as well as disagreeable.

"The other creditors have agreed to a plan. How could you ask them to dinner

when you owe them so much? Our idea is to allow you $75 a month for your expenses and take the other $75 to pay on the accounts."

He rose from his chair and stared in speechless horror.

"It won't take long," she said, encouragingly.

"But I can't live on $75 a month!" he gasped.

"Yes, you can. You only think you can't. You will have to cut off some extravagances, but that won't hurt you. I suppose you are paid the first of every month? I shall expect a check before the fifth. You will be glad when everything is paid, won't you?" And she smiled at him and the smile changed his determined and defiant refusal into a foolish grin.

He could never tell how it happened, but presently he found himself in the street staring wildly at the window behind which he had just signed a paper which bound him to pay Frank A. Ransom the sum of $75 a month until certain debts were canceled.

"Stung!" he said, passing his hand feebly across his forehead. He felt dazed. He had never met such a person before. He hoped he never would again---he couldn't afford to. How disagreeable business women were! He loathed such unsexed creatures. He was still staring at the window when two old friends found him and carried him off for dinner. After dinner there was a poker game in quite the old fashion and when it was over, Longley had lost $25 and the last train to the city.

He slept late the next morning and was roused only by the insistent ringing of the telephone. He dragged himself sleepily to his elbow and took down the receiver. Mrs. Grannis had just heard he was in town and he must come up to dinner. No excuse, no indeed! Two o'clock.

He stammered some reply and fell back on his pillow, but not to sleep. He reviewed the amazing events of yesterday and tried to find words that would in some way express his feeling toward Frank A. Ransom. He felt better by the time he was ready to stroll leisurely to the Grannis home, where Mrs. Grannis greeted him warmly. So did her husband, but Longley's gay response was cut short by a glimpse of a girl's head beyond Grannis' shoulder.

"We are quite alone," rippled his hostess, "for we don't count Frank. Oh, I forgot, Miss Ransom came after you left. You must know each other. She has actually waked us up, we sleepy Mifflinites. You know a college girl just must do things and not content with social success, Miss Ransom has gone into business."

Longley was glad the announcement of dinner saved him from a reply, but all through the meal it pleased Grannis to recall the many foolish and extravagant feats he had performed while a resident of Mifflin. He breathed a sigh of relief when Miss Ransom took the conversation in hand and then stared resentfully as she expatiated on the free amusements, lectures and exhibitions to be enjoyed in the city. Did she think he was that kind? He determined to leave as soon as dinner was over, but fate in the guise of a long-distance telephone call for Mr. Grannis and a message from the nurse asking Mrs. Grannis to look at the baby's new tooth kept him in the library with Miss Ransom.

"I hope you don't believe all the rot that Grannis talked. He means well, but he does embroider a story. I'm not as extravagant as lots of fellows."

"Do many men play poker on a salary of $75 a month?" she asked carelessly.

He flushed angrily. "So you have heard that. I had forgotten how tongues wagged in Mifflin. You needn't be afraid. You'll have your money. You hadn't any right to make me sign that paper, but as I did I'll stand by it." He spoke like an injured boy and she looked at him as she would at a child.

"I'm sorry if you feel that I took advantage of you." Her eyes ran down his long length in an unpleasantly insinuating manner. There was no doubt that she was disagreeable. "You've got to learn to save if you want to amount to anything, Mr. Longley. It isn't by spending that fortunes or reputations are built. You don't believe me now, but some day you'll thank me for this. It's criminal, it's selfish not to pay bills. I don't like to think that you are selfish," with a quick glance from eyes that he decided were gray.

"I'm not," quickly. "I loathe selfish people." Then he stopped and laughed in a shamed manner. "I reckon you're right. I hadn't thought of it that way. I don't know how to save. Perhaps," sarcastically, "you can teach me."

"I'm sure I can." She ignored the sarcasm and he determined to hold her to her word.

Because he was in the habit of sending flowers to his women friends, he stopped at the florist's and sent her a box of roses. The next mail brought a letter:

"A man can't afford to buy such flowers on a salary of $75 a month," she wrote. "Fortunately Aunt Mary wanted some roses and I sold her the box for $6 and have put the sum to your account."

At first Longley was angry, very angry. Then he threw back his head and laughed. "Was there ever such a girl!" he cried, and a little note of admiration and fear crept into his voice. "I actually believe she will make me pay those confounded bills."

He wrote to her at once, that evidently he would need a lot of help; perhaps she could tell him some way by which he could pay his club dues, or would she advise him to drop the club? Her reply was terse and to the point: "A man has no right to pleasures that other people pay for."

So he cut the club and spent most of his time with pencil and paper figuring how long it would be before he could stop walking to the office, stop the lunches of a sandwich and a glass of milk, begin smoking again or take a hand at a game of cards. His pride had at last been roused and he would have given up eating altogether, rather than have failed in that first payment.

He wrote to Miss Ransom the second of the month that he had the money, fifteen good five-dollar bills, gathered at she would never know what cost. He would like to keep them, the first he had ever saved, but he remembered his promise. They were too valuable to be trusted to mail or express and far too interesting to be exchanged for a check or draft, so he would have to bring them himself.

She did not tell him, but he knew that it was in her mind that the railroad fare might have better been paid on the bills, as she took the money and wrote a receipt.

"I've done pretty well," he hinted as she blotted the paper.

"Only what you should have done a year ago. You ought not to expect praise for what is only your duty, but I fancy you are the sort of man who has been fed on flattery until he has lost his appetite for truth."

"That isn't fair, Miss Ransom!" He was hurt and he showed it.

"No, it isn't," she admitted. "But your attitude does irritate me. You seem to make the payment of your bills such a personal matter between us when really I don't count at all."

"Indeed, you do! If it wasn't for you they wouldn't be paid."

That could be taken two ways and he wasn't sure which she would choose. She pleased him by laughing merrily. "It is fortunate, then, that I am here," she said, and took up her hat.

"If you are going up the street, may I walk with you?"

"I am going driving," she said over her shoulder, and as he followed he saw her drive away with a man who looked as though he took life and debts seriously enough to please the most exacting.

The next time they met he did not recognize her. It was at a charity ball in the city and as he turned from his partner he faced a girl, a charming vision in a filmy dancing frock, who smiled at him. He bowed in the formal fashion one uses when one does not recognize the speaker, and she frowned. He knew her frown better than her smile and drew nearer.

"I didn't know you!" he cried gladly. "I've never seen you in anything but the tailored clothes you wear in the office. I—I didn't think you could look like this."

Her woman's heart stirred under his honest admiration, but a trace of the frown still lingered and he hastened to add: "I didn't buy a ticket. One was given to me."

After that he rather monopolized her and glowered at the tall young man who occasionally took her from him. He was the man who had driven her away that first payment day, a settlement worker of earnest purpose and wealth and whose conversation was all of "defectives and delinquents."

"It's a crime to talk like that to a pretty girl at a dance," thought Longley, "worse, far worse, than running up bills." He asked Miss Ransom to ride with him the next afternoon and was hurt when she refused, even if she did say she would walk with him with pleasure. A moment later he heard her promise to ride with Hampton.

"That isn't fair, Miss Ransom," Longley objected at the first opportunity; "I asked

t," she answered, "but I like
a cheaper than riding."

A hasty expression rose to his lips, but he bravely repressed it until he was alone. When she went home she had the second month's payment in her purse and she had been kind enough to whisper a word of commendation that helped him over the next month. She had confessed ignorance in regard to that popular classic *Alice in Wonderland* and he found pleasure in hunting a copy of an early edition and having it rebound. It was a beautiful book when it came from the binder and he sent it to Miss Ransom with not a little pride. Her reply recalled the early days of their acquaintance.

"The book is charming, charming, but far too expensive for you to give me. Only a man of large income can afford to have books bound to his order. I cannot accept such a gift when you are so financially embarrassed. Fortunately—" he knew what that fortunately would mean—"uncle wants to make me a present, and as the book has taken his fancy I have sold it to him for $25 and placed the sum to your credit."

Longley laughed, although he was hurt. He read the letter twice before he called the writer on the long-distance telephone. When she learned who was speaking, she hastily advised him to use a postage-stamp if he had anything to say and rang off.

He clung to the receiver with a bewildered stare. "Was there ever such a girl?" he said, as he had said so many times before. He wouldn't write, he declared, never. But he did, and that very evening.

He always said the next few months were the most exciting he had ever known. "Talk of chasing big game or cornering the market. They are nothing to saving the elusive dollar!" Of course he lapsed occasionally, for he could not change his nature in a few months, but his payments were always ready. At last he wrote a most important letter.

> Have the brass band at the 3.40 train tomorrow, for I am coming with the last instalment. I've won the bet I made with Joseph Longley and I hope you are half as proud of me as I am proud of myself. I think you might have something nice to say, but whether you have or not I know that I have been a good boy. I'd like awfully to hear you agree with me.

He felt very solemn when he went into the office and found her at her desk. She caught her breath and for a moment they stared at each other and the color flamed in her cheeks.

"Here it is," he said, forgetting the formal speech he had planned. "That cancels my indebtedness to the merchants in Mifflin."

She let the money lie on the desk and bent forward eagerly. "Don't you feel better, happier?" she asked.

"Yes, I do," frankly. "I don't know why. Before I met you I didn't care a hang whether the bills were ever paid. What am I to do now?" anxiously. "Do you suppose I'll drop back in the old spendthrift ways?"

"Oh, you mustn't! You mustn't!" Her fingers touched his and set his nerves quivering.

"I will if you don't help me," he prophesied, taking the fingers in a warm, firm grasp. "I really did it for you, although I wouldn't admit it. How I hated you that first day! I thought you were the most disagreeable girl I had ever met when you asked me how I spent my money. I wish you would always ask me," he begged. "I want you to have the right, for I love you now more than I ever hated you. I never thought I could care for a girl as I care for you. There isn't any reason why you should like such a footless chap as I am, but I hope you do, for I love you very much."

She turned her face away and her free hand fumbled with a pen. "You really are not to be trusted alone," she said, half-laughing, and then she stopped and faced him with a light in her eyes that made him catch his breath. "That's not true!" she cried. "You are to be trusted! I'm proud of you. You'll never know how proud. I didn't dare let you see how interested I was, how anxious for you to succeed. But now, I do care for you! I do!" And she amazed him by dropping her head on her desk and bursting into tears.

"What a darling you are," he whispered, his head very close to hers, and there were tears in his eyes also. "What an angel," he corrected himself emphatically.

poor radiators. Grass radiates four times as rapidly as gravel and therefore dew will appear on grass long before it can be found on the gravel. Garden mold radiates about half as well as grass, and wood about three-fourths. Color also makes a difference and other things being equal, dark or black surfaces will show much heavier deposits of dew than bright surfaces.

On windy nights there is little dew, because the layers of air are thoroughly mixed, and this prevents the formation of stagnant pools of cold air.

The instruments by means of which we determine temperatures and humidities near the ground are known as thermographs and hygrographs. Types of the instruments in general use are shown on this page.

In all well-equipped botanical gardens you will find an instrument called a Hallock thermograph. This records steadily, for a week at a time, the temperature of the soil a few inches below the surface and the temperature of the air a few inches above. In a way it is like a watchman's clock, keeping tab on what goes on just above and just below the ground. Let us liken the blade of grass to a mine, with a gang of miners at work below the ground and another shift of laborers at work above the ground. During the day hours there is a steady bringing up of mineral matter. As night approaches, metabolism is in full swing and the mine is working vigorously and with a maximum efficiency. After sunset the absence of light action upon the chlorophyl of the blade, the increased humidity of the air and other causes, check the unloading at the top. The surface men, so to speak, quit for the day; but the men underground are still energetically sending up material. The result is, that a certain quantity of water is forced up and through the plant, minute drops form and possibly unite to form larger drops. Here, then, is a first cause for the formation of little globules of water on the leaf surface. It is also plain why the amount of moisture thus exuded is greatest after sunset. (See illustration).

The hygrograph measures the humidity near the ground

But dew forms upon surfaces which have no connection with plants and our illustration of a mine with material brought from below no longer holds. A piece of paper, for instance, or any good radiating surface, will under certain conditions show a copious deposit of dew. Now dew does *not* fall, poets to the contrary notwithstanding, and it is not to be likened unto rain in its formation. So far as we know, dew has no mass motion. After a drop is formed there may be some slight displacement, in the nature of a rolling or creeping, but there is no falling motion similar to that of a raindrop. Nor does the dewdrop remain suspended in the air, like very fine rain. We shall see that it has some very interesting ways of supporting itself on the surface of a leaf. Again, small raindrops colliding make a large drop; and even where they have not collided, will under the influence of electric charges draw near and coalesce. And yet, again, raindrops are shaped by the resisting air as they fall. In a dewdrop none of these actions occur.

We deal almost directly with the water vapor which is near the ground, in dew making. And there must be ample vapor or there can be but little dew. This supply of the water does not entirely come through the plant mine, as shown above; and this is why dew can form on other than plant surfaces. The temperature of the vapor, however, must be much higher than the surface upon which the dew forms. The temperature at which condensation begins is called the *dew-point*, and indicates the humidity. If there is much water present, either in liquid or vapor form, the humidity is high and the dew-point will be almost the same as the air temperature. Water has a high specific heat, and a high dew-point means that the

The thermograph determines the temperature of the soil just below the surface and of the air just above it

"You'll go nothin', you'll stay right here," he bawled

Jim for Baggage

ONLY when we got off the trail and our snowshoes shuffed along in the powdery white silence of the North, did we miss the rhythmic crunch, crunch, crunch of the lower crust. He who lies awake at night in a storm-swept boat on the open sea, listening to the crunching, creaking, rasping of the heavy timbers, repeated along still corridors, will hear again the sound of the trail of the frozen North. When the snow creaks like that underfoot it is bitter cold.

Our sledge dogs seemed to know that their journey was almost over. They pulled in the traces as steadily and untiringly as when they had started, nine weeks before. We had lost Peter and Nip and Polo-Jones, so, to lighten the load for the others, each man carried a pack on his back. Under ordinary circumstances the sledge dogs will pull their load and tire out their drivers before the day is over, and a man will cover forty miles on snowshoes against thirty on bare ground. I cannot precisely say why this is so, but every trapper and miner, every sledge driver in the Yukon will testify to it.

Our route had been down the valley. Since sunup we had covered the thirty miles from Alma range, and would soon cross the trail that led up onto the divide. There was an unfamiliar light in the cold leaden sky. The mountains that were close seemed far away and dim, while those beyond appeared momentarily to loom large and very distinct. The wind shivered in the sky and on the air came the smell of more snow.

Jim was in front. He was not breaking trail, but we generally tried to keep him in sight, for he was apt to lighten his pack by caching things along the trail.

In a short half-hour we had gotten under the mountain where the trail from the divide met ours. It was snowing hard.

"We can't make no place to-night," volunteered Ed; "best rig out where we are."

Jim was usually ready to camp an hour after we had started, so I said: "All right" It would be our last camp, for to-morrow we would reach the settlement. We commenced to unstrap the load.

"I'm sorry," began Jim. "I'm awful sorry, fellows —but I thought we'd make town to-night or I wouldn't—I wouldn't have cached the blankets."

"Cached what?" shouted Ed.

"The blankets," faltered Jim.

We looked at each other. Ed's ire so mastered him that he couldn't speak.

"Where did you cache them, Jim?" I asked.

"Back where the harness broke. I'll go—"

Ed found his voice. "You'll go nothin', you'll stay right here," he bawled.

Ed and I started back. If we didn't find the blankets we would be in a serious plight, and yet it amused me to watch Ed's face. I watched it for ten minutes before he spoke.

"What in God's creation is the matter with that cuss?"

"I guess he's in love," said I.

"I reckon," rejoined Ed.

Perhaps there was some truth about his being in love. At the settlement Jim had met an Indian maiden; he gave her trinkets, but I think it was love that Nurita gave in return

We went on for three-fourths of a mile

"Jim's a damn fool," blurted Ed.

When Ed wanted to be loyal to Jim he made similar remarks.

"He's lazy as time," I admitted.

"I mean about Nurita," continued Ed, "he isn't going to marry the girl any more than you are."

"Of course not."

There was another space of silence.

"I made love to a girl once," confided Ed, "and her old man kicked me clean out."

"What's that got to do with it?" I laughed.

"Nothin'," said Ed, "only she warn't no Indian maid. They was a few aunts and cousins, but they's dif'rent from a whole tribe what gets mad all to once, same as a machine, and Jim ain't used to diggin' out on the quick; he ain't used to the trail—he's soft as a pie."

"You're joking, aren't you?"

"No," he said emphatically, "I ain't, and they won't be jokin' either. They've got the ways of the wilderness, them Indians."

I fancy Ed meant that they were not used to the white man's civilization. It hadn't been so very long back that Ed used to encourage our companion over rough places by calling: "Come on, Jim, got to hurry up, Nurita will be waiting for you," or some such remark. Lately he had resorted to other methods, and yet I knew he had not forgotten the girl.

"Well, Jim's not serious so I guess it won't amount to much," I ventured.

"It won't if Nurita ain't in love with him, but if she is, and I callate that's what—well, I know these Indians; they don't have none too much to think about, but they love and hate worse than a white, and they show their respects collective."

I whistled.

"Yes, sir; and when Nurita give him her little silver cross with the sign of her tribe, it sort of clinched things," he added solemnly.

"Hello, here's the place!" And, as if by instinct, Ed went directly to the spot where Jim had made his cache. The snow had drifted deep, but we burrowed down, divided the pack and in two minutes were retracing our steps.

Oddly enough, on our return Jim had the camp in readiness, or as nearly so as he could get it. Ed began to feel better about him. Jim wasn't worth his salt on the trail, but he was so ridiculously comical in camp that we could afford to carry him for baggage.

"I tell you, fellows," began Jim, "I've worked awful hard."

He had done pretty well with the camp, but a man is apt to work hard if it will keep him from freezing up. We observed, however, that his efforts ceased from that moment, but he told us yarns as long as we would listen Then we turned in, happy in the thought that only fifteen miles of the long trail remained for the morrow.

Breakfast was steaming when we pulled the blankets off Jim. He blinked an eye, then scrambled out in a lively manner, like an old hen who has been disturbed on her nest, at once loath to leave and afraid to tarry. It was late; the sun had been glistening on the cold snow plains for an hour, but Ed said that we would take it easy that day. As usual, we made three piles of things that were not to go on the sledge. The dogs were put in the traces, the buckles strapped, and the sledge moved out. By noon we had covered but a scant ten miles when we halted for lunch. I built up a good fire, while Ed sliced bacon. A careful search failed to discover the coffee-pot. Ed looked at Jim, we knew it had been in his pack.

"I'm awful sorry, fellows—I didn't think we'd stop—I cached it four miles back." And he ducked out of Ed's reach.

But this time Ed laughed. We had gotten used to Jim's caching things. I think he began the day we started, though it was several days before we noticed it. It is hard to keep track of everything on the trail, and we weren't used to Jim.

When a man expects to come out over the same trail that he goes in there is some excuse for caching such articles as may be dispensed with. But Jim cached things promiscuously all the way along. He expected to find them again, but he never did. If we took side trips, without the dogs, he cached things just the same, and at night there came always the inevitable question and answer: "Where is the salt?" or "Who has the bacon?" and "I'm awful sorry, but I cached it six miles back." There was no further explanation. We remained a long time after our noon meal was over. Ed seemed to have some reason for delaying the start. Suddenly Jim grew serious. When he did anything so unusual it riveted our attention.

"Fellows," he said, "I've got to go back after that coffee-pot."

"I guess not," resolved Ed.

Jim was insistent. "I've got to go," he asserted.

"Why?" I asked. "We don't want it now."

He turned his pocket inside out. "I've got a hole in my pocket, and the little silver cross that Nurita gave me wasn't safe, so I put it in the coffee-pot and forgot," explained Jim.

He got up and started back on the trail.

Ed rounded him[illegible] would a young calf; pointed his ind[illegible] e trail and tilted his snowshoe a[illegible] toward Jim's rear.

"Fellows," he said, "I've got to go back after that coffee-pot"

We ran into the settlement about an hour after sundown. Ed hurried Jim into the back door of the hotel, and persuaded him that he ought to shave and change his clothes before Nurita might see him. Then we went out to reconnoiter.

A number of Indians were stalking in the street before the trading post. They were decked out most gorgeously.

"They do that before a ceremony," explained Ed.

We walked in among them, that they might see that we were alone. Presently two figures glided before us. They were Nurita, beautiful, eager, trembling, and her proud father, who was the chief. When he spoke his glance penetrated far beyond the night.

"We wait," he said, "where young man go on trail with you?"

"What man?" snapped Ed.

"Man what marry my Nurita," flashed the chief.

The girl looked at me: "Jim, your friend," she smiled.

"Where he is?" echoed her father.

A score of red men had gathered around us. I held my breath. Ed drew himself up to his full height, his voice seemed to choke.

"My brother," he said, "knows the ways of the trail. It has been a long trip—a hard trip. Jim—poor Jim—we left him back by the big divide."

When we reached our room in the hotel, we found Jim about ready to saunter out. Ed shot the bolt on the door.

"Jim," he said solemnly, "there's just one thing you forgot to cache along the trail. I reckon, now, we'll have to cache it for you, and mighty quick—and that's *yourself*."

Then he told us what those same Indians had once done to a poor devil who had meant only a harmless flirtation, like Jim. It made my hair stand on end. There are strange customs among some of the North tribes.

That night at twelve three lone figures moved south on the great snow plains. Far to the north, a dim glow still lingered on the horizon. The Scatch-aye tribe had watched long before the funeral pyre of the missing bridegroom. Swiftly, steadily, silently we moved southward. The snow creaked underfoot; the northern lights were still and only the starlight fell around us.

KENSETT ROSSITER.

Enjoying the music of the band

Sacramento Slim

THE Tonopah stage rolled up to the railway platform at Sodaville and half-a-dozen weary, dusty passengers alighted. The citizens of Sodaville gathered quickly to view the arrivals and to interview them regarding the latest strike in Tonopah.

Last all of to alight from the stagecoach was a tall thin-legged individual who wore a narrow brimmed hat of the dicebox variety, black cutaway coat, red vest and greenish trousers. He would have excited attention anywhere. Interest increased as the stage driver handed down a bass-drum, a snare-drum, a violin, a guitar and five or six boxes evidently containing musical instruments, and finally a little telescope valise. Quickly the instruments were prepared for business and for thirty minutes passengers and townspeople enjoyed, with various degrees of enjoyment, the music of the band operated by "Sacramento Slim."

The audience having attained satisfactory proportions, Slim passed his hat and increased his bank account several dollars. Removing his coat, he hung it carefully on a nearby post, rolled up the sleeves of his pink shirt, borrowed a bucket from the storekeeper and prepared to do his laundry work which had been delayed owing to a strenuous two weeks' engagement in Bal Crower's Saloon in Tonopah and the further fact that water cost five cents a gallon at the mines. Opening the valise, he extracted a couple of suits of striped underwear, several pairs of variegated socks and two pink cotton shirts, also a cake of soap. Industriously he worked for fifteen minutes undisturbed by the deeply interested spectators.

Hardly had the washing been hung on the fence when the smoke of the northbound was seen. Amid the rush of the passengers Slim gets his various music-boxes aboard the train, the conductor's "Board!" is heard and the wheels begin to turn. Slim is still the center of attraction as beginning with striped underwear and concluding with pink shirts, he gathers his wet laundry on his arm and catches the rear platform.

Slim finds that we will stop ten minutes

Slim hung his washing on the fence

at the water tank. As the train slows down he drops to the ground and decorates the wire fence with his kaleidoscopic apparel. At the sound of "Board!" he repeats the gathering process.

He was settin' back on the trail wagon

"Wabuska!" calls the brakeman, "twenty minutes for dinner." Now is Slim's golden opportunity, and as the passengers rush for the dining-room Slim is distributing his "finery" along the fence. He lights his pipe and complacently paces to and fro. The gentle breeze, bright sun and dry atmosphere have done their work and Slim joins the passengers as the train pulls out, triumphantly bearing in his arms his rainbow wardrobe, now thoroughly dried. ARTHUR HICKS.

◆

Jack's Acquaintance with Geary

'DO I know Geary?" inquired old Jack Petch in response to my query as to whether or not he was acquainted with the present sheriff-elect of Silver Fir county. "Do I know Geary? Well, I just reckon I do. The first time I met him was—let me see—it was in the summer of '72. I had a string team and was a-haulin' ore from the Richmon' on Ruby Hill to the smelter in Eureka. I had some kind of an Italian or something like that for a swamper—he couldn't speak a word of English, just made signs like a dummy.

"Well, he was a-settin' back on the trail wagons. We had just come down the big grade and he had been a-breakin' for all was in him when I happened to look back. I don't know what made me look back, but I did, and there was my swamper a-jumpin' up and down, a-makin' signs and pointin' over toward the feed corrals where they fed transient teams and let out horses and one thing and another. I thought furst that he must a-hurt his fingers or somethin', but he kept a-dancin' and pointin' and then I seed what was up.

"There was one feller with his legs tied together and his hands tied behind his back and a rope around his neck that was run through a block-and-tackle; and another feller, on the other end of the rope, a-pullin' for dear life. Not seein' any committee around, I thought maybe this here party was a-committin' murder or somethin' like that. So I stopped my team and went over to look on—'What you a-doin',' says I. I seed right away I didn't know neither one of the principals in the progra says again, 'What you doin' with that thar

" 'My name's Geary,' says the man a the rope—he was all out of wind from a-pullin' so hard and steady—'my name's Geary,' he says, 'and I run this corral here and I'm hangin' this feller some,' says he, and all the time he was a-doin' his best to keep the party's feet from a-touchin' the ground.

"'What you a-doin' that for?' says I. 'Who'd he kill?'

" 'Nobody,' says Geary.

"'What did he do, then?' says I again—I could see he didn't want to talk but I wanted to find out.

" 'He was a-goin' to steal my hoss, only I ketched him at it. I keep a livery here, and this feller rented a hoss o' me yesterday and said he wanted to drive to Rainbow cañon. I thought he acted suspicious like and I watched him. After he got out on the road a few miles he steered plumb off toward Pinto creek, and then I knowed he was a-tryin' to get away with my rig. So I saddled up and ketched him and brung him back. He argued that he didn't know the road and was mixed in his directions, and so on. But I had a hard run to ketch him and I ain't a-goin' to work like that for nuthin', so you get out of my way and let me proceed with my duty, fer I've a lot of hos'es to feed and it's a-gettin' late.'

"The individual with the rope around him—especially since a good portion of it was about his neck—couldn't say much, 'cause he nearly choked to death. But he looked to me like a good sort, so I says to Geary, 'I am a-thinkin' this here chap was goin' astray and not plannin' to steal your horse none at all, so you let go that rope and turn him loose.'

"Geary looked at me and the guns I was a-packin' and although he hated to give in he slacked off'n the rope.

"'Now,' I says to the stranger—after he got the ropes off his legs and hands and things—'here's two-bits, you go over to the Winchester saloon, over there, and buy a drink to celebrate your second time on earth; then you [illegible]'"

"Didn't that [illegible] enemy of yours?"

"No," said Jac[illegible] riled at the time, [illegible] the best of frie[illegible] The next trip ba[illegible] I asked him, 'Is [illegible] town?'

" 'No,' says G[illegible] that meant a [illegible] whole lot, 'but he [illegible] would have been [illegible] if it hadn't been [illegible] for you.' "

CHARLES (PETE) BARNUM.

sugar-beets and potatoes. A greater variety of products is raised successfully, but not in every instance to a commercial extent. Orchard culture is just beginning to be given the attention it deserves and apples are now being grown for export purposes. Results show beyond question that apple and prune culture will soon be entitled to rank among the profitable industries of this section. This will have a tendency to enhance the price of irrigated lands.

Under average conditions the farmer can expect a yield of thirty-five to forty bushels of wheat to the acre; many fields run as high as fifty bushels and yields of seventy bushels on considerable areas are not infrequent. A yield of thirty-five bushels to the acre is excellent, when it is taken into consideration that the average, throughout the United States, is less than ten bushels, and in some states, devoted chiefly to wheat-growing, an average of fifteen bushels is considered high. The year-book for 1908, issued by the Department of Agriculture at Washington, places Idaho at the head of all wheat-producing states. The quality of the grain is excellent.

Oats is a favorite crop with the farmer, on account of the heavy yield and the superior quality. One hundred bushels to the acre are not uncommon and one hundred and twenty-five bushels are often produced. A conservative average is seventy bushels an acre, weighing forty-four pounds a bushel.

Barley is a good producer. Malting barley is grown for export and for the local trade. It has proved valuable for fattening hogs.

Another staple crop is alfalfa. The soil is adapted to its growth and the yield for two cuttings is from four to six tons to the acre. It is fed here, as elsewhere, to dairy cows, and to cattle and hogs being fattened for the market. Horses are enabled to do heavy work on this feed with very little grain ration additional. Thousands of cattle and sheep which graze on the surrounding ranges during open weather are wintered in the valley, this hay being the principal feed. Alfalfa mills purchase large quantities.

The valley is a natural home of red clover. One of the largest farm sales ever made here was a red clover transaction. The buyer, a typical Missouri farmer, believed that no other section produced clover equal to that grown in the river bottomlands of his native state, but was compelled to acknowledge his error when he saw the Snake river product. Idaho holds the world's record for the production of red clover seed—fifteen and three-fifths bushels to the acre. While this is far above the average, from five to eight bushels may be depended upon.

Idaho potatoes are revenue producers. Of all the products of the great valley, taking into consideration every feature of labor and investment, the potato can be classed among the first, if not the first, as a paying crop. Even a half-hearted effort at cultivation will bring a yield of two hundred bushels to the acre. A number of instances are on record of five hundred bushels and small tracts carefully cultivated have produced the immense total of seven hundred bushels to the acre.

Three great sugar-factories are situated in the upper Snake river valley. The largest beet-sugar factory in the world, built at a cost of over one million dollars, handles the output of the beet territory contiguous to Idaho Falls. Surrounding this great plant are seven thousand acres of rich soil largely devoted to beet culture.

The products which have been mentioned cover the principal crop productions of the valley, though they by no means include the crop possibilities. As stated, apple culture from a commercial standpoint is just beginning. So successful have been the experimental results that hundreds of acres are now being set to orchards. The past season witnessed an apple failure in many districts, but here the production was unusually heavy. The orchardist received good returns. One man sold from three acres of trees $2,000 worth of apples. Farmers are awakening to the fact that lands set to orchards are the lands which in the future are to demand the greatest increase in value. Plums and prunes are great producers and yield handsome incomes, but it is the Idaho winter apple that is making name and fame for this section.

Red raspberries excel any other small production. The yield is astonishing and the quality unsurpassed. If given attention, better cash returns an acre can be secured from this than any other one crop. Other berries are grown extensively, many fine strawberry beds now being cultivated.

Every variety of vegetable is grown. Nothing that is natural to this latitude fails to yield largely. Intensive farming and gardening, however, are in their infancy.

While stock-raising was at one time the primary pursuit, to-day it occupies a secondary position. The unlimited range herd is no more, but in its place are the smaller herds of higher grade and better money-making stock. The great free range of the mountains and the vast forest reserves provide abundant pasture for the grazing of cattle and sheep the greater part of the year. The beet pulp of the sugar-factories and the alfalfa hay furnish adequate winter feed and enable the stockmen to put their stock on the market at a good profit. Native cattle have been bred up until they are now equal to the best strains of the middle West.

Sheep-raising and wool-growing are among the principal assets of this region. As an indication of quality it may be mentioned that Idaho mutton sheep have recently tapped the Chicago and Kansas city markets. Idaho Falls is a wool center. One million pounds of high-grade wool have been sold in one day to eastern buyers.

Dairying is one of the additional features of commerce in this section, to which conditions are especially adapted. Fine breeds of cattle are being introduced, among them being registered Jerseys, Ayrshires and Holsteins. One of the largest creameries in the northwest is located at Idaho Falls and ready cash market at a good price for produced.

A field of flourishing alfalfa near Rupert

The Man With the Plow

Some of the Things that He is Doing at Rupert, Idaho, the Center of Eighty Thousand Irrigated Acres

By John Scott Mills

PEACE hath her victories no less renowned than war, and civilization took a mighty forward stride when men began to turn their swords into plowshares and their spears into pruning-hooks. Land is the basis of all wealth. Incredible as it may seem the period when it will be impossible to get public land is fast approaching.

There are many splendid opportunities now offered at Rupert, Idaho, to secure homesteads, or the equivalent, opportunities which may never again be duplicated under as favorable conditions. The railroads are already there, the country is opened, the privations of pioneer life are largely overcome. First and foremost among reclamation projects taking water from the Snake river is the Minidoka tract. Eighty-two thousand acres were placed under gravity water canals a little over three years ago. Water is distributed throughout the district on either side of the river by one hundred and fifty miles of main canals. Laterals, aggregating in all four hundred and fifty miles, reach every 40-acre tract of land. All of this land was homesteaded previous to the irrigation system.

Rupert is in the center of this great tract and while there is no more land open to homestead entry, tracts varying in size may be acquired in ways that are more attractive than in making entry on a piece of raw land remote from one of the irrigation projects. It is a good proposition to buy the improvements of a homesteader or a subdivision of his tract, already well started on the way to cultivation. Purchases may be made as follows:

Homesteads, entirely or in part, which for one reason or another the entrymen find it desirable to dispose of. The government sanctions the sale of such relinquishments.

Lands in fine locations adjacent to Rupert may now be obtained from entrymen who have recently proved up and secured final receipt. No further residence is required to secure patent. This does not issue, however, until the water right is paid up. Some of these are paid in full, but in most cases the settlers take the ten years' time allowed, without interest, to pay for the water.

Fractional portions of deeded land are to be had from settlers who have more than they can handle. Usually the land is fenced and part of it bearing alfalfa or planted to potatoes or set out to young orchards. More and more the settlers are turning attention to operations with orchards, vegetables, bees, dairy herds, etc., and, having secured their land by residing five years upon it, they see an excellent advantage in disposing of a portion of it—usually forty acres. Settlers on the units of eighty acres who have not proved up may dispose of not less than forty acres. In every case the purchaser assumes his proportion of the water charge.

School land is still to be obtained, through the state land board. These tracts must be purchased outright and are appraised at from $25 to $40 an acre, one-tenth being a down payment and the balance in eighteen annual instalments with interest at six per cent. To these prices must be added the price of water, which is obtainable under the same terms and conditions as government homestead land.

It stands to reason that the government would not have [illegible] in the expenditure of two million dollars [illegible]nds of this tract, unless it had b[illegible] question that the soil was of th[illegible] highest type for agricultural [illegible]m and end of the huge

Oregon mountains

A Thanksgiving

BY EUNICE WARD

For the little poem that points a way
To the joy we all may find;
For the soft refrain that has lulled the pain
Of a vexed and jaded mind;
For the distant glimpse of the sunlit hills
Through a dusky street of town;
For the hues that fly to the western sky
When the sun is going down;
For the sweet surprise or the bit of cheer
That has flashed across my way—
Just the little things that a moment brings—
I will give my thanks to-day.

VOLUME XXV NUMBER 5

NOVEMBER, 1910

Where Rolls the Oregon

By WALTER V. WOEHLKE

Take the wings of morning * *
Where rolls the Oregon.
—*William Cullen Bryant*

IN the Crooked river country where the gray plain with its gray sagebrush cover swings upward in vast undulations to meet the downward sweep of the dark green timber on the slopes of the snow-crowned Cascades, lies a sheep ranch. Its gray herds range far and wide over the table-land in search of summer pasture. Clear over to the Blue mountains the flocks roam, avoiding only the region where the cattle kings of central Oregon hold sway. John Avery, owner of the ranch, is an artist in wool and mutton. Upon his thirty thousand acres, distant a hundred and twenty-five miles from the railroad at the time he took hold in the nineties, Avery, with the master-hand of the born sheep genius, blended the golden fleece and the fat chops until he had created, out of the prize-winners of the European and the American stock shows, an ideal wool-and-mutton animal that would pan out equally high in the shearing and in the slaughter pen; an animal so hardy, fat, meaty and woolly that the sheepmen of Australia and South Africa cheerfully paid a thousand dollars for a single ram of the Oregon product to improve their herds.

John Avery was a genius in his line, a benefactor of mankind who made four dainty hoofs carry more wool and a bigger carcass than they had ever carried before. But this service did not give him the fame that spread from Shaniko to Silver Lake, from Bend to Boise, the fame that traveled from mouth to mouth over forty thousand square miles of wilderness, from the homesteader's leaky shack in the sagebrush even into the clubs of the select in Portland and San Francisco. This fame was not based upon sheep at all. Its foundation and its cornerstone rested upon a bifurcated black coat, with fragmentary vest and trousers to match, worn by the sheepman after six p. m. Far beyond the limits of Oregon the ranch of quality mutton became known *because its owner dressed for dinner.* In 1920, John Avery's dinner-coat will be forgotten. Its m[illegible] in irrigation ditches and in deep furrows torn by the plo[illegible]eep, valuable both for the production of the dinner- [illegible]live and multiply even though the creator fled wi[illegible] crept out of the dark depths of the

feet into the air, twisted through titanic amphitheaters, passed minarets, spires, battlements and citadels glowing wondrously in the mystic light of the sinking sun, rising higher and higher until it gained the plateau to meet the line coming south from the Klamath country, thus throwing a double line of steel around the Cascades, with two east and west lines projected lengthwise across the sagebrush to the Snake. Into this land of mysterious potentialities the speculator and the investor, the homeseeker and the homesteader scurried in motor-cars and prairie-schooners, the West's last great trek in the van of the railroad, the last stand of the cowboy against the plowboy.

There is a vast difference between the home*seeker* and the home*steader* of 1910. The homeseeker, as a rule, comes with many boxes, trunks and grips seeking a spot where little money and much work will bring greater results. The homesteader usually has lost his grip and his money and drifts along aimlessly, satisfied with a meager living, often blinded to the opportunities at his very door by the glamour of the unknown still farther away. Into a small homesteaders' settlement at the edge of the big, bare spot came a dealer in kings, queens, aces and deuces a few years ago, plying his trade squarely at night among the cowboys from the range and the miners from the hills. The tall sagebrush on the mesa looked good to him, so he located a desert entry upon a half-section of it and hired men to clear it. The homesteaders laughed. Why didn't the tarnation fool buy some of their moist bottom-land instead of going upon the dry hills? To-day the erstwhile dealer in aces and deuces, having harvested sixteen thousand bushels of grain in one season, maintains that "any man with brains, money and energy can make money in this country farming." Men of this stamp are finding plenty of elbow-room on the 323,000 acres restored to entry in the Wallowa valley during the fall of 1910.

The silver crest of the Cascades, cleft only by the Columbia, sharply divides Oregon. East of the crest lies the high table-land with its small irrigated farms in the valleys, with its bonanza wheat ranches and its cattle kings squeezed by the approaching arms of steel. To the west of the crest lies the land of abundant rainfall where the irrepressible forest clings tenaciously to the deep, moist soil until cleared away by a mixture of ax, saw, fire, goats and dynamite, the goats killing off the brush by persistent browsing and furnishing the mohair top of the motor-car that follows the clearing process. The stems of the wheat bend deeply under the weight of the ears, the meadows are green from one mild January to the other and upon the gentle hills solid farmhouses squat in the shade of gigantic firs, behind a screen of gnarled oaks and wide-leaved walnuts. An old country is this rich, moist land, a country boasting of a Methodist university at a time before boisterous San Francisco had thought of elevating its tone and many of its citizens by means of the hempen rope. 'Way back in the early fifties the farming pioneers of the Willamette, of the Umpqua and the Rogue river valleys were coining money out of their apples and pears, selling them to the California gold-seekers at a dollar apiece. These valleys, after a long, peaceful nap, have been aroused from their siesta, and the length of the strides they are taking is putting to shame the efforts of younger competitors. Cold steel, prodding their generous seating capacity, is stimulating them from the rear. New lines, both steam and electric, are growing away from the old avenues of transportation everywhere. Far up in the northwest corner of the state the Harriman system is crisscrossing the finest body of standing timber in the country with a network of rails, leaving lumber-camps, dairy cows, new settlements and the surveyors of the Hill lines in its wake. From Drain, on the Shasta Route, the Southern Pacific is headed east and west; from Coos bay, on the Pacific, across the Cascades into central Oregon. Eugene, at the head of the Willamette valley, one day celebrates with red fire and loud cheers the start of a new electric line to the ocean, the next day cheering the promoters of the road coming from the north—on paper. Medford's pet railroad project cr[a]
up the hill into the Cascades; Corvallis and Albany hope that theirs will

'w steel, new lines,
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doctor, the best it could find, on the Chinese plan, paying him five thousand a year to keep its orchards healthy and prevent disease from gaining a foothold.

The plan was a success. At the edge of the Rogue river valley the dread pear-blight, the scourge that had wiped out almost every pear orchard in the country during its triumphant march from New York to California, was beaten back. Everyone of the pear-growing states saw its groves practically wiped out, except Oregon. The fifty thousand acres of young orchards around Medford, Ashland and Grants Pass, though attacked by the disease, escaped unscathed. No special properties of climate, soil or surroundings protected the trees. As in all the latter-day victories of Oregon, the human factor determined the outcome of the battle. Because the Rogue river horticulturists had the open mind, the open purse, the energy and the brains that make for success in any line, they not only succeeded in checking the course of the blight where all others had failed, but they also succeeded in raising more and larger pears and in selling them for higher prices than anyone else in the world.

Money talks. The voice of fruit money, the true tales of extravagant apple and pear profits that sounded like the dreams of the wild-eyed promoter, attracted the country's fleeting attention to Oregon. A masterly campaign of publicity, supported by a steady stream of fact literature, held and intensified this unstable attention. Portland started the publicity ball rolling. Practically every community in the state large enough to furnish a full set of officers for a commercial club followed suit, the Southern Pacific and the Oregon Railroad and Navigation Company keeping pace with the communities, dollar for dollar. The results startled even seasoned campaigners. In Medford, Judge William Colvig, a gray, young pioneer of the 1853 ox-team vintage, argued, pleaded, promised, exhorted, threatened, bullied and abused in turn until Medford's Commercial Club had six hundred members who spent ten thousand a year to promote the legitimate interests of the Rogue river valley. Attractive exhibition pavilions—close to the railway station, that he who rides might see—sprang up everywhere. Two million descriptive pamphlets, in three colors, were sent out in one year. Whenever a town lagged behind the procession, revival meetings were held by the Portland boost evangelists to stimulate interest in and donations to the cause. No purse, not even the one with the time-lock always set for to-morrow, could resist the fervid appeals. At one town noted for the tightness of its three thousand inhabitants the itinerant evangelists raised a promotion fund of four thousand dollars in a r
two hours.

Persistent, systematic publicity, if based upon hard facts, ne
ford, though a new inn opens for business almost every week,
story hotels are near completion, had to build a tent city to a

On the other side is an inscription in the Samoan language, beginning with the words, "The Tomb of Tusitala"; underneath are parts of the sixteenth and seventeenth verses of Ruth:

> WHITHER THOU GOEST, I WILL GO; AND WHERE THOU LODGEST I WILL LODGE; THY PEOPLE SHALL BE MY PEOPLE AND THY GOD MY GOD; WHERE THOU DIEST WILL I DIE, AND THERE WILL I BE BURIED.

Never will the writer forget the visit he made, not long since, to Stevenson's grave. In the early "Vailima" days the road leading from Apia to the novelist's home was little more than a bush track, and even Jehu, the son of Nimshi, would have found it next to impossible to get a vehicle up there; but to-day it is one of the finest roads in the island, and no more delightful drive can be imagined. For the first mile or so one passes through an avenue of cocoanut-palms, those "vegetable giraffes," as Stevenson called them, and then there comes a wealth of other tropical trees, shady and sweet-scented —the talie, the graceful fao, the fuafua and many others. Here and there a great banyan shows through. On either side the beautiful hybiscus, cream and scarlet, lends color to the scene. After journeying a couple of miles one leaves the main road and passes along a shady country lane. A few hundred yards down, and this lane turns sharply up to the left. Here at this corner begins the Road of Gratitude, or, as it is sometimes called, the Road of the Loving Hearts. A quarter of a mile ahead stands "Vailima." Behind the house is the little winding track that Stevenson made to the foot of Mount Vaea. Beautiful scenes, full of the poetry that entered into Stevenson's soul!—but the long, rugged climb up Vaea, the neglected grave, the rough stone-work that serves as a tomb for *Tusitala*, how disappointing it all was!

Well do I remember the shock it gave me when, after my tiring climb up a narrow, zigzag pathway, no better in places than a mere sheep track, never much more than eighteen inches wide, and for the most part covered with dead leaves that lay here as thick as autumn leaves in Vallombrosa, I reached the sacred little plateau on the top of the mountain and gazed upon the spot where Stevenson is buried. The utter neglect of the place pained me. "Nobody cares" seemed to be written all over it. There was not even an iron railing—just the uncared-for, dirty-looking stone and cement, and the long rank grass all round, and trees and tangled undergrowth, dead leaves and berries and creeping things Yet there was some compensation in the magnificence of the panorama that was unfolded before one's eyes. To the right the sunlit hills of Upolu in their wondrous garb of green, relieved here and there by a golden-hued plantation; away far down below the sweeping curve of the ocean. A white streak told where the coral reef was. A couple of ships lay anchored in the harbor, and there inside the reef was the battered and crusted hulk of the German warship *Adler*, ugly reminder of the great hurricane of 1889, when out of half a dozen splendid men-of-war, German, British and American, only the British ship *Calliope* survived.

If tourists who visit Samoa to-day—and many lovers of Stevenson find their way there—are able to make the ascent up Vaea in greater comfort than was possible a little while ago, they have to thank the German Government for it, as the following letter, written by Dr. Schultz, then acting-governor, to the present writer, will show:

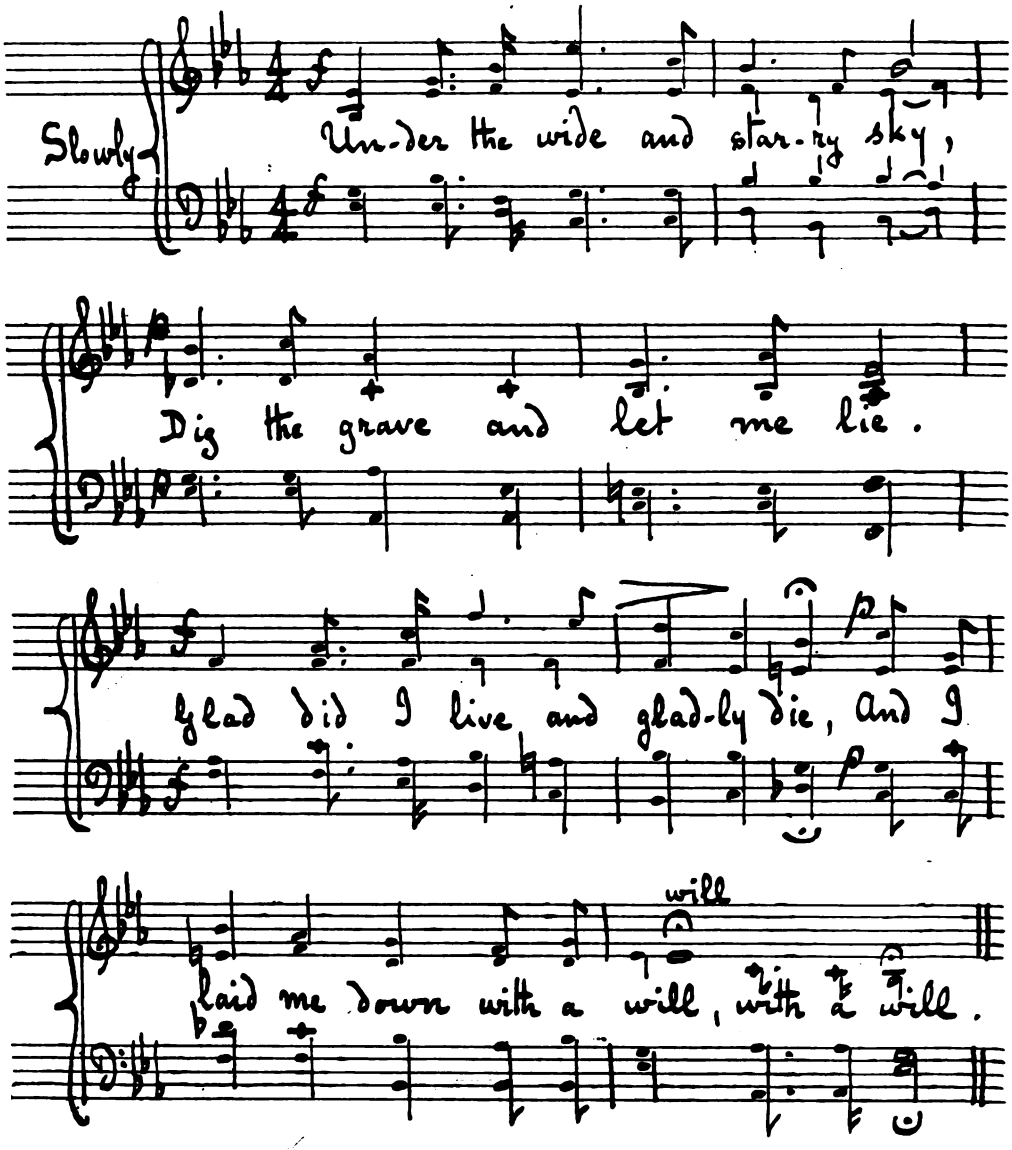
> I regret very much the bad condition in which you found the road leading to the burial-ground of Mr. Stevenson, knowing well the great esteem people of all nationalities acquainted with the author's life and literary work maintain toward the deceased. I shall have the matter immediately attended to and will take measures to have the road kept in permanent good condition.

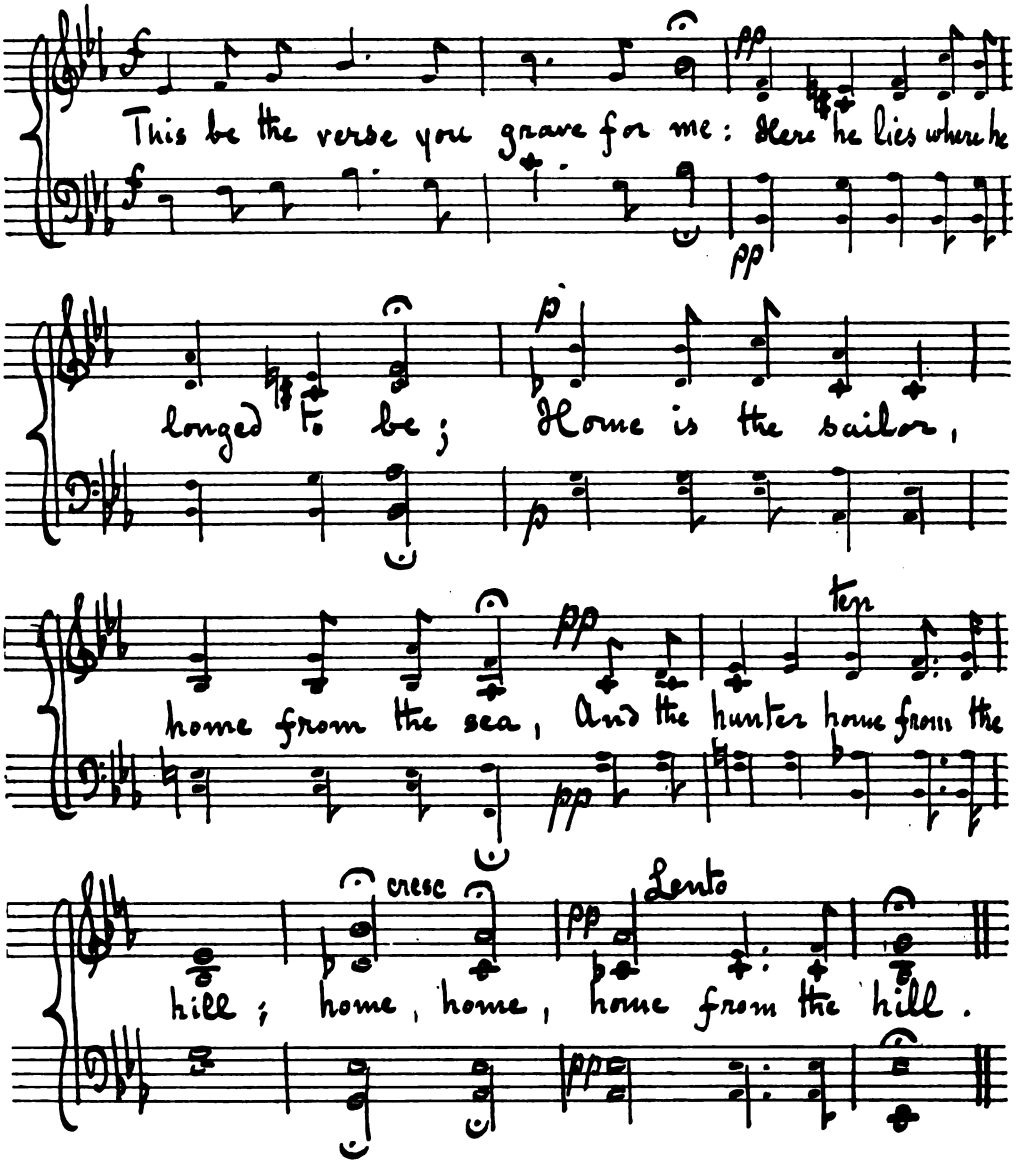
This letter was the result of no appeal to the German authorities—it was simply an affirmation of the universality of literature, of the fact that great men of letters, no matter where their birthplace or where they die, belong to no nation in particular, but to the world at large.

EDITOR'S NOTE—It is explained by members of the family that this apparent neglect is intentional and the carrying out of the especial request of Stevenson himself. It was his wish that the fast-growing tropic foliage should quickly cover and caress his grave, and his wish, too, that his remains should lie at a place most inaccessible to the curious and inquiring tourist. The tomb is of cement and built in the same manner and design as the tomb of a great chief of the Samoans, excepting that it is of cement instead of the more perishable coral rock. The tablets upon it are of bronze, designed by Gelett Burgess.

Stevenson's Requiem

This poem by Robert Louis Stevenson was a great favorite of Laurie Bunten, a fellow-Scot and honored member of San Francisco's Bohemian Club, whose death occurred in July last. It was set to music by Dr. H. J. Stewart, the composer, and was sung for the first time by the Bohemian Club Quartette at Colonel Bunten's funeral:





Under the wide and starry sky,
Dig the grave and let me lie;
Glad did I live, and gladly die,
And I laid me down with a will.

This be the verse you grave for me:
Here he lies [illegible] he longed to be;
Home [illegible] m the sea,
A [illegible] hill.

The Curing of Nanette

By HOMER CROY

CICERO COBB was a man of ideas. He had more ideas than the whole population of Joy Junction put together. Cicero Cobb spent most of his time having ideas.

For some reason or other most of his ideas had gone up in tantalizing smoke, but it was always through some shortcoming of his fellow-men, or through some inadequacy of nature. Once he had boomed Joy Junction as a health resort, with stupendous columns of figures showing that Joy Junction had fewer deaths a hundred population than any other town in Iowa; but all that came of it was that one family moved into Squire Higgins's vacant house. At another time he had invented a machine to keep setting hens from breaking their eggs, but the rigging was so elaborate that only the most earnest and foolhardy hen would risk herself in it. Cicero Cobb finally gave up the idea, saying that no man could circumvent hen nature.

When Cicero Cobb announced that he had discovered a cure for rheumatism, it caused only a mild ripple of excitement. The flurry died down in a few days and Joy Junction believed that it had another period of rest ahead of it. But a few days later strange reports burst out again, this time in increasing volume.

It was a week before Joy Junction got to quiz Cicero Cobb. The morning passenger had just got in from Omaha with the dailies. Roger Muth, the postmaster, dumped the bag out on the ribbon counter of the Busy Bee store; each man hunted out his own paper and threw his own circular on the floor. After the papers had been looked over for a few minutes, Humphry Huff cleared his throat and shuffled his feet. "I see where they are havin' a famine in India agin," he began, with a clear campaign ahead. "It does seem a pity that all them people has to starve to death when sech good blue plums are goin' to waste on that tree of mine in the front-yard." Mr. Muth and Calhoun McGee sadly nodded their heads, admitting nature's oversight in the way of pabulum distribution. "But I suppose lots of 'em die from sickness and measles and rheumatiz," continued Mr. Huff. "An' by the way, Cis', how's your rheumatiz cure gettin' along?"

Cicero Cobb folded his paper and impressively put it into his pocket. "I hain't got anything to make public—yet." He looked critically around the room, then sat down on the dry-goods counter, letting his legs hang. "But mark what I tell you! Joy Junction will become famous throughout the length an' width of this land as bein' the home of the new rheumatiz cure!"

The store sat up with attention, while a little smile of satisfaction settled over Cicero Cobb's wrinkled face.

"D'ye think you really got it this time?" asked Mr. Muth.

"There ain't no doubt whatsoever," announced Cicero Cobb, shaking his head until his stray locks fell apart. "What makes rheumatiz?"

No one seemed to have the information at the tip of the tongue.

"Well, acid in the blood makes rheumatiz. That's all rheumatiz is—jes' plain, ordinary acid in the blood. Now, I asks, What will offset this here acid, what you might say will knock the socks offen it? I answer: Formic acid. Now, how can we get the remedy to the seat of the disease? I answer: By squirtin' it in with hyperdermic syringes. How can we get the hyperdermic syringes? That's where my invention comes in.

"This new medical discovery will make Joy Junction the foremost medical city in the world. Joy Junction will become a kind of Siloam Springs for people with the rheumatiz. Every train will bring in dozens and hundreds of people comin' here to be cured of their rheumatiz on stretchers and returnin' as spry as June-bugs. Hotels will go up like corn shoots, and street-cars will become so thick we won't look up when one passes. An' excursions 'll be run in here on

Sundays from Omaha jes' to see the headquarters of the Joy Junction Apiary Association. That's to be the name of the new concern—the Joy Junction Apiary Association, an' shares will be one dollar each while they last."

For a month, from early morning until late evening, Cicero Cobb boomed his Apiary Association. Opportunity did not knock. Cicero Cobb grew desperate and opened the door anyway. He went to Mis' Dilts, who had had the rheumatism so long that she had become used to it. Mis' Dilts was the best known invalid in Joy Junction.

"Mis' Dilts," said Cicero Cobb, very much to the point, "I kin cure you of your rheumatiz, an' it won't cost you a cent."

Mis' Dilts raised an interested eye over a soggy cheek. "I won't have to diet or anything?" she asked. "I kin go ahead eatin' fried mush, an' meat and molasses?"

"Sure, Mis' Dilts. You jes' let a committee see you afore I begin an' one after I've cured you, an' that'll be all."

Finally Mis' Dilts agreed, and a committee consisting of Mr. Muth, Mr. Huff and Calhoun McGee was summoned. When all was ready, Cicero Cobb reached into his pocket and drew out a black pouch that buzzed. The buzzing was very distinct.

"What is that?" demanded Mis' Dilts.

"It's the cure," replied Cicero softly, as if he might remark that the weather was clearing off.

"That sounds to me like bees," declared Mis' Dilts, sitting up with a wild look in her eye.

"Yes, Mis' Dilts, they're to squirt the formic acid into your jints. You know it has to be got in some way."

"What kind of bees are them?"

"Oh, jes' a special kind of bumblebee that I have dis—"

Mis' Dilts sat up with unexpected energy. "You git out of here, Cicero Cobb, with your newfangled remedies. I'd rather have the rheumatiz a lifetime than them bumblebees a minit. I always thought you was a friend."

That settled it. Downcast and discouraged, Cicero Cobb withdrew, and at the gate the committee went their separate ways without a word of comment.

Once more Joy Junction settled back into the bliss of lethargy, while Cicero Cobb leaned back to wait for opportunity to knock. Then it was that Cole Brothers' circus came. When the show was on its way again, its only substantial souvenir was a sick camel. Out of curiosity, Cicero Cobb went to see the sick camel. A barn had been rented on the outskirts of the town, and a Hindoo trainer named Usi Sef had been left in charge.

"She ees not sick," said Usi Sef to Cicero. "She ees lame."

Cicero pricked up his ears with attention. He had Usi Sef take the animal by the nose rope and lead it about. Cicero's eye of curiosity became professional.

"It has the rheumatiz," declared Cicero joyously.

"No," answered Usi Sef. "Nanette ees lame."

Cicero sat down and reflected; then he arose and laid a hearty hand on Usi Sef's shoulder. "I can cure it—Nanette," he almost shouted.

"And no charge?"

"No, an' she will be as spry as a kitten." He paused. "That is as spry as a kitten would be if it was a cat and was as big as Nanette and had two humps on its back."

Usi Sef didn't know just how spry a kitten was, but he would be satisfied if Nanette could walk at all. Usi Sef's face shone with gratitude.

Cicero Cobb hastened to his prospective stockholders to announce the test for his rheumatic panacea.

The following afternoon, Mr. Muth, Mr. Huff and Calhoun McGee gathered at the dilapidated barn to witness the giving to the world of the new cure. Nanette was lying down with her nose thrust into a box of hay. Nanette didn't look sick; but only a skilled camel veterinarian can really tell when a camel is indisposed. Usi Sef prodded Nanette; she rose and turned wondering eyes at the committee. But on her left hind foot she would bear no weight.

"Lead her around to show the gentlemen that she's got a real aggravated case of rheumatiz," ordered Cicero with lordly bearing.

Cicero set down his case of bees, threw a cloth over them to keep them quiet, then drew up before the Joy Junction capitalists. "Gentlemen," he began with feeling, "this is a solemn occasion. This marks the advent of a new age in rheumatiz. From now on rheumatiz will be eradi—well, there won't be no more. Hain't [illegible] pirin' to think us citizens of Joy[illegible] in' a movement that [illegible] be heard around the

stock is only a dollar a share, an' each person who subscribes five dollars is entitled to one treatment free of charge."

Cicero paused for breath. The speech was coming just a bit harder than he imagined it would when he practised it the night before. He uncovered the cage and held the bees up to view.

"Now, since you fellow-citizens are about to become co-pardners with me, I don't mind tellin' you that I let my bumblebees feed only on a certain kind of clover, an' only on certain days in the dark of the moon. Because why? Because conditions are then the most propit—the best to make the bees have formic acid, which knocks the cramps out of t' other acid, which makes rheumatiz. That is my secret, an' it must die with me."

Cicero wiped his face and looked at the men triumphantly; not one of the men would dare to refuse to buy stock after such a speech. "See this, gentlemen," said Cicero, holding up a chart, "this shows exactly what bee power is needed. Any child can use my cure."

Cicero had filled in the pencil outlines with ink, with flourishes wherever he deemed necessary. The table ran:

Man	2	bees, once a day for	3 weeks.
Woman	2	" " " " "	10 days.
Child	1	" " " " "	1 week.
Cow	6	" " " " "	2 weeks.
Camel	11	" " " " "	2 weeks.

"There," exclaimed Cicero, waving his free hand toward the diagram, "you see how simple it is: there is a schedule for every member of the family, and complete instructions for applications are sent with every shipment of bees.

"We will now proceed with the experiment. At the end of two weeks I will ask you to come around and see if Nanette is not hale and hearty. Jes' notice how lame and sick lookin' she is now, then contrast that with the difference in two weeks."

Cicero Cobb opened a trapdoor in the bee-cage and with a wire scraped eleven bees into a leather pouch, then turned to the men to see if they had noticed how easily it was done. At a word from Cicero, Usi Sef backed Nanette into a corner of the barn, and strapped her hind leg to a post, with an open place over the hock for the application of the cure. Nanette did not take much interest in what was going on. She softly closed her eyes, and began on a new cud, dreaming of bygone days. Cicero, with the leather cap of bees in one hand, opened the door, and paused beside Nanette's rheumatic leg, while Mr. Muth, Mr. Huff and Calhoun McGee gathered in the doorway. Usi Sef stood at Nanette's head, and stroked her nostrils, cooing to her in soft Hindoo.

"It is always best to rub the jint a minit before applyin' the bees," said the amateur physician, stooping over with a currycomb.

"Now you see how simple it is," he continued, slipping the bottom out of the leather trap, and holding the cage against Nanette's leg.

The dreamy, hazy look left Nanette's eyes; she stopped chewing her cud and her ears became upright. Her thoughts had come flying back to the present.

"Meester, meester," began Usi Sef excitedly, "Nanette she ees—"

But Cicero did not look around. "Yes, of course it makes a camel a little nervous the first time you try it, but purty soon they get used to it, and get anxious for you to—"

But Nanette wasn't used to it. With a wild look she gave a vigorous kick and lunged forward. The straps split and she made for the door, swinging Usi Sef into a corner with her head, and bowling over Mr. Muth and Mr. Huff, while Calhoun McGee was sent backward over a kicking-pole. Nanette went careening down the street; Usi Sef grabbed up a rope and went flying in pursuit.

It was plain, by the energy that the prospective stockholders put into their flight, that they would never purchase the remedy.

Cicero sat down, and two tears glistened.

"That is always the way," he complained, with a catch in his voice. "Everything goes agin me. It tain't no use."

A sound caused him to look up. Usi Sef was approaching, with a wide smile on his face, leading Nanette. Nanette was walking along as spry as a kitten! There was no sign of a limp. The unexpected and violent exercise had completely limbered her stiff joint.

"She ees well, completely," called out Usi Sef, joyously. "Ah, you cure her. I give you tickets—plenty—for when we come next year!"

On his way home, with the cage under his arm, Cicero met the other men, and gave each one some tickets, which so salved their wounds that they asked when he would give another demonstration, with a person instead of a camel as the subject.

A Queue of Consequence

By ROBERT W. RITCHIE

DRAWINGS BY J. K. HILL

"MISTER—"

A detaining hand clutched from the shadows of the darkened doorway.

"Nothing doing," was the curt grunt of Stanley Masters as he his umbrella against the vicious of the rain that came driving do crazy winds of the Park Row corn

"Wait a minute"—the voice fr doorway was more assured. "I'm regular panhandler—I've got a stor want."

Masters stopped on the instant. a new one at the newspaper game— that there was still magic in tha "story." He sniffed romance fron line of printer's-ink and expected ad around every corner of New York. the reason why the older and more worn men up in the office of the called Stanley Masters the Fairy

"You said story—how do you k want a story?" was the reporter query as he pushed into the doorw of the rain.

"I know you're a newspaper came the voice from the huddled fi the corner. "I've been waiting he watching the door of the *Earth's* of a likely young fella like yourself."

"Well?"

"Well, take me where it's warm a buy me a drink and I'll tell you the story that's broke in New York years. Oh, you needn't think I'm you the bunk or don't know a stor I see one—" the man in the dark hastened to clutch Masters' arm again—"I once worked on the Manila *Times*—I know."

"Come on." The Fairy Kid hesitate not an instant. He led the way down that little German restaurant where news-grabbers of Park Row take wiener schnitzel and beer under the glass case of stuffed birds and the lithographs of Moltke and Bismarck. He chose a table under a single pale incandescent globe at the back of the room and motioned ompanion to a seat opposite.

asters gave the man a quick scrutiny. ound the stranger out of the night a , wiry man, garbed in shrunken ls, very worn and of peculiar foreign It was the fellow's face that held the ter's eyes for a puzzled instant.

at was a strangely old-young face, white and seamed with deep lines t mouth and eyes. The eyes were set and shifting. Across the white of rehead from left temple to nose there straight red weal.

ep," said the stranger, divining ers' curiosity. "A bolo cut." He d the scar tenderly with a skinny fore-. "Got that fighting with the Dutch abulary in the Celebes."

Vell, what's the story?" The young ter flashed his pad after the manner ry young reporters and poised his l.

he eats first, young man—and the s."

ld reproof was in the words. Masters tiently called over Max, the white-d waiter, and gave the orders. A of beer was set before the man oppo-He drank it all at one try, then set ein down with a sigh.

ow get ready with your copy paper," ıe. "First you want some names and addresses. Put 'em down as I give 'em out.

"First, Quong Har—yes, Q-u-o-n-g. A Chinaman he was, the cleverest daredevil —'ll come to that later.

a 'red hair' after Quong Har's means *his* hair. Red-headed No, you don't see many of

'em. But then, Quong Har wasn't a real chink; I think—I think—honestly, I don't believe he belonged to any race of men."

The Fairy Kid feverishly set down the name Quong Har and after that in parenthesis, "red hair." Already he felt the tingle of a real story.

"Put down 'Hung-Hutzes'—You might as well get it spelled right in the beginning. Here, I'll write out the name for you. Hung-Hutzes or Chung-Chuses are Manchurian bandits, you know. You read about 'em during the Russo-Jap war.

"Now write down 'A. Boscowitz, hair goods, Number — West Thirty-sixth street';

"The British tramp *Chin Yuen*, out of far eastern ports, tied up at Bush Stores over in Brooklyn yesterday with spicy wealth of Ormund and of Ind below hatches. Besides the cloves, the mace, teas and sandalwood of the Orient, the *Chin Yuen* brought a bale of human hair from Manchuria. Her officers said that since the Chinese government began recently to lop off the heads of the Hung-Hutzes in the vicinity of Mukden, the Manchurian trade in plain and fancy pigtails has been looking up."

The hamburg steak had arrived by this time. The stranger poised his fork before

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you—that Quong Har stood with the throne of China in his grasp, he lost his head. No, he didn't get rattled; he didn't lose it that way. Chop-chop."

Here the man rolled his eyes in a horrid upward stare as he struck the back of his neck with the edge of his stiffened hand. He finished in a whisper.

"And the red hair of that Quong Har—the sacred hair of Quong Har—is here in New York this minute."

"Where?" the Fairy Kid managed to breathe.

"At the hair store of A. Boscowitz, the theatrical wigmaker at Number — West Thirty-sixth street—say, young fella, how about another beer?"

The reporter held up a finger to summon Max as he wrote like mad beside his untouched dinner.

"Now, we'll go back," resumed the scar-faced man after he had emptied half his stein. "We'll go back to the Hebrew sign, the Hung-Hutzes and General Rexieff of the Sixtieth Cossacks.

"You don't need to know much about me, except where I figure. I'll tell you—but don't put it down—that I ran a scandal sheet in Manila after the occupation and was driven out by Governor Taft. I was a gun-runner for the fighting Moro datu Gum; after that fought the natives in the Celebes and landed a commission in the army of the viceroy of Canton on the strength of a forged lieutenant's commission in the Philippine constabulary. You might call that adventure, now. What?

"It was while I was bank man for Dick White's faro-game out at the Alhambra on Bubbling Well road in Shanghai that I first hooked up with Quong Har. He came there to play. He seemed to take a great shine to me.

"The minute I laid eyes on Quong Har I saw he was not of the ordinary run of Chinese gentlemen such as came out ir their victorias every night to lay fat bank-notes on the turn of the card and the flip of the arrow. A great, hulking fellow, this Quong Har, fine eyes, a smiling mouth and, mark you, a clear-cut beak-like nose; not the flat, wide nose of the Chinaman.

"He wore his flaming red hair in a queue down to his knees, pieced out at the end with red silk braid."

Here the man who had known Quong Har stopped for a minute to allow the reporter's racing pencil to catch up with the narrative. He eyed the flushed, eager face of the cub with just a flickering of the lines about his mouth.

"Now, I'm going to tell you something you won't believe at first." The stranger hitched his chair nearer Masters and bent over his shoulder in a confiding attitude. "You won't believe it until I prove it—which I will do.

"It's about that Hebrew sign and Quong Har.

"Get that book written by Baron Helig Christianson, the Norwegian traveler, and you'll find there all about the Chinese Jews of Honan province. Christianson found temples there with the laws of Moses cut in Hebrew on the pillars; he found people with pigtails and the faces of Jews—and a tongue that wasn't Chinese.

"Now remember"—here the stranger's voice sank to a thin whisper—"remember I don't claim to know all the mystery behind this Quong Har of the red hair. He told me little.

"I know that one time the Taotai of Nanking set assassins on Quong Har's trail. Quong Har knew it and on the night that two men with knives climbed through the windows of his house—I was with him in the dark of his bedroom—that big man sat

ew the thugs were well in
n he called out one short

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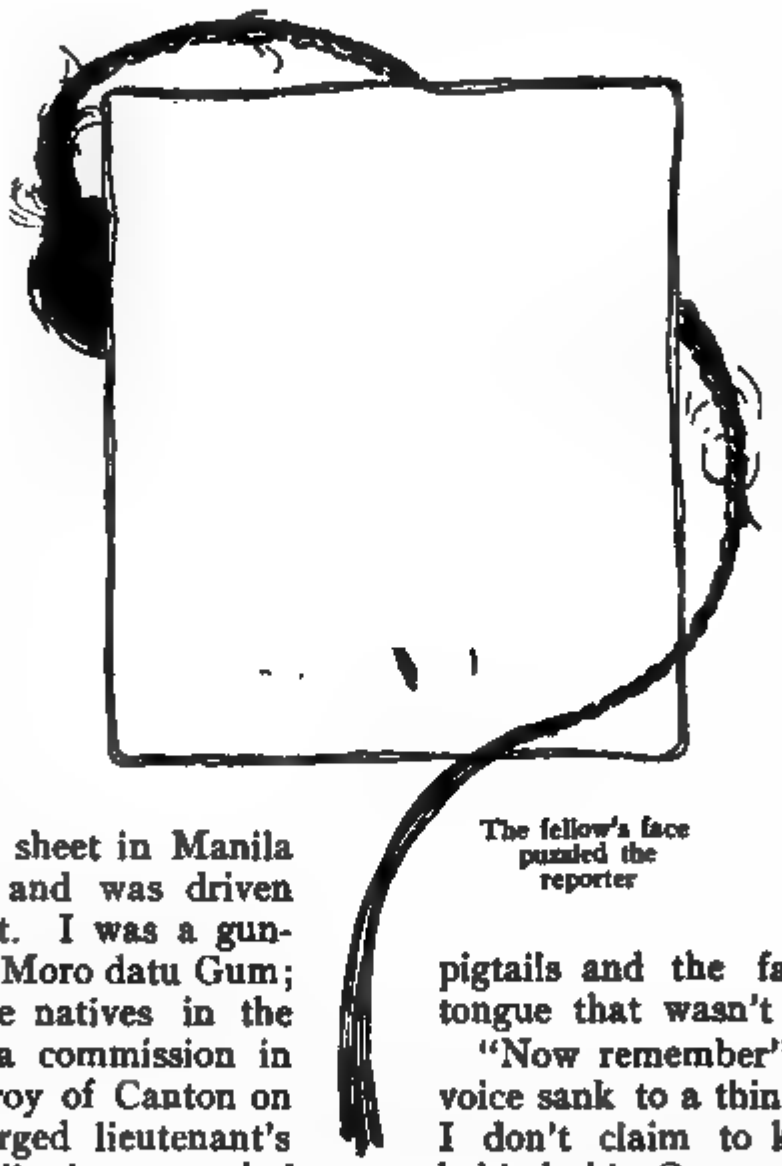

The fellow's face puzzled the reporter

moan. Quong Har lit a light. The two assassins were lying with their hands extended in kow-tow and their faces pressed against the mats.

"Quong Har carefully unbraided his heavy pigtail and then from the ropes of hair up near the back of the neck he took out a little silver thing and called to the two on the floor to look as he held it out between his fingers. They took one look, then rubbed their foreheads on the mats again and moaned.

"Quong Har turned to me with a smile under that beak of his and held out the little silver thing. I took it in my hand.

"It was a six-pointed Hebrew star. On each arm of the star there was one letter in Hebrew, in the center three letters in chip diamonds—Hebrew, too.

"And then—and then what do you suppose that big man said to me?"

The Fairy Kid, eyes alight and mouth puckered in excitement, looked up.

" 'Little Turtle,' he says—that's what he always called me after we began to chum around together—and he spoke better English than I—'Little Turtle, the Man at Peking'—that's what he called Emperor Kuang-Hsu—'is not as safe under heaven as I with this little bit of silver.

" 'The man thinks he rules China without it. He rules but a few thousands of Manchus. I, the son of the Unknown and holder of this star, rule four hundred millions of Chinamen.

" 'When the time is ripe I will set this star over the Dragon Throne and the prophecy of Abraham will be fulfilled.'

"Three days after that night the Taotai of Nanking committed suicide."

The adventurer's narrative trailed off into a gurgle in the beer stein. The reporter's pencil bucked and jumped.

"Did this son of the Unknown ever tell you anything more?" Masters finally whispered.

"Not another word. But from one circumstance and another that I pieced together I knew that the little six-pointed star which he always carried woven into his queue up in the thick hair over the neck made Quong Har's person almost sacred. I've seen wealthy mandarins make a sign of reverence when they passed Quong Har—a kind of Masonic sign, you know."

"Well, where do the Hung-Hutzes come in?" The reporter's impatience was compelling.

"I'm just comin' to 'em. Don't get anxious. You can order another stein, if you want."

Masters ordered.

"I guess you can see without my telling that Quong Har, for all the tremendous position he held, was a sport and somewhat of a wild one. He lived on excitement; that's the reason he gambled. He took all sorts of chances.

"Up in Peking just the year after the end of the Russo-Jap war he played a Russian officer off his feet at poker—General Rexieff of the Sixtieth Cossacks. Rexieff gave Quong Har I. O. U.'s for 50,000 rubles and then admitted he couldn't pay. Quong Har simply smiled under his hawk's beak.

"Then Rexieff made a deal with the big Chinaman. The general's detachment was moving north from the railroad at Mukden along with the rest of the Russian forces that were evacuating Manchuria after the Treaty of Portsmouth. His Cossacks were to convoy a rich baggage train across a short cut away from the line of the railroad.

"Rexieff's proposition was that Quong Har should skip up to Manchuria and hire one of the Hung-Hutz chiefs to tackle that baggage train. It would be worth 100,000 rubles, Rexieff said. The general swore he would place his Cossacks so far ahead that nobody would get hurt capturing the train. He even went so far as to fix on the map where Quong Har and his Hung-Hutzes were to lie in ambush.

"That baggage train would wipe out his poker debt, said Rexieff, and it would be a perfectly honorable transaction for a gentleman and officer of the Russian army.

"Well, sir, Quong Har took him up!"

There was an exultant note in the narrator's voice. He banged his stein on the table.

"That's the kind of a daredevil this mysterious head of the Unknown was. In for anything—playing for all sorts of stakes.

"You don't have to know all the details of our arrangements—of course Quong Har took me in on the game, for we were great pals then. How we fixed old Crazy Face, a Hung-Hutz chief with a phiz as ferocious as a shark's; how we slipped up to Titzihar, above Mukden, and joined the bandits—you dress that up in your story to suit yourself.

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Fairy
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"A
voice was violent— that governor of Mukden did a terrible thing. He ordered all the Hung-Hutzes and Quong Har to be beheaded. Me, he didn't dare to touch because I was white.

"I saw them lead out the bandits and force them to kneel on coils of chains—an extra torture thrown in before the execution. Quong Har they kept for the last. I didn't get a chance to talk with the big Chinaman who'd been my friend.

"I kept expecting a miracle. I hoped that Quong Har would uncoil his queue and show that wonderful silver token to the governor. Yet I knew that the governor was a Manchu and that the great Chinese Society of the Unknown, whose head Quong Har was, was the deadliest enemy of the Manchus and their emperor.

"Quong Har knew better than I that to proclaim himself would only give the governor a shock of delight and probably win him the peacock feather from Peking. He kept his mouth shut so far as I knew.

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. me,
ughing every step, up to within six feet of Quong Har, there to watch him be killed.

"When a big six-footer was coming up with a two-handed sword, Quong Har looked up from where he was kneeling bound on the chains. He saw me struggling with the soldiers who held me. He smiled under that beak of a nose just as he used to smile when he raked in the chips from the table. He spoke to me in English, slowly, quietly.

" 'Little Turtle,' he said, 'if you want to win devotion from four hundred million Chinamen, get the star from my hair when they have finished. Get it and guard it with your life until you have taken it to Tzicheun in Honan province. There give it to ——'

"Ugh-h!"

The cry jumped from the lips of the scar-faced man.

"They did it before Quong Har had finished," he ended in a whisper. The reporter sat stock still, mouth agape.

"Well, did you?" Masters succeeded in whispering.

"How could I? They drove me out of camp the minute after the thing was done. As I started out, on foot, without a penny, without grub, to hoof it over the bare mountains to the railroad, I passed the rows of dead bandits and saw men shaving the hair from their heads. I saw one reach for the bright rope of hair that lay on the sand there where the son of the Unknown had kneeled in life a few minutes before. It made me turn sick."

The man whose white face under the single incandescent globe had embodied the mystery out of the East, reached for the saltcellar. He shook it over his stale beer and when the liquid foamed under the spur of the salt he gulped it listlessly.

"Young fella," he said then, "I've followed the red hair of Quong Har for a year—from Titzihar to Mukden, to Chang-chun, to Dalny, to Tientsin. It's changed hands a half-dozen times; I've lost track of it the same number of times. I finally traced it into the hold of the steamer *Chin Yuen* over at Tientsin.

"I got there just one hour after the ship sailed. Worked my way to America on a Russian volunteer fleet ship, got here just two days after Quong Har's hair arrived and found it was consigned to A. Boscowitz up on West Thirty-sixth street from China—the whole bale.

"But here's the butt of the whole story, young man. I'm not searching alone!"

The stranger wagged a mysterious forefinger at the reporter.

"There are men of the Society of the Unknown after that hair too. How many, I don't know. I only know that in Mukden, in Tientsin, I crossed the hidden trail of these men more than once. Not a word, not a sign for me from them. They move like snakes and they're as dangerous as snakes. They're desperate.

"Why? Because that Hebrew star woven in the ropes of Quong Har's hair is more sacred to these millions of Chinamen than the most sacred emblem of Masonry, than the ring of the Pope. It means—it means—but how can you and I figure what it means?

"Like as not there are some of these soft-footed fellows in New York now—this minute. They're here to get that silver star and they'll get it somehow so long as it remains on earth."

"Well, why do you tell me all about this mystery of Quong Har when you yourself are still searching for the lost emblem?"

The Fairy Kid put his question reluctantly. He was loath to tear at the wonderful web of romance even by ever so little; yet he had been a reporter just long enough to know that, after all, romance may not be infallible.

"I thought you'd ask that," replied the spinner of mysteries. "I've been waiting for it. Look a' here, I'll tell you honestly."

The man moved his white face over to the reporter's shoulder.

"I'm a' scared," he whispered. "Yes, I'm a' scared. The shadows that have crossed mine—the soft-footed men—the terror at night! I've quit—passed."

"Is that all of the story?" queried Masters. "You've given me the whole of it?"

"All—so far," replied the stranger. All—so far. But there'll be more. There will, but I won't be in it—but say, young fella, isn't there another drink coming before we leave?"

There was not. The Fairy Kid was already out of the door and plunging through puddles to Park Row.

It was after midnight. The Fairy Kid, his coat off and a dead pipe between his teeth, sat thumping the keys of his typewriter in an excited staccato. He was flushed with the joy of creation, conscious of the restraint he had exercised in setting forth in short, neat sentences the wonderful romance of Quong Har's hair.

The fact that the boss, whose blue pencil is the terror of cubs, had sent in for his copy, page by page as it came from the machine, had made the heart of the Fairy Kid giddy. That meant, surely, that his story had gripped the boss.

"Mr. Masters,"—it was the boss himself with the last completed page of the reporter's story in his hand— "Mr. Masters, you say here that Boscowitz, the hair dealer, verified your far eastern tramp's story about having received the consignment of hair from the steamer *Chin Yuen*?"

"Yes, sir; I saw Boscowitz at his house on East Fifty-sixth street just after I had finished getting my story from the man in the restaurant," was Masters' eager response.

"And did Boscowitz say there was a flaming red pigtail in the lot?"

"Yes, he said he sure was surprised to see red hair from a Chinaman."

"Uh-huh," grunted the night city and went back to his desk. Mast

a hurried look at the clock and pounded away at the keys. First edition time only twenty minutes off.

"Mr. Masters!" again the quizzical voice of the old boss. "You say here that Boscowitz had made up that red hair into a wig and sold it yesterday."

"Yes, sir; he said that."

"Well, did he say anything about finding this fancy Hebrew star in the hair?"

"I was just going to explain that," was the hurried rejoiner of the Fairy Kid, fearing for the fate of his precious story. "He didn't find the star in Quong Har's hair, but he thought it might have been shaken out of that bunch of hair into the bottom of the bale. He said he'd look for it to-morrow, he wouldn't go down and open up his store to do it to-night."

"Huh!" ejaculated the boss. He slipped his long drop pipe between his lips and walked back to his desk. Masters trembled as he thumbed the space bar. The boss was such a bear on romance.

With a vicious punch at the period key the Fairy Kid finished the last page of his story and started to take it up to the night city editor's desk. An office-boy met him halfway.

"The boss wants to see you."

Masters glanced at the clock on his way to the desk. Seven minutes before edition time.

The boss had the green book of stage celebrities open before him. There was a grin on his face.

"You say you tried to see the woman who bought this red wig from Boscowitz and she wasn't in?"

"Yes, sir; I went twice to her apartments on West Fifty-eighth street and each time the hall boy said she wasn't in."

"Her name is Clara Osten and her address No. —— West Fifty-eighth?" The boss's smile grew broader.

"That's it."

"The green book says that Clara Osten of No. — West Fifty-eighth street is the justly famous Ducksie Trezona, originator of the lotus dance and favorite of London music-halls. Ducksie begins a three weeks' engagement as headliner at Hammerstein's next Monday."

"I'll just add a paragraph giving her name off the stage," Masters volunteered hopefully. The boss chuckled outright.

"I guess you needn't. That's all," he said.

The reporter turned to walk away.

"Oh, Mr. Masters," the night city editor called after him. "Look up the definition of 'press agent.' You won't find it in the dictionary—you'll find it up on Broadway!"

Jean

By Lucius Harwood Foote

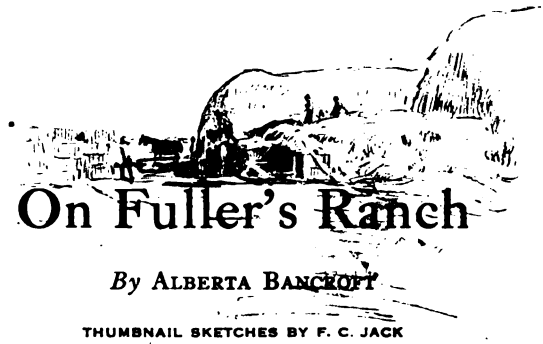
DRAWING BY GORDON ROSS

A wee sma' sprite wi' dainty airs,
Adown the garden goes;
Her een are twa sma' twinklin' stars,
Her lips are like the rose.

She lures us wi' a roguish beck,
She wiles us wi' a ca',
An' when we heed, she cranes her neck,
Then hies hersel' awa'.

We hear her tunefu' laughter trill,
She dances doun the lawn,
Her voice is like the ripplin' rill,
Her footfa' like the fawn.

May ye, sae winsome an' sae fair,
In a' the years that pass,
Na feel the blight o' cark an' care,
My bonnie, bonnie lass.



On Fuller's Ranch

By ALBERTA BANCROFT

THUMBNAIL SKETCHES BY F. C. JACK

"RABID? Of course, he's rabid—the lamb. Just listen to him."

Cicely trilled with laughter as the big voice boomed out its lurid remarks over yonder, from across lawn and garden-bed and two roadways and the fence that divided the ranch-house grounds from the realm where barns and sheds and blacksmith's shop and the men's quarters made a small village under their grove of oak-trees.

Cicely swung her feet, as she balanced on the porch railing, listening and laughing. She shrugged her shoulders and ran her stumpy riding-whip through her curly hair, and her young eyes turned with a mother's love in them toward the region where the big wrathful voice came from.

Then she turned back to the two proper occupants of the wide, shady veranda. Agnes was plainly horrified over her brother's language. And Agnes's guest, as he lounged in the comfortable hourglass chair, was trying to look vague and deaf and indefinite.

Cicely wanted to knock their heads together. How could people be so stupid? Agnes was bad enough—coming back here from the East and Europe, with her airs of superior culture and saintly forbearance with the crudities of the California ranch from whence rolled the income that enabled her to go abroad so often.

But this friend of hers—Cicely supposed Agnes was engaged to him, though nobody had hinted at such a thing as yet—this Heber Van Norden, being a man, was distinctly worse. To talk about nothing but books and pictures and cathedrals and "values" was worse than to lounge about indulging in long seasons of languid abstraction. And the fact that he was recovering from typhoid pneumonia, and had been ordered to California for a period of protracted loafing, did not at all exonerate him in the eyes of little Miss Cicely.

"Of course, Tom's mad," she said stoutly. Tom's views were still rolling over to them from the barn region. "Why shouldn't he be? The chinks let the water get away again last night and flood the potato patch. Shouldn't wonder if the whole place'd be drowned out. And that Dago Harry—he hasn't sense enough to be a teamster anyway—he thought it'd be a fine stunt to let his mules run off this morning and cut halfway through one of the pear-trees in the big orchard. It'll die sure, and it broke two discs—they go on the plow, Agnes—and the mules'll want to run away all summer, now. And George kicked the Japs that were helping him on the spray-wagon—and I don't blame him, either. But the Japs didn't care for it and won't work with George any more. So we have to break in a new spray gang. And, to top it all, Tony—he's the chore-boy, Mr. Van Norden—well, there's no mistaking the symptoms. If Tony hasn't fallen in love again, I'll eat my hat. It's always dreadful when Tony falls in love. He even forgot to milk the cows last time."

But Agnes continued to be displeased.

"I never could see any sense in all this night irrigating, anyway," she remarked. She passed over Cicely's gastronomic offer without comment. "Aren't the days long enough for all of you to storm around in? And as for those other little [illegible] details, and Tom's language about them—"

But Cicely was slipping off the porch railing.

"I wonder if Soy's put any Alhambra water on ice," she murmured, "and made lots of lemonade—and has lots of green peppers for the salad—and lots of green onions. The poor dears do so love onions, all three of them"—she was referring to her three brothers—"and they'll be so hot—"

The screen door slammed behind her as she whisked into the house.

Agnes followed.

Agnes made up her mind when she came home after her long absence to be very discreet. There was no telling how long she was going to be able to stand the ranch life—so she would consider herself more than anything else a guest on the premises and refrain alike from criticism and burdening herself with any responsibilities.

But Cicely was too much. Her language, her wild ways—she was never to be found in the house—her disregard of small household proprieties, such as seeing that the dusting was scrupulously attended to each day, and the like, were to be borne with no longer. It was not on her own account that Agnes was going to speak. It was on Cicely's. And, incidentally, of course, what would Heber Van Norden think of the family, if its youngest member continued thus to rival the wild man from Borneo?

So Agnes followed Cicely into the house; and Van Norden was left to himself on the broad, shady, drowsy veranda.

The bees boomed out in the garden—the flies made a low hum on the porch. The Le Marque roses swung at the big square posts. The mignonette filled all the air with sweetness. Overhead, the fragrant oak-trees stood dark against the sky, and in and out, from shadow to sunlight and back again, darted the birds—orioles, linnets, towhees, grosbeaks, and a horde of finches—filling the air with wondrous chatter.

Over behind the row of fences, somewhere out of sight, an anvil was clanging at uncertain intervals. The whine of rope and pulley, to say nothing of occasional healthy roars from healthy lungs, told the initiated that the hay-crop was being stowed away in the barn. And now and again [illegible] and down the roads to [illegible] of shrill whistling and [illegible] cracking of the whip.

Norden closed his [illegible] pon it all and lay back [illegible] sing. He was begin- [illegible] find himself amusing [illegible] to say comic. [illegible] nyone had told him, [illegible] he wanly betook him- [illegible] Vest at the doctor's [illegible] that he—the urban, conventional, conservative, college-bred New Yorker—would live to be thrilled by the doings on a plain everyday California fruit ranch, he would have laughed in that man's face.

He had been disgusted by the mere thought of his exile—he was used to the luxuries of an older civilization, his yearly trip abroad, the intercourse with those of his very kind—and the only redeeming feature of this exile was the prospect of seeing Agnes Fuller again. For she had promptly written, inviting him to come to them in her own and her brothers' names, when she learned of the impending banishment.

And now that he was here, established in the midst of the crudities she had been so apologetic about, even before he came in contact with them, he found himself interested, not to say excited, by everything around him.

The crudities were nonexistent, and the rest—

He liked the climate. Ye gods, were there ever such days—silver and gold and precious gems—to give one such a sense of well-being after the weeks of physical and mental numbness that had gone before?

He liked the ranch-house with its deep, drowsy porch, its gardens and its birds, and the surge of work ever lapping it from the many acres round about.

He liked the clang and clatter borne from the village of barns across the road.

He liked little Cicely. She was as noncommittally polite to him as though he were the ambient ether—as elusive as flies.

He liked the three big young men who ran the place, and he liked their polyglot jargon.

They foregathered on the porch, with Cicely a whirlwind in their van or rear, and their conversational possibilities were as comprehensiv
appetites.

Sometimes
flood of talk d
the manifold r
of the place: the
plant, the big
ditches, unde
pipes, and overl
that were to be
every corner of their acres. Or it was the pulley and lever and the ironmongery of the blacksmith shop, or the engines that snorted over their work, lost in some insignificant hundred-acre patch in the big ranch.

Sometimes it was plow and harrow and the idiosyncrasies of the teams that drew them; the trees—their eccentricities and their enemies; the land and its humors.

And sometimes—Van Norden counted those his red-letter days—it was the men.

Was Tony, for instance, to be trusted amid the dangers of the dry ground during the coming season? Tony was invaluable as a general utility person, but the petticoat people went to his head—and petticoat people were many on the dry ground. Also, though homely as any barndoor, Tony had a weakness for his own looks and was not to be convinced that any girl would of her own free will choose any swain but himself. So there was apt to be trouble.

And Harry, now? Should Harry be allowed to adventure himself in the saloon-lined main street of the county-seat through the coming season? Last year—irate glances fell to the lot of Cicely, who cocked her nose and said she didn't care—last year Harry's team had wandered loose in town, while Harry regaled himself behind a certain green-baize door. And Cicely, coming in for the mail on her racer, had captured team and wagon, and, incidentally, Harry, whom she had pursued even to the "counter," across which he sprawled, and brought them home again. Harry was, perhaps, best employed solely amid the orchard rows, both on his own account—and on Cicely's, observed the three Fuller men with grave politeness. There was no telling whether Cicely, too, might develop a penchant—

And Cicely pulled their hair all round and ordered them to behave themselves.

Sometimes they dealt in reminiscences, these three big young men, recalling for Van Norden's benefit the time when, for a wager, they plowed up the eighty-acre
pear patch, all adobe, too,
in—Van Norden could
not remember the num-
ber of days, or was it
hours?—but the account
of it had been thrilling.

Or the time when that gang of Greeks seethed in from a neighboring ranch to shoot up the place, because the Fullers dared to employ any but strictly adult male Americans on their dry grounds.

Or the time when Jo Cavassi—they were never tired of talking about Jo, his docility, his adaptability, his efficiency. Never was a better little Italian for a ranch blacksmith-mechanic. But, alas for Jo—and the shiny and suspicious twenties that began circulating through the countryside, and the counterfeiting outfit that was found in one of the outlying barns of the Fuller premises.

An outraged government had ordered Jo produced. But Jo refused to be found, and the three big young men shrugged their shoulders over the episode. But at different times one and another of them confided to Van Norden, secretly and with damaging details—for the sorrels had certainly appeared unwarrantably seedy the next morning—that, in his opinion, it was Cicely who had spirited him away one night.

At any rate, Jo was never found.

And Agnes said it was an outrage the way Cicely was allowed to run loose over the country.

And Cicely said nothing at all.

Van Norden could never get a-hold of Cicely, and was left to the unflattering conclusion—

A commotion on the back porch broke up his drowsy reverie. The voices were loud and emphatic, all of them, and determined to be heard.

"Pete drunk. Oh, yes; Pete drunk—of *course;* just as the first rush of the 'cot shipments begins." That was Tom's voice all right.

"And that other chap—what's his name, Brown?—skipped out to make his three

dollars a day with the baling-gang that went through this morning. And who's to take *his* wagon? It's the dickens to pay."

Jack Fuller's voice was aggrieved as well as enraged. "I can't be in three places at once."

"Cice, talk *sense*. Do you think you can lift forty-pound boxes on and off a wagon all afternoon? I tell you we want to get that car off to-night. You're crazy."

By this time they were well around the corner, the three Fuller boys, hot and irate —their young sister composedly bringing up in the rear. None of them had eyes for Van Norden in his corner.

"I'm going to take Pete's wagon. You needn't shout like that, Binny"—Binny was the third brother—"and don't get so hot; it's awful for you this weather." Cicely looked really concerned. "I'm going to take Pete's wagon, and two Japs instead of one to handle the boxes. I'll make them hustle, too. Don't you suppose I can turn around as well as anybody else among the trees? But—" she looked suddenly blank—"I don't see how I can manage *two* wagons."

There was a moment's pause. Then, from a dim recess of the deep porch a voice spoke.

"I'll take that second team," said Van Norden, "if you'll let me."

Cicely turned and looked at him. It was as though she had seen him for the first time.

II

"HOW many boxes does that make to-day? Nine, ten, eleven hundred, and—why, there must be some mistake. We couldn't have got that many—just on our side in one day."

Cicely leaned from her high wagon-seat in some excitement, the reins of the big work-team in the crook of her arm, while she flourished pencil and grimy memorandum book.

Van Norden, his ranch-wagon drawn as close to hers as the wheels allowed, leaned from his own high creaky seat and flourished a grimy book on his own account.

They went over all the figures again, while the setting sun gilded the lazy dust-clouds and struck long mellow, golden paths low along the orchard rows. And then, in the haze, they headed from the loading-sheds along the railroad track, home—Cicely's team taking the lead—Van Norden's close behind.

Never was such a summer for him as this one.

"It's epic, by Jove," he decided, with a poet's enthusiasm. This was on the day when he was not too stiff and sore to have any enthusiasms at all. "It's—it's Greek. It's one of the big, beautiful primitive things of life—to make Demeter give up the biggest and best of her store, in a country that's Olympus and Paradise rolled into one—and have a horde of people to help you—and get big money for it," he ended with a laugh.

He had stopped wondering whether these three big young men appreciated their blessings—their own masters in a land that neither scorched in summer nor pinched in wintertime—with months of leisure to do as they pleased to offset the inevitable hysteria that ushered in the harvest-season and the rush of work that followed it.

For Cicely had made it very plain what that life was which they led. Cicely was a changed person toward Van Norden these days.

"I don't see how *anyone* can choose any other." The girl spoke passionately. "Two of the boys can be away six months out of every year, if they want to—the work can be arranged perfectly for that—and anyone can go any place from California nowadays in six months and see more than enough. And if you *do* stay at home—"

She could not say enough for their winters: all the earth turning green; blue, blue hills with blue-gray veils half-hiding them; white mists trailing down the valley; blue-black storm-clouds, grandly domed, boiling up from the south to bring the needed downpours; the music of the rains that made all the valley sing; and then, from February on, the blossoming.

Cicely knew. No need of asking her whether she appreciated her blessings. As for the three big young men, they would not have changed with kings.

Agnes alone was the outsider.

It was a foolishly simple thing to have effected such a change in Van Norden's days: to have offered to drive a staid and respectable work-team that knew its business, up and down the orchard rows, as Cicely indicated.

And yet, after all, it was not *offer* so much as the carrying it that proved the open sesame to new life. For the crop was hea than even the most inflated estim predicted. Reliable teamsters v at a premium. At the end of a w Van Norden was roundly told he was to be kidnaped until the of the season—"You can't leave the crop's in—or after that either, by Jove"—and forgetting everything else, he gratefully accepted the continuation of his new duties.

Whereupon Agnes, scorning to make any remarks on his defection, betook herself to Del Monte to stay with the Stetsons. She had been gone two months now.

And Van Norden, staying behind, sat joyfully at the councils of war, grew intimate with the intricacies that confronted the California fruit-grower, learned how big work-gangs were most apt to be successfully handled, and forgot all about Agnes and her more than probable displeasure.

The ranch workers held a never-ending fascination for him. The dry ground, crowded with campers, unfolded as a drama before him. Every nationality overran the premises, stammering out its wants in every degree of unintelligible English.

There were Russians, escaped—no one could tell how—from Siberian prisons and well-nigh crazy over their present lack of restraint. There were great fresh-faced Scandinavians with the stolid gaze of oxen. There were little dark shy men from Central Europe somewhere, who exercised fierce supervision over their women-folk, and did not encourage folk about their quarters. There were Mexicans and Japanese and Chinese—these last two had separate camps at another end of the place—and there were plain everyday cocky Americans.

Everywhere children scurried like partridges from underfoot; black-eyed girls looked curiously out from under the shelter of big sun-bonnets; heavy matrons presided with overpowering dignity at the cutting-trays or their own firesides.

And the most curious part of it all was that from the moment any one of these various people set foot on the place, the Fullers acquired a feeling of almost patriarchal responsibility toward them.

"It's inheritance, I guess," was Tom's idea of it, when the matter was pointed out to him. "Handed down from our ancestors. For generations our folks had land down South—until after the war, that is—big plantations and hundreds of negroes that had to be cared for, and were cared for well, too, by Jove."

This trait was especially strong in Cicely.

Van Norden began to understand how it could well be true that she had spent one night out in the dark, sending the sorrels flying along a lonely road, to save one faithful frightened little Italian—Jo, the possible counterfeiter, was in his mind—from the clutches of a law he could not understand.

For Cicely was motherhood incarnate.

Was there a man, a woman, or child hurt, she must be on the spot with bandages and liniment and disinfectants. Cicely was strong on disinfectants. She had spent all one winter away from her beloved ranch, at a hospital, fitting herself for just such emergencies.

Was there a man, a woman, or a child in trouble, Cicely was first to read the signs, insist on learning the cause, and set about finding a remedy.

Thus, she blandly composed love-letters, officiated at weddings, drew lurid pictures of the efficacy of the law, insisted on the proper complement of buttons and hooks and eyes, was lavish in presentations of soap—and, incidentally, when matters did not turn out to her liking, was lavish with her rages.

This last was especially noticeable on the occasion of Tony's marriage.

For Tony, the chore-boy, had had the audacity to bob up in mid-season with a wife; and, what was worse, to bob up, oily with satisfaction, bursting with importance over his importation. For importation it was.

"I would not say a word," choked Cicely, "if only—oh, yes. I know it turned out all right with Gambetti. *He* had one

brought over only
old, with braids d
She only looks lik
can't speak a word
course. But she thi
even if he is most old
and she's so gratef
her over, she'd let him walk on her, I guess, if he wanted to. But Tony! Look at his woman! She's ten years older than he, if she's a day. He sent seventy dollars to Genoa to get her here. She never wore shoes before she set foot in New York. He's given her a gold ring and a gold watch and a white dress, and had her picture taken. She won't cook and she can't sew. She's turning up her nose at him already, and when she gets mad she won't speak to him—and he cries. It's—it's a plain do," flamed Cicely. "That go-between in Pacheco ought to be flogged. Why couldn't he have gotten a better one? They're piles of them in the mountains." This meant the mountains of Italy. "She'll end up by beating him—and he's such a fool, he'll let her."

And Cicely wept.

So Van Norden, living in the heart of things on the Fuller ranch, forgot all about his former illness and the absorbedness of his former urban habits, and came to a realizing sense of what it was of this earth he wanted most, and set about to get it.

Just now, in addition to all this, he was worrying over Cicely.

For an eclipse had come over Cicely of late. When she was not talking or listening, the whole little figure drooped; the wide eyes crinkled at the corners with anxious thought; the hands dropped nervously. In the evening, like as not, she slipped off—at any rate, she was not to be found on the veranda—and was not seen again until morning.

The boys did not seem to notice—except that their comments on the character of the iced-tea were unmistakable when she was not there to make it. But Van Norden cudgeled his brain over the cause.

Was she really as sick at heart as all that
over Tony's unspeak-
able wife?

Was it the fact that the
hill pl d been put
up fo
For t neant
much loved
its curves and hollows, and the very fact that it was small, comprising only hundreds of acres, where the home place comprised thousands. She did not consider of any account that it was so far to be a nuisance, and that the boys were tired of bothering with it.

What was the reason?

Or was it—?

Van Norden's mind dwelt uneasily on the droves of young fruitmen that infested the place. They came to haggle, to buy. to inspect, to make estimates. They came brazenly to get a square meal, to get a comfortable bed, to see the lay of the land generally, and—Van Norden had eyes—to see Cicely particularly.

At any rate, whatever the cause, one thing was sure: the boys were working her too hard, Van Norden decided wrathfully. There was nothing they did not let her do, from driving ten miles in midday in an open buggy after some piece of machinery, to dealing with a refractory cow, shipping combination, or ranch-hand. This, in addition to her supervision of the house. The strain was beginning to tell on her.

He was still threshing the matter over in his mind when he came in from the barns for supper that evening and saw her sitting there in a white gown, at ease on the shady porch. Thank heaven, she was going to be here to-night, anyway.

But it was not Cicely after all. It was Agnes, returned without warning from her Del Monte outing, accompanied by a disconcerting air of superiority and a strangely aloof expression of countenance.

The ensuing half-hour was not a pleasant one, and Van Norden went to his room to freshen up for the evening in no enviable frame of mind.

Why were women so unreasonable, he asked himself? Or, rather, why was Agnes? If he must listen to her news and comment with elaborate enthusiasm, why should he be treated like a combination convict jail-breaker when he handed out some news of his own—that he had purchased the hill place from the Fuller estate and was going to build as pretty a bungalow on it as his wit allowed? And why should she be so acid when he confided to her that he was going to strain every nerve to induce Cicely to share that bungalow with

him—for part of each year, that was. He wanted to take her traveling the other part. She was young. She had a right to see how beautiful a place the earth was—all over. And Agnes—

He came downstairs again, still full of his grievance.

Cicely had not appeared. Supper over, still no Cicely.

Agnes's eyebrows commented on the fact. Later Agnes's tongue commented on the fact.

Agnes had come home to announce her engagement to young Stetson. She announced it then with chill and admirable composure—but there was no disguising that she was permeated with satisfaction.

Her home would be in New York in the future. The wedding would be at once—the three boys emptied their pipes with one accord and asked high heaven why she could not hold her horses until the end of the fruit season brought them some modicum of leisure—*but*—

Where, demanded Agnes, with fine dramatic fervor, was Cicely? Why, demanded Agnes, were the boys not taking better care of Cicely? How, demanded Agnes, could she go away, when Cicely was running loose over the country, nobody knew where, at any and all hours, nobody knew—

Here Tom began filling his pipe again and observed that Cicely was most emphatically all right—in each and every particular—a thorough little trump—a thorough little lady. And he did not care for Agnes's tone. Jack and Binny growled assent. Van Norden, a good deal embarrassed, tried to slip away. Agnes, seeing him standing tall n the moonlight, told him dryly that, since he aspired to become one of the family, he had better remain. They had a merry party.

It was quite ten o'clock before Cicely stole onto the porch, a forlorn and draggled little figure—and the whole miserable little story came out, with tears, on Tom's shoulder.

The trouble was Jo—poor little old frightened Jo, the Italian ex-blacksmith of the place; so homesick, he had left Mexico to slip back again to the acres he loved so well; so frightened—he thought everyone and the government combined were against him—he would let hardly the stars catch a glimpse of him.

"He's down there in the creek-bottom—in a willow clump behind a log—where the coyotes had a hole last winter." Cicely was almost beyond speech. "He's been there nearly two weeks. He's sick—so thin you wouldn't know him. I've been taking food down—at night—and trying to take care of him. He won't let me come in the daytime. He got a tramp to tell me where he was; gave the man everything he had to do it. He's afraid—"

"But, man alive, Cicely—" the three big young men stood about in every degree of chagrin—"why didn't you tell—"

"You said, all three of you, you wouldn't have him on the place," sobbed Cicely. "And you didn't know whether he made those twenties at all. The only thing you had to go by was what O'Brien said. And *he* kicked his wife downstairs the very next week and got six months in the county jail for it—and I don't care. And Jo's so sick—"

"Oh, Lord!" groaned Tom. "Binny, go hitch up the sorrels. I'll poke some supper down this young one's throat. Here, duckie, mop up the pieces—" he pressed his handkerchief upon her—"and say howdy to Agnes. She's going to get married. You must be extra polite."

"But Jo—"

"We'll have Jo up here in half a shake," Jack assured her. "Fill him up with whisky and quinin—and beans. Sure cure for everything. Brace up, now—that's a trump."

"And—" Van Norden could not bear to be left out—"you tell him if there isn't any work for him on Fuller's ranch—but I think there will be—there'll be plenty on mine, the moment he's well enough. I'm a landowner in this valley, now."

Cicely turned.
out impulsively t
the moonlight.

"Oh," she bre
think you're all
men—"

An Autumn Noon

By GERALDINE MEYRICK

It is the time of rest, and all is still;
  The orchards, lying listless in the sun,
  Let fall their mellow apples, one by one;
The roving hornets rifle them at will.

All down the shimmering slope whereon we lie
  The sturdy vines toward the sun uphold
  Their clustered fruits of purple and pale gold;
Above, a hawk wheels slowly down the sky.

Under the trees that keep the farmyard cool
  The horses, freed from rein and heated trace,
  Make round the dripping trough a stamping-place;
A few stray ducklings seek a quiet pool.

A lizard darts across the dusty way,
  Then stops to bask, with hooded eyelids down;
  O dry white road, that leads toward the town,
You have no lure for us this autumn day.

Ah, who shall mete me out the proper worth
  Of this fair space within the toilful day?
  Breathe deeply now, with care flung far away,
The honest odor of the heated earth.

Here may we rest, from every harm secure;
  Safe from all ills that hurt and fret the soul;
  Prone on the ground, and part of one great whole
That turns to its Creator and is sure.

The Mother of the Forest

By D. S. RICHARDSON

A mighty specter, stripped and bare,
She stands with pallid arms in air.

Her great heart stilled—her life undone—
She cries her protest to the sun.

Man did his worst, whose vandal trace
Profaned her thus; but strength and grace

And majesty outlived the deed.
Above her ancient, towering breed

She towers still, and lifts dead hands
Above the black volcanic lands—

The sun-kissed lands which knew her birth
Back in the twilight of the earth.

Than this, man's long unworthiness
No statelier ruin will confess.

Than this, the record of his rage
For gold, reveals no sadder page.

Whose wanton lust this fane resigned
To sacrilege, wronged all mankind.

For men unborn, from age to age,
In this great shrine have heritage,

And here from age to age will bring,
With reverent feet, their offering.

O Mammon! Turn thy shafts aside.
With this, thy work, be satisfied.

Bid greed forego while yet remain
Some fingermarks on mount and plain

Of God's first work; for lo, mine eyes
Have seen thy trail in Paradise.

The Rules of the Game

By STEWART EDWARD WHITE

Author of The Blazed Trail; Arizona Nights; The Riverman, Etc.

ILLUSTRATED BY J. A. CAHILL

PART V, CHAPTERS VII TO XV

BEGUN IN THE FEBRUARY NUMBER

ON returning to headquarters, as Bob was naturally somewhat incapacitated for manual work he was given the fire patrol. This meant that every day he was required to ride to four several "look-outs" on the main ridge, from which points he could spy abroad carefully over vast stretches of mountainous country. The trail led among great trees that dropped away to right and left on the slopes of the mountain. Through them he caught glimpses of blue distance, or far-off glittering snow, or unexpected cañon depths. The riding was smooth, over undulating knolls. After three miles of this he came out on a broad plateau formed by the joining of his ridge with that of the Granite range. Here Granite creek itself rose, and the stream that flowed by the mill. It was a country of wild park-like vistas between small pines, with a floor of granite and shale.

Sometimes Bob rode up into the pass. More often he tied his horse and took the steep rough trail afoot. The way was guarded by strange, distorted trees, and rocks carved into fantastic shapes. Some of them were piled high like temples. Others, round and squat, were like the fat and obscene deities of Eastern religions. The pass itself was not over fifty feet wide. Either side of it like portals were the high peaks. It lay like the notch of a rifle sight between them. Once having gained the tiny platform, Bob would sit down and look abroad over the wonderful Sierra.

Never did he tire of this. At one glance he could comprehend a summer's toilsome travel. To reach yonder snowy peak would consume the greater part of a week. But his business was not with these distances. Almost below him, so precipitous is the easterly slope of the Poquito, lay cañons, pine forests, lesser ridges, streams, the green of meadows. Patiently, piece by piece, he must go over all this, watching for that faint blue haze, that deepening of the atmosphere, that almost imagined pearliness against the distant hills which meant new fire.

"Don't look for smoke," California John had told him. "When a fire gets big enough for smoke, you can't help but see it. It's the new fire you want to spot before it gets started. Then it's easy handled. And new fire's almighty easy to overlook. Sometimes it's as hard for a greenhorn to see as a deer. Look close!"

So Bob, concentrating his attention, looked close. When he had satisfied himself, he turned square around. From this point of view he saw only pine forests. They covered the ridge below him like a soft green mantle thrown down in folds. The other two lookouts were on the edge of the lower ridge. To reach them, Bob rode across the plateau of the ridge, through the pine forests, past the mill.

Here, if the afternoon was not too far advanced, he used to allow himself the luxury of a moment's chat with some of his old friends. Welton, coat off, his burly face perspiring and red, always greeted him jovially.

"Spend all your salary this month?" he would ask. "Does the business keep you occupied?" and once or twice, seriously, "Bob, haven't you had enough of this confounded nonsense? You're getting too old to find any great fun riding around in this kid fashion pretending to do things. There's big business to be done in this country, and we need you boys to help.

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When I was a youngster I'd have jumped hard at half the chance that's offered you."

But Bob never would answer seriously. He knew this to be his only chance of avoiding even a deeper misunderstanding between himself and this man whom he had learned to admire and love.

Once he met Baker. That younger man greeted him as gaily as ever, but into his manner had crept the shadow of a cold contempt. On one occasion, too, he encountered Oldham riding down the trail from headquarters. The older man had nodded to him curtly. His eyes had gleamed through his glasses with an ill-concealed and frosty amusement, and his thin lips had straightened to a perceptible sneer. All at once Bob divined an enemy. He could not account for this, as he had never dealt with the man; and the accident of his discovering the gasoline pump on the old land company's creeks could hardly be supposed to account for quite so malignant a triumph. So he put down Oldham's manifest hatred to pettiness of disposition. From Merker, the philosophic storekeeper, Bob obtained scant comfort when he spoke to him about it.

"Men like you, with ability, youth, energy," said Merker, "producing nothing, just conserving, saving. Conditions should be such that the possibility of fire, of trespass, of all you fellows guard against, should be eliminated. Then you could supply steam, energy, accomplishment, instead of being merely the lubrication. It's an economic waste."

Bob left the mill-yards half-depressed, half-amused. All his people had become alien. He longed with a great longing, which at the same time he realized to be hopeless, to make them feel as he felt. After such disquieting contacts, the more uncomfortable in that they defied analysis, Bob rode out to the last lookout and gazed abroad over the land. The pine-clad bluff fell away nearly four thousand feet. Sitting on his motionless horse high up there in the world, elevated above it all, he bent his ear to the imagined faint humming of the spheres. He saw, by the soft flooding of light, rather than by any flash of insight, that were the shortsightedness, the indifference, the ignorance, the crass selfishness to be eliminated before yet the world's work was done, the energies of men, running too easily, would outstrip the development of the plan, as a machine "races" without its load. A humility came to him. His was not to judge his fellows by the mere externals of their deeds.

"Just so a man isn't mean, I don't know as I've any right to despise him," he summed it all up to his horse. "But," he added cheerfully, "that don't prevent my kicking him into the paths of righteousness if he tries to steal my watch."

VIII

BOB took his examinations, passed successfully, and was at once appointed as ranger. Thorne had no intention of neglecting the young man's ability. After his arduous apprenticeship at all sorts of labor, Bob found himself specializing. This, he discovered, was becoming more and more the tendency in the personnel of the service. Jack Pollock already was being sent far afield, looking into grazing conditions, reporting on the state of the range, the advisable number of cattle, the trespass cases. He had a natural aptitude for that sort of thing. Ware, on the other hand, developed into a mighty builder. Nothing pleased him more than to discover new ways through the country, to open them up, to blast and dig and construct his trails, to nose out bridge sites and on them to build spans hewn from the material at hand. He made himself a set of stencils and with them signed all the forks of the trails, so that a stranger could follow the routes. Always he painstakingly added the letters U. S. F. S. to indicate that these works had been done by his beloved service. Charley Morton was the fire chief—though any and all took a hand at that when occasion arose. He could, as California John expressed it, run a fire out on a rocky point and lose it there better than any man on the force. Ross Fletcher was the best policeman. He knew the mountains, their infinite labyrinths, better than any other, and he could guess the location of sheep where another might have searched all summer. Early in the season, Thorne called in Bob and Elliott.

"Now," he told them, "we have plenty of work to do, and you boys must buckle into it as you see it. But this is what I want you to keep in the back of your mind: some day the national forests are going to supply a great part of the timber in the country. It's too early yet. There's too much private timber standing, which can be cut without

restriction. But when that is largely reduced, Uncle Sam will be going into the lumber business on a big scale. We will be selling a few shake trees and some small lots and occasionally a bigger piece to some of the lumbermen who own adjoining timber. We've got to know what we have to sell. For instance, there's eighty acres in there surrounded by Welton's timber. When he comes to cut, it might pay him and us to sell the ripe trees off that eighty."

"I doubt if he'd think it would pay," Bob interposed.

"He might. I think the chief will ease up a little on cutting restrictions before long. You've simply got to over-emphasize a matter at first to make it carry."

"You mean—?"

"I mean—this is only my private opinion, you understand—that lumbering has been done so wastefully and badly that it has been necessary, merely as education, to go to the other extreme. We've insisted on chopping and piling the tops like cordwood and cutting up the down trunks of trees and generally 'parking' the forest simply to get the idea into people's heads. They'd never thought of such things before. I don't believe it's necessary to go to such extremes, practically, and I don't believe the service will demand it when it comes actually to do business."

Elliott and Bob looked at each other a little astonished.

"Mind you, I don't talk this way outside, and I don't want you to do so," pursued Thorne. "But when you come right down to it, all that's necessary is to prevent fire from running—and, of course, to leave a few seed-trees. You can keep fire from running just as well by piling the debris in isolated heaps as by chopping it up and stacking it, and it's a lot cheaper."

He leaned forward.

"That's coming," he continued. "Now, here's a map of the government holdings hereabout. What I want is a working plan for every forty, together with a topographical description, an estimate of timber, and a plan for the easiest method of logging it. There's no hurry about it; you can do it when nothing else comes up to take you away. But do it thoroughly, and to the best of your judgment, so I can file your reports for future reference when they are needed."

"Where do you want us to begin?" asked Bob.

"Welton is the only big operator," Thorne pointed out, "so you'd better look over the timber adjoining or surrounded by his. Then the basin and ranges above the power company are important. There's a fine body of timber there, but we must cut it with a more than usual attention to water-supplies."

This work Bob and Elliott found most congenial. They would start early in the morning, carrying with them their compass on its Jacob's-staff, their chain, their field notes, their maps and their ax. Arrived at the scene of operations, they unsaddled and picketed their horses. Then commenced a search for the "corner," established nearly fifty years before by the dead and gone surveyor, a copy of whose field notes now guided them. This was no easy matter. The field notes described accurately the location, but in fifty years the character of a country may change. Great trees fall, new trees grow up, brush clothes an erstwhile bare hillside, fire denudes a slope, even the rocks and boulders shift their places under the coercion of frost or avalanche. The young men separated, shoulder-deep in the high brakes and alders of a creek-bottom, climbing among great trees on the open slope of a distant hill, clambering busily among austere domes and pinnacles, fading in the cool green depths of the forest. Finally one would shout loudly. The other scrambled across.

"Here we are," Bob said, pointing to the trunk of a huge yellow pine.

On it showed a wrinkle in the bark, only just appreciable.

"There's our line blaze," said Bob. "Let's see if we can find it in the notes." He opened his book, " 'Small creek three links wide, course SW,' " he murmured. " 'Sugar-pine, 48 in. dia., on line, 48 links.' That's not it. 'Top of ridge 34 ch. 6 l. course NE.' Now we come to the down slope. Here we are! 'Yellow pine 20 in. dia., on line, 50 chains.' Twenty inches! Well, old fellow, you've grown some since! Let's see your compass, Elliott."

Having thus cut the line, they established their course and went due north, spying sharply for the landmarks and old blazes as mentioned in the surveyor's field notes. [illegible] they had gone about the required [illegible] began to look for the corner. [illegible]rch, Elliott called Bob's [illegible]own-over blaze.

"I guess this is our witness tree," said he.

Without a word Bob began to chop above and below the wrinkle in the bark. After ten minutes' careful work, he laid aside a thick slab of wood. The inner surface of this was shiny with pitch. The space from which it had peeled was also coated with the smooth substance. This pitch had filmed over the old blaze, protecting it against the new wood and bark which had gradually grown it over. Thus, although the original blaze had been buried six inches in the living white pine wood, nevertheless the lettering was as clear and sharp as when it had been carved fifty years before. Furthermore, the same lettering, only reversed and in relief, showed on the thick slab that Bob had peeled away. So the tree had preserved the record in its heart.

"Now, let's see," said Bob. "This witness bears S 80° W. Let's find another."

This proved to be no great matter. Sighting the given directions from the two, they converged on the corner. This was described by the old surveyor as: "oak post, 4 in. dia., set in pile of rocks," etc. The pile of rocks was now represented by scattered stones, and the oak post had long since rotted. Bob, however, unearthed a fragment on which ran a single grooved mark. It was like those made by borers in dead limbs. Were it not for one circumstance, the searchers would not have been justified in assuming that it was anything else. But, as Bob pointed out, the passageways made by borers are never straight. The fact that this was so established indisputably that it had been made by the surveyor's steel "scribe."

Having thus located a corner, it was an easy matter to determine the position of a tract of land. At first hazy in its general configuration and extent, it took definition as the young men progressed with the accurate work of timber estimating. Before they had finished with it, they knew every little hollow, ridge, ravine, rock and tree in it. Out of the whole vast wilderness this one small patch had become thoroughly known.

The work was the most pleasant of any Bob had ever undertaken. It demanded accuracy, good judgment, knowledge. It did not require feverish haste. The surroundings were wonderfully beautiful. Elliott was good company, interested in the work, well-bred, intelligent, eager to do his share—an ideal companion. As time went on, and the tracts to be estimated and platted became more distant, they no longer attempted to return at night to headquarters. Small meadows offered them resting-places for the day or the week. On Saturday afternoon they rode to headquarters to report and to spend Sunday.

IX

TOWARD the end of the season they had worked well past the main ridge on which were situated Welton's operations and the service headquarters. Several deep cañons and rocky peaks, by Thorne's instructions, they skipped over as only remotely available as a timber supply. This brought them to the ample circle of a basin, well-timbered, wide, containing an unusual acreage of gently sloping or rolling table-land. Behind this rose the spurs of the range. A half-hundred streams here had their origin. These converged finally in the forks, which, leaping and plunging steadily downward from a height of over six thousand feet, was trapped and used again and again to turn the armatures of Baker's dynamos. After serving this purpose at six power-houses strung down the contour-line of its descent, the water was deflected into wide, deep ditches, which forked and forked again until a whole plain's province was rendered fertile and productive by irrigation.

All this California John, who rode over to show them some corners, explained to them. They sat on the rim of the basin overlooking it as it lay below them like a green cup.

"You can see the whole of her from here," said California John, "and that's why we use this for fire lookout. It saves a heap of riding, for let me tell you it's a long ways down this bluff. But you bet we keep a close watch on this basin. It's the most valuable, as a watershed, of any we've got. This is about the only country we've managed to throw a fire-break around yet. It took a lot of time to do it, but it's worth while."

"This is where the irrigation company gets its water," remarked Bob.

"Yes," replied California John, dryly. "Which same company is putting up the fight of its life in Congress to keep from payin' anything at all for what it gets."

They gave themselves to the task of descending into the basin by a steep and rough trail. At the end of an hour, their horses stepped from the sidehill to a broad, pleasant flat on which the tall trees grew larger than any Bob had seen on the ridge.

"Nobody ever gets into this place," explained California John. "There ain't been a fire here in years and we don't none of us have any reason to ride down. She's too hard to get out of, and we can see her too well from the lookout." He led them through a magnificent forest to cheerful sunlight, alders, young pines among the old, a leaping, flashing stream of some size, and multitudes of birds, squirrels, insects and butterflies.

"There's a meadow, and a good camping-place just upstream," said he. "It's easy riding. You'd better spread your blankets there. Now, here's the corner to 34. We re-established it four years ago, so as to have something to go by in this country. You can find your way about from there. That bold cliff of rock you see just through the trees there you can climb. From the top you can make out the lookout. If you're wanted at headquarters we'll hang out a signal. That will save a hard ride down. Let's see; how long you got grub for?"

"I guess there's enough to last ten days or so," replied Elliott.

"Well, if you keep down this stream until you strike a big bald slide rock, you'll run into an old trail that takes you to the Flats. It's pretty old, and it ain't blazed, but you can make it out, if you'll sort of keep track of the country. It ain't been used for years."

California John, anxious to make a start at the hard climb, now said good-by and started back. Bob and Elliott, their pack-horse following, rode up the flat through which ran the river. They soon found the meadow. It proved to be a beautiful spot, surrounded by cedars, warm with the sun, bright with color, alive with birds. They started out that afternoon from the corner California John had showed them. It took all that day and most of the following to define and blaze the boundaries of the first tract. They found nothing out of the ordinary, bu[illegible] n to move forward [illegible] rought to a halt

"L[illegible] com-panic [illegible] away off the line," and showed him a stake set neatly in a pile of rocks.

"It's not a very old one, either," said Bob. "Now what do you make of that?"

"There's another just like it over on the hill," said Elliott. "I should call it the stakes of a mining claim. There ought to be a notice somewhere."

They looked about and soon came across the notice in question. It was made out in the name of a man neither had ever heard of before.

"I suppose that's his ledge," remarked Elliott, kicking a little outcrop, "but it looks like mighty slim mining to me!"

They proceeded with their estimating. In due time they came upon another mining claim, and then a third.

"This is getting funny!" remarked Elliott. "Looks as though somebody expected to make a strike for fair. More timber than mineral here, I should say."

"That's it!" cried Bob, slapping his leg. "I'd just about forgotten! This must be what Baker was talking about one evening over at camp. He had some scheme for getting some timber and water rights somewhere under the mineral act."

"Do you mean to say that any man was going to take this beautiful timber away from us on that kind of a technicality?"

"He was going to try. I don't know how it did come out. Guess he didn't make it, or we wouldn't be here."

"Guess not," agreed Elliott.

Two days later Elliott straightened his back after a squint through the compass sights to exclaim:

"I wish we had a dog!"

"Why?" laughed Bob. "Can't you eat your share?"

"I've a feeling that somebody's hanging around these woods; I've had it ever since we got here. And just now while I was looking through the sights I thought I saw something.

"It's these big woods," said Bob. "I've had the same hunch before. Besides, you can easy look for tracks along your line of sights."

They did so, and found nothing.

"But among these rocks a man needn't leave any tracks if he didn't want to," Elliott pointed out.

By the end of the week it became necessary to go to town after more supplies. Bob volunteered. He saddled his riding horse

and the pack-animal and set forth. Following California John's directions, he traced the length of the river through the basin to the bald rock where the old trail was said to begin. Here he anticipated some difficulty in picking up the trail, and more in following it. To his surprise he ran immediately into a well-defined path.

"Why, this is as plain as a strip of carpet!" muttered Bob to himself. "If this is his idea of a dim trail, I'd like to see a good one!"

He had not ridden far, however, before, in crossing a tiny trickle of water, he could not fail to notice a clear-cut, recent hoof print. The mark was that of a barefoot horse. Bob stared at it.

He retraced his steps to the bald rock, and commenced an examination of its circumference to determine where the trail led away. He found no such exit. Save from the direction of his own camp the way was closed either by precipitous sides or dense brush. The conclusion was unavoidable that those who had traveled the trail had either ended their journeys at the bald rock or actually taken to the bed of the river.

Puzzling over this mystery, he again took his way down the trail, keeping a sharp lookout. Near the entrance to the cañon he discovered another clear print of the barefoot horse, but headed the other way. Clearly the rider had returned. Bob had hunted deer enough to recognize that the track had been made within the last twenty-four hours.

At Sycamore Flats he was treated to further surprises. Martin, of whom he bought his supplies, at first greeted him with customary joviality.

"Hullo! hullo!" he cried, "quite a stranger! Out in camp, eh?"

"Yes," said Bob. "They've got us working for a change."

"Where you located?"

"We're estimating timber up in the basin," replied Bob.

The silence that followed was so intense that Bob looked up from the bag he was tying. He met Martin's eyes fixed on him.

"The basin," repeated Martin slowly, at last. "Since when?"

"About ten days."

"'We;' who's 'we'?"

"Elliott and I," answered Bob, surprised. "Why?"

Martin's gaze shifted. He plainly hesitated for a next remark.

"How'd you like it there?" he asked lamely, at length. "I thought none of you fellows ever went there."

"Fine timber," answered Bob, cheerfully. "We don't usually. Somebody does, though. California John told me that trail was old and out of use, but it's been used a lot. Who gets up there?"

"The boys drive in some cattle occasionally," replied Martin, with an effort.

Bob stared in surprise. He knew this was not so, and started to speak, but thought better of it. After he had left the store, he looked back. Martin was gazing after him, a frown between his brows.

Before he left town a half-dozen of the mountain men had asked him, with an obvious attempt to make the question casual, how he liked the basin, how long he thought his work would keep him there. Each, as he turned away, followed him with that long speculative brooding look. Always heretofore his relations with these mountain people had been easy, sympathetic and cordial. Now all at once, without reason, they held him at arm's length and regarded him with suspicious if not hostile eyes.

Puzzling over this, he rode back up the road near Auntie Belle's. Thence issued Oldham to hail him. He pulled up.

"I hear you're estimating the timber in the basin," said the gray man with more appearance of disturbance than Bob had ever seen him display.

Bob acknowledged the accuracy of his statement.

"Indeed!" said Oldham, pulling at his clipped mustache.

So the news had run ahead of him. Bob began to think the news important, but for some reason at which he could not as yet guess. This conviction was strengthened by the fact that from the two mountain cabins he passed on his way to the beginning of the trail, men lounged out to talk with him, and in each case the question, craftily rendered casual, was put to him as to his business in the basin. Before one of these cabins stood a sweating horse.

"Look here," he demanded of the Carrolls. "Why all this interest about our being in the basin? Every man-jack asks me. What's the point?"

Old man Carroll stroked his long beard.

"Do they so?" he drawled comfortably. "Well, I reckon little things make news, as they say, when you're in a wild country.

They ain't been no work done in the basin for so long that we're all just nat'rally interested, that's all."

He looked Bob tranquilly in the eye with the limpid gaze of innocence before which Bob's scrutiny fell abashed. For a while his suspicions of anything unusual were almost lulled. Then, from a point midway up the steep trail, he just happened to look back, and just happened through an extraordinary combination of openings to catch a glimpse of a rider on the trail. The man was far below. Bob watched a long time, his eye fixed on another opening. Nothing appeared. From somewhere in the cañon a coyote shrilled. Another answered him from up the mountain. A moment later Bob again saw the rider through the same opening as before, but this time descending.

"A signal!" he exclaimed, in reference to the coyote howls.

On arriving at the bare rock, he dismounted and hastily looked it over on all sides. Near the stream it had been splashed. A tiny eddy out of reach of the current still held mud in suspension.

X

ON his arrival at camp he found Elliott much interested over discoveries of his own. He had spent the afternoon fishing. At one point, happening to look up, he caught sight of a man surveying him intently from a thicket. As he stared, the man drew back and disappeared.

"I couldn't see him very plainly," said Elliott. "He had a beard and an old gray hat; but that doesn't mean much, of course. When I'd got my nerve up, and had concluded to investigate, I could hardly find a trace of him. He must wear moccasins."

In return Bob detailed his own experiences. The two could make nothing of it all.

"If we were down south, I'd say 'moonshiners,'" said Elliott.

"It's some mystery to do with the basin," said Bob, "and the whole countryside is 'on'—except our boys. But what's the point? Nine-tenths of this timber is private property anyway. There's certainly no trespass—sheep, timber or otherwise—on the government land. What in blazes is the point?"

"Give it up; but we'd better wear our guns."

Bob laughed.

"There's no use taking chances, of course," he summed up, "but there's no sense in making fools of ourselves, either. We'd look sweet and lovely, wouldn't we, to go back to headquarters and tell them we'd decided to come in because a bad man with whiskers who'd never been introduced came and looked at us out of the trees!"

Bob and Elliott combined forces closely in their next day's work. As momentarily separated by a few feet they passed a dense thicket Bob was startled by a low whistle. Within fifty feet of him, but so far in the shadow as to be indistinguishable, a man peered at him. As he caught Bob's eyes he made a violent gesture.

"Did you whistle?" asked Elliott at his elbow. "What's up?"

Bob pointed, but the man had vanished. Where he had stood they found the print of moccasins.

Thrice during the day they were interrupted by this mysterious presence. On each occasion Bob saw him first. Always he gestured, but whether in warning or threat, Bob could not tell. Each time he vanished as though the earth had swallowed him the instant Elliott turned at Bob's exclamation.

"I believe he's crazy!" exclaimed Elliott impatiently.

"I'd think so, too," replied Bob, "if it weren't for the way everybody acted down below."

That night the young men turned in rather earlier than usual as they were very tired. Bob immediately dropped into a black sleep. So deep was his slumber that it seemed to him he had just dropped off, when he was awakened by a cool hand placed across his forehead. He opened his eyes quietly, without alarm, to look full into the waning moon sailing high above. His first drowsy emotion was one of astonishment, for the luminary had not arisen when he had turned in. The camp-fire had fallen to a few faintly glowing coals. These perceptions came to him so gently that he would probably have dropped asleep again had not the touch on his forehead been repeated. Then he started broad awake to find himself staring at a silhouetted man bending over him.

With a gesture of caution, the stranger motioned him to arise. Bob obeyed mechanically. The man bent toward him.

"Put on your pants and sweater and come along," he whispered guardedly.

Bob peered at him through the moonlight and recognized vaguely the man who had been so mysteriously pursuing them. He drew back.

"For Lord's sake do what I tell you!" whispered the man. "Here!"

His hand sought the shadow of his side, and instantly gleamed with a weapon. Bob started back; but the man was holding the revolver's butt to him.

"Now come on!" besought the stranger with a strange note of pleading. "Don't wake your pardner!"

Yielding with a pleasant thrill to the adventure of the situation and to a strong curiosity, Bob hastily assumed his outer clothing. Then, with the muzzle of the revolver, he motioned the stranger to proceed.

Stepping cautiously they gained the open forest beyond the screen of brush, Bob following at the man's heels. They threaded the forest aisles without hesitation, crossed a deep ravine and began to clamber the precipitous and rocky sides of Shuteye.

"That'll do for that!" growled Bob suddenly. "You needn't go so fast. Keep about three feet in front of me. And when we strike your gang, you keep close to me. Sabe?"

"I'm alone," expostulated the man.

After five minutes' climb they entered a narrow ravine gashed almost perpendicularly in the side of the mountain. At this point, however, it flattened for perhaps fifty paces, so that there existed a tiny foothold. It was concealed from every point, and nevertheless, directly to the west, Bob, pausing for breath, looked out over California slumbering in the moon. On this ledge flowed a tiny stream, and over it grew a score of cedar and fir-trees. A tiny fire smoldered near an open camp. On this the man tossed a handful of pitch-pine. Immediately the flames started up.

"Here we are!" he remarked aloud.

"Yes, I see we are," replied Bob, looking suspiciously about him. "But what does all this mean?"

"I couldn't get to talk with you no other way, could I?" said the man in the tones of complaint.

"If you wanted to speak to me, why didn't you say so?" demanded Bob, his temper rising.

"Well, I don't know who your pardner is, or whether he's reliable, nor nothin'. A man can't be too careful. Why didn't you make a chance to talk?"

"Why should I?" burst out Bob. "Will you kindly explain to me why I've been dragged out here in the dead of night?"

"No call to get mad," expostulated the man in rather discouraged tones. "I just thought as how mebbe you was still feeling friendly like. But I reckon you won't be giving me away, anyhow?" He removed his floppy old sombrero, exposing his full features. Heretofore Bob had been able to see indistinctly only the meager facts of a heavy beard and clear eyes.

"George Pollock!" he cried, dropping the revolver and leaping forward with both hands outstretched.

XI

POLLOCK took his hands, but stared at him puzzled.

"Surely!" he said at last. His clear, blue eyes slowly widened and became eager. "Honest! Didn't you know me? Is that what ailed you, Bobby?"

"Know you!" shouted Bob. "Why, you eternal old fool, how should I know you?"

"You might have made a plumb good guess."

"Oh, sure!" said Bob. "Easiest thing in the world. Guess that the first shadow you see in the woods is a man you thought was in Mexico."

"Didn't you know I was here?" demanded Pollock earnestly.

"How should I know?" asked Bob again.

George Pollock's blue eyes smoldered with anger.

"I'll sure tan that promising nephew of mine!" he threatened. "I've done sent you fifty messages by him. Didn't he never give you none of them?"

"Who, Jack?"

"That's the whelp."

Bob laughed.

"That's a joke," said he. "I've been bunking with him for a year. Nary message!"

"I told Carroll and Martin and one or two more to tell you."

"I guess they're suspicious of any but the mountain people," said Bob. "They're right. How could they know?"

"That's right, they couldn't," agreed George reluctantly. "But I done told them

you was my friend. And I thought you'd gone back on me sure."

"Not an inch!" cried Bob, heartily.

George kicked the logs of the fire together, filled the coffee-pot at the creek, hung it over the blaze and squatted on his heels. Bob tossed him a sack of tobacco which he caught.

"Thought you were bound for Mexico," hazarded Bob at length.

"I went," said Pollock shortly, "—and I come back."

"Yes," said Bob after a time.

"Homesick," said Pollock. "Plain homesick. Wasn't so bad that-a-way at first. I was desp'rit. Took a job punching with a cow outfit near Nogales. Never noticed the country; had nothing to do with the people. For a fact, it was mebbe half a year before I began to look around. That country is worse than over Panamint way. There's no trees; there's no water; there's no green grass; there's no folks; there's no nothin'. The mountains look like they're made of paper. What the hell difference did it make to me what the country was like? Then I began to dream. Things come to me. I'd see places and smell things. For a fact, I smelt azaleas plain and sweet once, and woke up in the damndest alkali desert you ever see. The farther off I got, the more I remembered. So one day I cashed in and come back."

He paused for some time, gazing meditatively on the coffee-pot bubbling over the fire.

"It's good to get back!" he resumed at last. "I used to sneak down nights and look at my old place. In summer I go back with Jim and the cattle, but it's dangerous these days. The towerists is getting thicker and you can't trust everybody, even among the mountain folks."

"How many know you are back here?" asked Bob.

"Mighty few. Jim and his family knows, of course, and Tom Carroll and Martin and a few others. They ride up trail to the flat rock sometimes bringing me grub and papers. But it's plumb lonesome. I can't go on livin' this way forever. And I can't leave this yere place. Since I been living here it seems like—well, I ain't no call as I can see it to desert my wife dead or alive!" he declared stoutly.

"You needn't explain," said Bob.

George Pollock turned to him with sudden relief.

"Well, you know about such things. What am I to do?"

"There are only two courses that I can see," answered Bob, after reflection, "outside the one you're following now. You can give yourself up to the authorities and plead guilty. There's a chance that mitigating circumstances will influence the judge to give you a light sentence, and there's always the possibility of a pardon. When all the details are made known, there ought to be a good show for getting off easy."

"What's the other?" demanded Pollock, who had listened with the closest attention.

"The other is simply to go back home."

"They'd arrest me."

"Let them," said Bob. "Plead not guilty, and take your chances on the trial. Their evidence is circumstantial; you don't have to incriminate yourself. I doubt if a jury would agree on convicting you. Have you ever talked with anybody about—about that morning?"

"About me killing Plant?" supplied Pollock tranquilly. "No. A man don't ask about them things."

"Not even to Jim?"

"No. We just sort of took all that for granted."

"Well, that would be all right. Then if they're called on the stand, they can tell nothing. There are at least no witnesses to the deed itself."

"There's you—" suggested George.

Bob brought up short in his train of reasoning.

"But you won't testify agin me?"

"There's no reason why I should be called. Nobody even knows I was out of bed at that time. If my name happens to be mentioned—which isn't at all likely—Auntie Belle or a dozen others will volunteer that I was in bed, like the rest of the town. There's no earthly reason to connect me with it."

"But if you are called?" persisted the mountaineer.

"Then I'll have to tell the truth, of course," said Bob soberly. "It'll be under oath, you know."

Pollock looked at him strangely askance.

"I didn't much look to hear you talk that-a-way," said he.

"George," said Bob. "This will take money. Have you any?"

"I've some," replied the mountaineer sulkily.

"How much?"

"A hundred dollars or so."

"Not enough, by a long patch. You must let me help you on this."

"I don't need no help," said Pollock.

"You let me help you once before," Bob reminded him gently, "if it was only to hold a horse."

"By God, that's right!" burst out George Pollock. "And I'm a fool! If they call you on the stand, don't you lie under oath for me! I don't believe you'd do it for yourself, and that's what I'm going to do for myself. I reckon I'll just plead guilty!"

"Don't be in a hurry," Bob warned him. "It isn't a matter to go off half-cock on. Any man would have done what you did. I'd have done it myself. That's why I stood by you. I'm not sure you aren't right to take advantage of what the law can do for you. Plenty do just that with only the object of acquiring other people's dollars. I don't say it's right in theory; but in this case it may be eternally right in practice. Go slow on deciding."

"You're sure a good friend, Bobby," said Pollock simply.

"Whatever you decide, don't even mention my name to anyone," warned Bob. "You'll want a real good lawyer. I'll find out about that. And the money—how'll we fix it?"

George thought for a moment.

"Fix it with Jack," said he at length. "He'll stay put. Tell him not to tell his own father. He won't. He's reliable."

"Sure?"

"Well, I'm risking my neck on it."

"I'll simply tell him the name of the lawyer," decided Bob, "and get him actual cash."

"I'll pay that back—the other I can't," said Pollock with sudden feeling. "Here, have a cup of coffee."

Bob swallowed the hot coffee gratefully. Without speaking further, Pollock arose and led the way. When finally they had reached the open forest above the camp, the mountaineer squeezed Bob's fingers hard.

"Good-by," said the younger man in a guarded voice. "I won't see you again. Remember, even at best, it's a long wait in jail. Think it over before you decide!"

"I'm in jail here," replied Pollock.

Bob walked thoughtfully to camp. He found a fire burning and Elliott afoot.

"Thank God, you're here!" cried that young man. "I was getting scared for you. What's up?"

"You are and I am," replied Bob. "Couldn't sleep, so I went for a walk."

Bob kicked off his boots, and without further disrobing, rolled himself in his gray blanket. As he was dropping asleep two phrases flashed across his brain. They were "compounding a felony," and "accessory after the fact."

"Don't feel much like a criminal either," murmured Bob to himself; and after a moment, "Poor devil!"

XII

TWO days later, from the vantage of the rock designated by California John, Elliott reported the agreed signal for their recall. Accordingly they packed together their belongings and returned to headquarters.

"We're getting short-handed and several things have come up," said Thorne. "I have work for both of you."

Having despatched Elliott, Thorne turned to Bob.

"Orde," said he, "I'm going to try you out on a very delicate matter. At the north end lives an old fellow named Samuels. He and his family are living on a place inside the national forests. He took it up years ago, mainly for the timber, but he's one of these hard-headed old coons that's 'agin the government' on general principles. He never proved up, and when his attention was called to the fact, he refused to do anything. No reason why not, except that 'he'd always lived there and always would.' You know the kind."

"Ought to—put in two years in the Michigan woods," said Bob.

"Well, as a matter of fact, he gave up the claim to all intents and purposes, but now that the yellow pine people are cutting up toward him, he's suddenly come to the notion that the place is worth while. So he's patched up his cabin and moved in his whole family. We've got to get a relinquishment out of him."

"If he has no right there, why not put him off?" asked Bob.

"Well, in the first place, this Samuels is a hard old citizen with a shotgun; in the second place, he has some shadow of right on which he could make a fight; in the third place, the coun[illegible] doesn't care

much for us anyway, and we want to minimize opposition."

"I see," said Bob.

"You'll have to go up and look the ground over, that's all. Do what you think best. Here are all the papers in the matter. You can look them over at your leisure."

Bob tucked the bundle of papers in his *cantinas*, or pommel bags, and left the office. Amy was rattling the stove in her open air kitchen, shaking down the ashes preparatory to the fire. Bob stopped to look across at her trim full figure in its starched blue, immaculate as always.

"Hullo, colonel!" he called. "How are the legions of darkness and ignorance standing the cannonading these days? Funny paper, any new jokes?"

This last was in reference to Amy's habit of reading the *Congressional Record* in search of speeches or legislation affecting the forests. Bob stoutly maintained, and nobody but Amy disputed him, that she was the only living woman, in or out of captivity, known to read that series of documents.

Amy stood upright, and thrust back her hair.

"Please don't," said she. "I don't feel like joking to-day. I've heard some news that made me feel sorry. Ware came up with the mail a little while ago and he tells us that George Pollock has suddenly reappeared and is living down at his own place."

"They've arrested him!" cried Bob.

"Not yet, but they will. The sheriff has been notified. Of course his friends warned him in time; but he won't go. Says he intends to stay."

"Then he'll go to jail."

"And to prison. What chance has a poor fellow like that without money or influence? All he has is his denial."

"Then he denies?" asked Bob eagerly.

"Says he knows nothing about Plant's killing. His wife died that same morning. and he went away because he could not stand it. That's his story, but the evidence is strong against him, poor fellow."

"Do you believe him?" asked Bob.

"No. I believe he killed Plant, and I believe he did right! Plant killed his wife and child and took away all his property. That's what it amounted to. And if he has friends worth the name they'll establish an alibi, they'll invent a murderer for Plant, they'll do anything for a man as persecuted and hunted as poor George Pollock!"

"Heavens!" returned Bob, genuinely aghast at this wholesale program. "What would become of morals and honor and law and all the rest of it, if that sort of thing obtained?"

"Law?" Amy caught him up. "Law? No man lives capable of mastering it so completely that another man cannot find flaws in his best efforts."

"But how about ordinary morals? You can't surely permit a man to lie in a court of justice just because he thinks his friend's cause is just!"

"I don't know anything about it," sighed Amy, as though weary all at once, "except that it isn't right. The law should be a great and wise judge, humane and sympathetic. George Pollock should be able to go to that judge and say, 'I killed Plant, because he had done me an injury for which the perpetrator should suffer death. He was permitted to do this because of the deficiency of the law.' And he should be able to say it in all confidence that he would be given justice, eternal justice, and not a thing so warped by obscure and forgotten precedents that it fits nothing but some lawyer's warped notion of logic!"

"Whew!" whistled Bob. "What a lady of theory and erudition it is!"

"I'm glad you happened along," said Amy. "I feel better. Now I believe I'll be able to do something with my biscuits."

"I could do justice to some of them," remarked Bob, "and it would be the real thing without any precedents in that line whatever."

"Come around later and you'll have the chance," invited Amy, again addressing herself to the stove.

Bob took the trail to his own camp. Here he found Jack Pollock poring over an old illustrated paper.

"Hullo, Jack," he called cheerfully. "Not out on duty, eh?"

"I come in," said Jack, rising to his feet and folding the old paper carefully. He said nothing more, but stood eying his colleague gravely.

"You want something of me?" asked Bob.

"No," denied Jack. "I don't know nothing I want of you. But I was told to come and get a piece of paper and maybe some money that a stranger was goin'

to leave by our chimbley. It ain't there. You ain't seen it, by any chance?"

"It may have got shoved among some of my things by mistake," replied Bob gravely. "I haven't had a chance to look. I'm just in from the basin." At these last words he looked at Jack keenly, but that young man's expression remained inscrutable. "I'll look when I get back," he continued after a moment. "Just now I've got to ride over to the mill to see Mr. Welton."

Jack nodded gravely.

"If you find them, leave them by the chimbley," said he. "I'm going to headquarters."

Bob rode to the mill. By the exercise of some diplomacy he brought the conversation to good lawyers without arousing Welton's suspicions that he could have any personal interest in the matter.

"Erbe's head and shoulders above the rest," said Welton. "He has half the business. He's for Baker's interests and our own, and he's shrewd. Maybe you'll get into trouble yourself some day, Bob. Better send for him. He's the greatest criminal lawyer in the business."

From Poole, Bob easily obtained currency for his personal check of two hundred dollars. He wrote Erbe's name and address in a disguised hand on a piece of rough brown paper. This he wrapped around the money, which he deposited by the alarm-clock on the rough log mantelpiece of his cabin. The place was empty. When he had returned from his invited supper with the Thornes, the package had disappeared. Next morning he started out on his errand to the north end.

XIII

AT noon of the second day of a journey that led him up the winding watered valleys of the lower ranges, Bob rode down a long, wide slope to a dusty road and into the little town of Durham. Tying his saddle-horse to the rail and leaving the pack-animal to its own devices, he pushed into the first store and asked directions of the proprietor. The man, a type of the transplanted Yankee, coolly surveyed his questioner from head to foot before answering.

"I see you're a ranger," he remarked dryly. "Well, I wouldn't go to Samuels's if I were you. He's give it out that he'll kill the next ranger that sets foot on his place."

"I've heard that sort of talk before," replied Bob impatiently.

"Samuels means what he says," stated the storekeeper. "He drove off the last of you fellows with a shotgun—and he went, too."

"You haven't told me how to get there," Bob pointed out.

"All you have to do is to turn to the right at the white church and follow your nose," replied the man curtly.

"How far is it?"

"About four mile."

"Thank you," said Bob, and started out.

"Say, you!" called the storekeeper.

Bob stopped.

"You might be in better business than to turn a poor man out of his house and home."

Bob did not wait to hear the rest. As he untied his saddle-horse, a man brushed by him with what was evidently intentional rudeness, for he actually jostled Bob's shoulder. The man jerked loose the tie rein of his own mount, leaped to the saddle, and clattered away. Bob noticed that he turned to the right at the white church.

The four-mile ride, Bob discovered, was almost straight up. At the end of it he found himself well-elevated about the valley, and once more in the sugar-pine belt. The road wound among great trees. Bob met nobody, but he saw in the dust fresh tracks which he shrewdly surmised to be those of the man who had jostled him. Samuels had his warning. The mountaineer would be ready. Discerning an opening in the forest, he dismounted. Here was the homestead claim of which he was in search.

The improvements consisted of a small log cabin with a stone and mud chimney; a log stable slightly larger in size; a rickety fence made partly of riven pickets, partly of split rails, but long since weathered and rotted; and what had been a tiny orchard of a score of apple-trees around which weeds and grasses grew, rank and matted. Tin cans and rusty baling wire strewed the backyard; an ill-cared-for wagon stood squarely in front; broken panes of glass in the windows had been replaced by an old straw hat and the dirty remains of overalls. The supports of the little veranda roof sagged crazily. The "homestead" was a mere hovel, the cultivation a patch; but the forest, become valuable for lumber where long it had been considered available only for shakes, furnished the real motive for

this desperate attempt to rehabilitate old and lapsed rights.

The place was populous enough, for all its squalor. A half-dozen small children, scantily clothed, swarmed amongst the tin cans; chickens scratched everywhere. In a wooden chair on the veranda sat an old man whom Bob guessed to be Samuels. He sat bolt upright, facing the front, his knees spread apart, his feet planted solidly. A patriarchal beard swept his great chest; thick, white hair crowned his head; bushy white brows, like thatch, overshadowed his eyes. Even at the distance, Bob could imagine the deep-set, flashing, vigorous eyes of the old man. Across his knees rested a shotgun.

As Bob watched, a tall youth sauntered around the corner of the cabin, accompanied by the individual Bob had seen in Durham. The two spoke to the old man, then sauntered off toward the barn.

Bob untied his horse, and leading that animal approached the cabin afoot. The old man arose and came squarely and uncompromisingly to meet him. The two encountered perhaps fifty yards from the cabin door. The old man's eyes were flashing fire and his great chest rose and fell rapidly. He held his weapon across the hollow of his left arm, but the muscles of his right hand were white with the power of his grip.

"Get out of here!" he fairly panted at Bob. "I warned you fellows!"

Bob replied calmly.

"I came in to see if I could get to stay for supper and to feed my horse."

At this the old man exploded in a violent rage. He ordered Bob off the place instantly and menaced him with his shotgun. Had Bob been mounted, Samuels would probably have shot him; but the mere position of a horseman afoot conveys an impression of defenselessness which it is difficult to overcome. He is, as it were, anchored to the spot, and at the other man's mercy. Samuels raged, but he did not shoot.

At the sounds of altercation, however, the whole hive swarmed. The numerous children scuttled for cover, but immediately peered forth again. Two women thrust their heads from the doorway. From the direction of the stable the younger men came running. One of
in his hand.

During all this t

had stood perfectly still, saying no word. Provided he did nothing to invite it, he was now safe from personal violence. To be sure it required but a very slight mistake to invite it. Bob waited patiently.

He remembered, and was acting upon, a conversation he had once held with Ware. The talk had fallen on gun-fighting and Bob, as usual, was trying to draw Ware out. The latter was, also as usual, exceedingly reticent and disinclined to open up.

"What would you do if a man got your hands up?" chaffed Bob.

Ware turned on him quick as a flash.

"No man ever got my hands up!"

"No?" said Bob, hugely delighted at the success of his stratagem. "What do you do, then, when a man gets the cold drop on you?"

But now Ware saw the trap into which his feet were leading him, and drew back into his shell.

"Oh, shoot out, or bluff out," said he briefly.

"But look here, Ware," insisted Bob. "It's all very well to talk like that. But suppose a man actually has his gun down on you. How can you 'shoot out or bluff out'?"

Ware suddenly became serious.

"No man," said he, "can hold a gun on you for over ten seconds without his eyes flickering. It's too big a strain. He don't let go for mor'n about the hundredth part of a second. After that he has holt again for another ten seconds and will pull trigger if you bat an eyelash. *But if you take it when his eyes flicker, and are quick, you'll get him!*"

"What about the other way around?" asked Bob.

"I never pulled a gun unless I meant to shoot," said Ware grimly.

The practical philosophy of this Bob was now utilizing. If he had ridden up boldly, Samuels would probably have shot him from the saddle. Having gained the respite, Bob now awaited the inevitable momentary relaxing from this top pitch of excitement. It came.

"I have not the slightest intention of tacking up any notices or serving any papers," he said quietly, referring to the errand of the man whom Samuels had driven off at the point of his weapon. "I am traveling on business, and I asked for shelter and supper."

"No ranger sets foot on my premises," growled Samuels.

"Very well," said Bob, unpinning and pocketing his pine-tree badge. (*Oh, I'd have died rather than do that!" cried Amy when she heard. I'd have stuck to my guns!" "Heroic, but useless," replied her brother dryly.*) "I don't care whether the ranger is fed or not. But I'm a lot interested in me. I ask you as a man, not as an official."

"Your sort ain't welcome here, and if you ain't got sense enough to see it, you got to be shown!" the youngest man broke in roughly.

Bob turned to him calmly.

"I am not asking your sufferance," said he. "Nor would I eat where I am not welcome. I am asking Mr. Samuels to bid me welcome. If he will not do so, I will ride on." He turned to the old man again. "Do you mean to tell me that Mariposa is so far behind Madera in common hospitality? We've fed enough men at the Wolverine Company in our time."

Bob let fly this shaft at a venture. He knew how many passing mountaineers paused for a meal at the cook-house and surmised it probable that at least one of his three opponents might at some time have stopped there. This proved to be the case.

"Are you with the Wolverine Company?" demanded the man who had jostled him.

"I was for some years in charge of the woods."

"I've et there. You can stay to supper," said Samuels ungraciously.

He turned sharp on his heel and marched back to the cabin, leaving Bob to follow with his horse. The two younger men likewise went about their business. Bob unsaddled, led his animal into the dark stable, threw it some of the wild hay stacked therein, washed himself in the nearby creek, and took his station on the deserted veranda. The twilight fell. Some of the children ventured into sight, but remained utterly unmoved by the young man's tentative advances. Finally the youngest man showed his head from the doorway.

"Come to supper," said he surlily.

Bob ducked his head to enter a long, low room. Its walls were of the rough logs; its floor of hewn timbers; its ceiling of round beams on which had been thrown untrimmed slabs as a floor to the loft above. A board table stood in the center of this, flanked by homemade chairs and stools of all varieties of construction. The light from a single glass lamp cast its feeble illumination over coarse dishes steaming with food.

Bob bowed politely to the two women. Only the old man vouchsafed him the least attention.

"Set thar!" he growled, indicating a stool.

Bob found on the board that abundance and variety which always so much surprises the stranger to a Sierra mountaineer's cabin. Besides the usual bacon, beans and bread, there were dishes of canned string beans and corn, potatoes, boiled beef, tomatoes and pressed glass dishes of preserves. Coffee, hot as fire and strong as lye, came in thick china cups without handles.

The meal went forward in absolute silence, which Bob knew better than to interrupt. He followed his host to the veranda. There he silently offered him a cigar; the younger men had vanished.

Samuels took the cigar with a grunt of thanks, smelled it carefully, bit an inch off the end, and lit it. Bob also lit up.

For one hour and a half—two cigars apiece—the two sat side by side without uttering a syllable. The velvet dark drew close. The heavens sparkled as though frosted with light. Bob began to despair of his chance. Of his companion he could make out dimly only the white of his hair and beard, the glowing fire of his cigar. Inside the house the noises died away. A tree-toad chirped, loudest in all the world of stillness. Suddenly the old man scraped back his chair. Bob's heart leaped. Was his one chance escaping him? Then to his relief Samuels spoke. The long duel of silence was at an end.

XIV

"WHAT might your name be?" inquired Samuels.

"Orde."

"I heerd of you . . . . . what might you be doing up here?"

"I'm just riding through."

"Best thing any of you can do," commented the old man grimly.

"I wish you'd tell me now why you jumped on me so this evening," said Bob.

"If you don't know, you're a fool," growled Samuels.

"I've knocked around a good deal," persisted Bob, "and I've discovered that one

side always sounds good until you hear the other man's story. I've only heard one side of this one."

"And that's all you're like to hear," Samuels told him. "You don't get no evidence out of me against myself."

Bob laughed.

"You're mighty suspicious—and I don't know as I blame you. Bless your soul, what evidence do you suppose I could get from you in a case like this? You've already made it clear enough with that old blunderbuss of yours what you think of the merits of the case. I asked you out of personal interest. I know the government claims you don't own this place, and I was curious to know why you think you do. The government reasoning looks pretty conclusive to a man who doesn't know all the circumstances."

"Oh, it is, is it?" cried Samuels, stung to anger. "Well, what claim do you think the government has?"

But Bob was too wily to be put in the aggressive.

"I'm not thinking, I'm asking," said he. "They say you're holding this for the timber and never proved up."

"I took it up bony fidy," fairly shouted Samuels. "Do you think a man plants an orchard and such like on a timber claim. The timber is worth something, of course. Well, don't every man take up timber? What about that Wolverine Company of yours? What about the yellow pine people? What about everybody, everywhere? Ain't I got a right to it, same as everybody else?"

He leaned forward, pounding his knee. A querulous and sleepy voice spoke up from the interior of the cabin.

"O, pa, for heaven's sake don't holler so!"

"Ain't I got my rights, same as another man?" he continued, more reasonably. "Just because I left out some little piece of their cussed red-tape am I a-goin' to be turned out bag and baggage, child, kit, and kaboodle, while fifty big men steal, just plain steal, a thousand acres apiece and there ain't nothing said? Not if I know it!"

He talked on. Slowly Bob came to an understanding of the man's position. His argument, stripped of its verbiage and self-illusion, was simplicity itself. Th domain was for the people. Me therefrom what they needed. him, for fifty years, homestead taken up quite frankly for the sake of timber. The barest letter of the law had been complied with.

"I've seen a house, made out'n willow branches, and out'n coal-oil cans, called resident buildin's under the act," said Samuels, "and they was so lost in the woods that it needed a compass to find 'em."

He, Samuels, on the other hand, had actually planted an orchard and made improvements, and even lived on the place for a time. Then he had let the claim lapse, and only recently had decided to resume what he sincerely believed to be his rights in the matter.

Bob did not at any point suggest any of the counter arguments he might very well have used. He listened, leaning back against the rail, watching the moonlight drop log by log as the luminary rose above the veranda roof.

"And so there come along last week a ranger and started to tack up a sign bold as brass that read 'Property of the United States.' Property of hell!"

He ceased talking. Bob said nothing.

"Now you got it; what you think?" asked the old man at last.

"It's tough luck," said Bob. "There's more to be said for your side of the case than I had thought."

"There's a lot more goin' to be said yet," stated Samuels truculently.

"But I'm afraid when it comes right down to the law of it, they'll decide against your claim. The law reads pretty plain on how to go about it, and as I understand it, you never did prove up."

"My lawyer says if I hang on here, they never can get me out," said Samuels, "and I'm a-goin' to hang on."

"Well, of course that's for the courts to decide," agreed Bob, "and I don't claim to know much about law—nor want to."

"Me neither!" agreed the mountaineer fervently.

"But I've known of a dozen cases just like yours that went against the claimant. There was the Brown case in Idaho, for instance, that was exactly like yours. Brown had some money, and he fought it through up to the supreme court, but they decided against him."

"How was that?" asked Samuels.

Bob explained at length, dispassionately, ling even the color of argument, but ng strongly the parallel.

"Even if you could afford it, I'm almighty afraid you'd run up against exactly the same thing," Bob concluded, "and they'd certainly use the Brown case as a precedent."

"Well, I've got money!" said Samuels. "Don't you forget it. I don't have to live in a place like this. I've got a good, sawn-lumber house, painted, in Mariposa, and a garden of posies."

"I'd like to see it," said Bob.

"Some time you get to Mariposa, ask for me," invited Samuels.

"Well, I see how you feel. If I were in your fix, I'd probably fight it, too, but I'm morally certain they'd get you in the courts. And it is a tremendous expense for nothing."

"Well, they've got to git me off'n here, first," threatened Samuels.

Bob averted the impending anger with a soft chuckle.

"I wouldn't want the job!" said he. "But if they had the courts with them, they'd get you off. You can drive those rangers up a tree quick enough (*"You know that isn't so!" cried Amy at the subsequent recital*), but this is a federal matter, and they'll send troops against you, if necessary."

"My lawyer—" began Samuels.

"May be dead right, or he *may* enjoy a legal battle at the other man's expense," put in Bob. "The previous cases are all dead against him, and they're the only ammunition."

"It's a-gittin' cold," said Samuels, rising abruptly. "Let's git inside!"

Bob followed him to the main room of the cabin, where the mountaineer lit a tallow-candle stuck in the neck of a bottle.

"Oh, pa, come to bed!" called a sleepy voice, "and quit your palavering!"

"Shet up!" commanded Samuels, setting the candle in the middle of the table, and seating himself by it. "Ain't there no decisions the other way?"

"I'm no lawyer," Bob pointed out, dropping into a stool on the other side, so that the candle stood between them. "And my opinion is of no value, but I know all the leading cases, I *think*."

"So they can put me off, and leave all these other fellows, who are worse off than I be in keepin' up with what the law wants!" cried Samuels.

"I hope they'll begin action against every doubtful claim," said Bob soberly.

"It may be the law to take away my homestead, but it ain't justice," stated the old man.

Bob ventured his first aggressive movement.

"Did you ever read the homestead law?" he asked.

"Yes."

"Well, as you remember, that law states pretty plainly the purpose of the homestead act. It is to provide, out of the public lands, for any citizen not otherwise provided, with one hundred and sixty acres as a farm to cultivate or a homestead on which to live. When a man takes that land for any other purpose whatever, he commits an injustice; and when that land is recalled to the public domain, that injustice is righted, not another committed."

"Injustice!" challenged the old man, "against what?"

"Against the people," replied Bob firmly.

"I suppose these big lumber dealers need a home and a farm too!" sneered Samuels.

"Because they did wrong is no reason you should."

"Who dares say I done wrong?" demanded the mountaineer. "Look here! Why does the government pick on me and try to drive me off'n my little place where I'm living, and leave these other fellows be? What right or justice is there in that?"

"I don't know the ins and outs of it all," Bob reminded him. "As I said before, I'm no lawyer. But they've at least conformed with the forms of the law, as far as the government has any evidence. You have not. I imagine that's the reason your case has been selected first."

"To hell with a law that drives the poor man off his home and leaves the rich man on his ill-got spoils!" cried Samuels.

The note in this struck Bob's ear as something alien. "I wonder what that echoes from!" was his unspoken thought. Aloud he merely remarked:

"But you've said yourself you have money and a home in Mariposa."

"That may be," retorted Samuels, "but ain't I got as much right to the timber, I who have been in the country since '55, as the next man?"

"Why, of course you have, Mr. Samuels," agreed Bob heartily, "I'm with you there."

"Well?"

"But you've exercised your rights to timber claims already. You took up your timber claim in '89, and what wife and her brother and also took up timber c

understand it, this is an old homestead claim, antedating the others."

Samuels, rather taken aback, stared uncertainly. He had been lured from his vantage ground of force to that of argument; how, he scarcely knew. It had certainly been without his intention.

Bob, however, had no desire that the old man should again take his stand behind the impenetrable screen of threat and bluster from which he had been decoyed.

"If you wait for the law to put you off," he said, "you'll have no right to take up another homestead—your right will be destroyed. If you voluntarily relinquish this claim, your right to take up another homestead is still good."

At the mention of relinquishment the old mountaineer shied like a colt. Bob wrestled with the demons of selfishness, doubt, suspicion, pride, stubbornness, anger, acquisitiveness that swarmed in the old man's spirit, as Christian with Apollyon. At times, as he retraced once more and yet again ground already covered, his patience was overcome by a great weariness; almost the elemental obstinacy of the man wore him down. Then his very soul clamored within him with the desire to cut all this short, to cry out impatiently against the slow stupidity, or mulishness, or avariciousness, or whatever it was, that permitted the old man to agree to every one of the premises, but to balk finally at the conclusion. The night wore on. Bob realized that it was now or never; that he must take advantage of this receptive mood a combination of skill and luck had gained for him. The old man must be held to the point. The candle burned out. The room grew chill. Samuels threw an armful of pitch-pine on the smoldering logs of the fireplace. By its light the discussion went on.

At last, with many hesitations, the old man signed. The other two men, rubbing their eyes sleepily, put down their names as witnesses, and, shivering in the night chill, crawled back to rest without any very clear idea of what they had been called on to do. Bob leaned back in his chair, the precious document clasped tight. To his consciousness dully penetrated the sound of a rooster crowing.

"Don't see how you keep chickens," he found himself saying. "We can't. Coyotes 'ats get 'em. I wish you'd tell me."

te him sat old Samuels, his head forward, motionless as a graven image. Between them the new candle, brought for the signing of the relinquishment, flared and sputtered.

Bob stumbled to his feet.

"Good night," said he.

Samuels neither moved nor stirred. He might have been a figure such as used to be placed before the entrances of waxworks exhibitions, so still he sat, so fixed were his eyes, so pallid the texture of his weather-tanned flesh after the vigil.

Bob went out to the veranda. The chill air stirred his blood, set in motion the run-down machinery of his physical being. Over the pointed tops of the trees the sky had turned faintly gray. From the window streamed the candlelight. Bob stepped from the veranda. As he passed the window, he looked in. Samuels had risen to his feet, and stood rigid, his clenched fist on the table.

At the stable Bob spoke quietly to his animals, saddled them, led them to the edge of the wood and there mounted. When well within the trees he looked back. Samuels stood on the edge of the veranda peering out into the uncertain light of the dawn. Across the hollow of his left arm he carried his shotgun.

Bob spoke quietly to his horses and vanished in the depths of the forest.

XV

BOB delivered his relinquishment at headquarters, and received the news. George Pollock had been arrested for the murder of Plant and now lay in jail. Erbe, the White Oaks lawyer, had undertaken charge of his case. The evidence was as yet purely circumstantial. Erbe had naturally given out no intimation of what his defense would be.

Then, within a week, events began to stir in Mariposa. Samuels wrote a rather violent letter announcing his change of mind in regard to the relinquishment. To this a formal answer of regret was sent, together with an intimation that the matter was now irrevocable. Somebody sent a copy of the local paper containing a vituperative interview with the old mountaineer. This was followed by other copies in which other citizens contributed letters of expostulation and indignation. Tom Carroll, riding through Durham on business, was treated to ugly looks and uglier words. Ross

Fletcher, visiting the county-seat, escaped a physical encounter with belligerent members of an inflamed populace only by the exercise of the utmost coolness and good nature. Samuels moved further by petitioning to the proper authorities for the setting aside of the relinquishment and the reopening of the whole case, on the ground that his signature had been obtained "by coercion and under influence." A mass-meeting was called at which a number of speakers uttered inflammatory doctrines. It culminated in resolutions of protest against Thorne personally, against his rangers and his policy, alleging that one and all acted "arbitrarily, arrogantly, unjustly and oppressively in the abuse of their rights and duties." Finally, as a crowning absurdity, the grand jury at its annual session, overstepping in its zeal the limits of its powers, returned findings against "one Ashley Thorne and Robert Orde, in the pay of the United States Government, for arbitrary exceeding of their rights and authorities; for illegal interference with the rights of citizens; for oppression," and so on through a round dozen vague counts.

All this tumult astonished Thorne.

"I had no idea this Samuels case interested them quite so much up there, nor did I imagine it possible they would raise such a row over that old long-horn. I haven't been up in that country as much as I should have liked, but I did not suspect they were so hostile to the service."

"They always have been," commented California John.

"All this loud mouthing doesn't mean much," said Thorne, "though of course we'll have to undergo an investigation. Their charges don't mean anything. Old Samuels must be a good deal of a demagogue."

"He's got a good lawyer," stated California John briefly.

"Lawyer? Who?"

"Erbe of White Oaks."

Thorne stared at him puzzled.

"Erbe? Are you sure of that? Why the man is a big man; he's generally a cut or so above cases of this sort—with as little foundation for them. He's more in the line of fat fees. Here's two mountain cases he's undertaken."

"I never knew Johnny Erbe to refuse any sort of case he'd get paid for," observed California John.

"Well, he's certainly raising a dust up north," said Thorne. "Every paper all at once is full of the most incendiary stuff. I hate to send a ranger up there these days."

"I reckon the boys can take care of themselves!" put in Ross Fletcher.

California John turned to look at him.

"Sure thing, Ross," he drawled, "and a first-class row between a brutal ranger—who could take care of himself—and an inoffensive citizen would read fine in print."

"That's the idea," approved Thorne. "We can't afford a row right now. It would bring matters to a head."

"There's the Harris case, and the others," suggested Amy; "what are you going to do about them, now?"

"Carry them through according to my instructions, unless I get orders to the contrary," said Thorne. "It is the policy of the service throughout to clear up and settle these doubtful land cases. We must get such things decided. We can't stop because of a little localized popular clamor."

"Are there many such cases up in the Mariposa country?" asked Bob.

"Probably a dozen or so."

"Isn't it likely that those men have got behind Samuels in order to discourage action on their own cases?"

"I think there's no doubt of it," answered Thorne; "but the point is, they've been fighting tooth and nail from the start. We had felt out their strength from the first, and it developed nothing like this."

"That's where Erbe comes in," suggested Bob.

"Probably."

"It don't amount to nothin'," said California John. "In the first place it's only the 'nesters;'* the saloon crowd, who are after you for Austin's case, and the usual muck of old-timers and loafers who either think they own the country and ought to have a free hand in everything just as they're used to, or who are agin the government on general principles. I don't believe the people at Durham are behind this. I bet a vote would give us a majority right now."

"Well, the majority stays in the house, then," observed Ross Fletcher dryly. "I didn't observe none of them when I walked down the street."

"I believe with John," said Thorne. "This crowd makes an awful noise, bu

*"Nesters"—western term meaning squatters, small —generally illegally such.

doesn't mean much. The office cannot fail to uphold us. There's nobody of any influence or importance behind all this."

Nevertheless, so skilfully was the campaign conducted, pressure soon made itself felt from above. The usual memorials and largely-signed protests were drawn up and presented to the senators from California and the representatives of that and neighboring districts. Men in the employ of the saloon element rode actively in all directions obtaining signatures. A signature to anything that does not carry financial obligation is the easiest thing in the world to get. Hundreds who had no grievance and who listened with the facile indignation of the ignorant to the representations of these emissaries, subscribed their names as voters and constituents to a cause whose merits or demerits were quite uncomprehended by them. The members of Congress receiving these memorials immediately set themselves in motion. As Thorne could not officially reply to what had not as yet been officially urged, his hands were tied. A clamor that had at first been merely noisy and meaningless, began now to gain an effect.

Thorne confessed himself puzzled.

"If it isn't a case of a snowball growing bigger the farther it rolls, I can't account for it," said he. "This thing ought to have died down long ago. It's been fomented very skilfully. Such a campaign as this one against us takes both ability and money—more of either than I thought Samuels could possibly possess."

In the meantime, Erbe managed rapidly to tie up the legal aspects of the situation. The case, as it developed, proved to be open and shut against his client, but apparently unaffected by the certainty of this, he persisted in the interposition of all sorts of delays. Samuels continued to live undisturbed on his claim, which, as Thorne pointed out, had a bad moral effect on the community.

The issue soon took on a national aspect. It began to be commented on by outside newspapers. Publications close to the administration and thoroughly in sympathy with its forest policies, began gravely to doubt the advisability of pushing these debatable claims at present. Nevertheless the officials proceeded with their investigations. Bob had conducted his campaign so skilfully against Samuels that Thorne used him further in similar matters. Little by little, indeed, the young man was withdrawn from other work. He now spent many hours with Amy in the little office going over maps and files, over copies of documents and old records. When he had thoroughly mastered the ins and outs of a case, he departed with his pack-animal and saddle-horse to look the ground over in person.

Since the *eclat* of the Samuels case, he had little hope of obtaining relinquishments, nor did he greatly care to do so. A relinquishment saved trouble in the courts, but as far as avoiding adverse public notice went, the Samuels affair showed the absolute ineffectiveness of that method. But by going on the ground he was enabled to see, with his own eyes, just what sort of a claim was in question, the improvements that had been made on it, the value both to the claimant and the government. Through an interview he was able to gauge the claimant, to weigh his probable motives and the purity of both his original and present intentions. A number of cases thus he dropped, and that on no other than his own responsibility. Furthermore, and principally, he was always satisfied that the claimant had meant well and honestly throughout, and had lapsed through ignorance, bad advice, or merely that carelessness of the letter of the legal form so common among mountaineers. They had built their cabins by the nearest meadow that appealed to them; for, to all intents and purposes, the country was a virgin wilderness whose camping-sites were many and open to the first-comer. Only after their households had been long established as squatters did these pioneers awake to an imperfect understanding that further formality was required before these, their homes, could be legally their own. Such might be subject to eviction, but Bob in his recommendations gave them the benefit of the doubt and advised that full papers be issued.

[TO BE CONTINUED]

which have been the material accompaniments of the city's reconstruction during the past four years. And now that the city is fully two-thirds rebuilt, with all the business section as spick and span as new drums in a toy shop—the last word in modern business architecture—so new and gay and bright as to be really painful to the artistic adorers of the tumble-down and historic—with hotels enough to accommodate an average New York crowd and theaters enough to make everybody cheerful—now, the busy business minds have reverted to the Exposition project, and for six months past the ball of its progress has been steadily rolling.

In March last at a mass-meeting attended by ten thousand men who wrote checks and shouted at the same time, the sum of $4,089,000 was raised in about two hours. Since then subscriptions have piled up close to $7,000,000, with another half-million in sight—all for the big show project. Early in September, at a special session of the Legislature, action was taken authorizing an increase of state taxation for four years sufficient to raise $5,000,000, and also authorizing the city of San Francisco to issue bonds to the amount of $5,000,000. Both these money-raising movements will be voted on in November. There is little or no opposition, and the popular vote will undoubtedly endorse the action of the legislators. This means that California's delegation in Congress next December, in asking for government recognition of the Exposition project, will be able to say: "Here's a hustling coast state, backed by all the western states, that has raised a pot of $17,500,000, which it proposes to spend in helping the nation to celebrate a national project. It doesn't ask the nation to spend a cent, asks for no government appropriation—simply requests Uncle

Helping the Highwayman

By ADELAIDE SOULÉ

DRAWING BY M. J. SPERO

IT was well up on the California side of the Sierra. The host, a brown-faced, loose-jointed mountaineer, who wore overalls, a pistol and a stiff straw hat as respectively indicative of his varied occupations—Dan Hawkins, agriculturist, cowboy and hotel-keeper—sat on the lowest step of the veranda. A humorous smile twisted his mouth now and then, as he listened to the chatter of his guests, but his eyes were upon the road. Presently he rose and lounged over to the barn. A horseman had ridden into the upper end of the pass.

Dan met the rider behind the barn.

"Got your message this morning," he said. He put out a sudden arm as the dismounting man staggered and clutched at the saddle. "Ye ain't wounded, are ye?"

"No. Been in the saddle twenty-one hours."

"Horse seems fresher'n you do," observed Dan.

"Got him at Whelan's place this morning. Dan, I've got to have some sleep. Will you watch for an hour?" He dropped heavily in the shade of the barn. Dan flung the bridle over his arm and stood looking reflectively at the exhausted man.

"Ben rather expectin' ye ever sence I got news of the jail-break," he said. "Bud'd be likely to make for this pass."

The man on the ground nodded. "His folks still living down Pfacerville way?" he asked drowsily.

"Yep, the two boys are. The old woman died last winter. The boys was through here last week."

The man raised himself on his elbow. The tired eyes quickened with interest.

"Going which way?"

"Comin' back from Carson way, I guess." The two men exchanged meaning glances. Dan walked to the corner of the barn and peered at the idlers on the veranda. Then he came back and sat on the ground, close to the prostrate man's head.

"They cached some food down near the bridge," he said in a low tone. "I found it by accident. It was still there at five this mornin'."

"Then he hasn't got through," said the other, with keen satisfaction. "That was all I was afraid of. Didn't see how he could, coming cross country on foot, while I took the road, with change of horses. You never can tell, though."

"Guess ye didn't waste any time," grinned the hotel-keeper, as he scanned the dust-grimed face.

"Get out, Dan," muttered the other in the grip of sleep. "Keep an eye on the road an' the river."

"Lord, man," said Dan, scrambling to his feet, "don't ye s'pose Bud's jest as dead for sleep as ye are? He'll try to git through by the river-bed after dark—if he's here."

"He's here," said the other. "But he won't sleep—too hungry—" his voice trailed off and his head dropped to his arm. Dan sauntered down the road to the hotel.

It was near sunset. High on the rocky ridge, four thousand feet above the little mountain resort, sunlight still lingered; but at its base all was dusky shadow. Back of the house, a few scattered pines and a vegetable patch ran down to the river. Across the leaping, brawling water, another line of cliff curved to meet the opposite wall at each end of the little valley. In reality, there was room for road and river, both narrowed, to enter and leave the *cul-de-sac*.

"They re-captured two of them at the summit," said someone as Dan reached the veranda. "The other slipped through their fingers."

"I'm so disappointed," pouted a pretty girl in white, with an elaborate fishing-pole across her lap. "I just counted on their coming through here."

Dan took the pole and examined its complicated [illegible] with amused scorn.

"I wish he'd come."
"I'd help him

"The fish?" he said. "Expect 'em to come up and tap on your winder?"

The pretty girl laughed. Her innocent eyes showed her delight in Dan.

"The highwaymen, of course. I hoped they'd come this way."

"Oh, the Carson jail-breakers? Well, they ain't exactly seekin' polite society, ye know. What *they* want is fresh air an' exercise, an' there's plenty of room fer that on the Nevada side."

"But only a few passes to get through," persisted the girl, "and this one is easiest to reach."

"Goodness, I hope they'll not take this road," said a nervous guest. "Why, they might murder us."

"There's only one of them left," sighed Patty, resting a dimpled chin in a pink palm; "I wish he'd come. *I'd* help him to escape."

"Patty!" Mamma's tone was stern. Mamma's lifted brows, as she noted Dan's proximity, emphasized social distinctions. "These men are coarse, common convicts—murderers, perhaps."

"No, mamma, only highwaymen—just as romantic as can be. I'm certain they're young and handsome. Aren't they, Dan?"

"I ain't much of a judge of beauty," said Dan gravely. "Leastways, not of the masculine brand." He winked brazenly at Patty, and the girl gurgled her appreciation. He laid the pole down.

"Tell ye, a fish ought to be gratified that's caught with that piece of machinery. Get many to-day?"

"Not one. But I saw an awfully big trout down under the bridge."

Dan glanced at her with quickened interest.

"Ben fishin' near the bridge to-day?"

"Yes, all the afternoon. I thought maybe I'd see the highwaymen pass." She cast a look of naughty defiance at her mother.

Dan laughed. "Guess the fish saw ye. That white dress of yours'd show quite a distance if anybuddy was watchin'." He chuckled again and started toward the barn. The girl ran after him.

"Dan," she coaxed, "can't we have a big camp-fire down by the bridge to-night?"

"What fer?" He stopped to stare at her. She balanced on one foot and wooed him with laughing, half-shut eyes. "Oh, just for fun. We could sit on the bridge and sing songs, you know."

A slight smile crept around the corners of Dan's mouth. "All right," he said. "I'll have the wood carted down." The supper bell sounded and the girl ran back to the hotel.

The bonfire, piled high in the middle of the road, left barely room for the circle of guests, who, with rugs, cushions and wraps, gathered close around it. The cliffs and the few scattered pines in the talus seemed to close in behind the human circle, forming an impenetrable barrier to the river-threaded cañon beyond. Save by the river, there was no escape from the valley at this end. The mountain torrent ran fierce and deep in its narrow gorge, adding its roar to the crackling of the flames and the sough of the wind among the treetops. The fire flared high. Sometimes a long reach of the stream was illumined, again dark shadows lurked beneath the banks, or ran across until they merged in the middle. Under the bridge was complete darkness.

Someone began to play on a mandolin. Dan, unnoticed, lounged out of the circle of light. He stretched himself on the river-bank and peered across the water.

Oh, ho for bold Dick Turpin,
Who rides the road at night,
To take his toll from shaven poll,
Or rob some luckless wight.
Oh-ho, ho-ho, ho-ho!

The gay voices rang out to the strumming of banjos and the tinkle of the mandolin. Dan crouched closer to the ground. Something had dropped into the river with a slight splash. It might have been a falling pine-cone. It might have been a clod displaced by an unwary foot. Flat as a panther against the earth, he strained forward to watch. Something was moving on the farther bank of the stream, making its way with infinite care toward the bridge. Dan came slowly to his knees.

He'll take his purse, he'll take his coat,
He'll take his sword and knife.
He'll find his hidden money-bags,
And kiss his lady wife.
Oh-ho, ho-ho, ho-ho!

There was a burst of laughter, followed by a sudden upleap of flames. For an instant, the river was as bright as day. Dan jumped to his feet with a smothered cry. The next instant he whirled, pistol in hand. Someone had touched him on the shoulder.

The light flamed again and he saw Patty. His tense arm dropped.

"Dan," she whispered excitedly, "there's something moving over there—down by the water's edge."

"Nothin' there," said Dan distinctly. He caught the girl by the wrist and drew her hastily toward the fire. She resisted, looking back over her shoulder at the dark, swiftly-flowing stream.

"Dan, I did see something."

"A bobcat or a mountain lion. Don't scare the others."

"What's that?" shrieked Patty. She stopped, clutching his hand. Dan, too, listened, his head thrust forward, his grasp insistent upon Patty's arm. A sound had come from beneath the bridge. Then the mandolin trilled.

Oh, ho for the bold highwayman
Who rides so far and fast,
For all he knows that he must grace
The gallows-tree at last.
Oh-ho, ho-ho, ho-ho-o!

In the midst of the singing there was another sound—two of them, sharp, almost simultaneous, distinctly audible to Dan's trained ear. He looked at the girl to see if she had heard—understood. She clung to him.

"Listen," she gasped. "There *is* something—something splashing."

Dan stared fixedly at the dark gulf under the bridge.

"I don't hear it, Miss Patty," he said at last. "Mebbe it was that big trout of yours leapin' at a fly."

"Flies—at night!" said Patty incredulously.

"Sure. The light on the water sets 'em whirling."

"Dan," cried a voice from the circle around the camp-fire. "Can't we have more wood? The fire's nearly out."

"It's most midnight," suggested Dan. Cries of consternation from the older folk drowned the pleas of the younger and slowly the merrymakers struggled back to the hotel.

"Do you think there was anything, Dan?" whispered Patty, tremulously excited.

"Not a thing," said Dan reassuringly. "Go to bed, little girl." He smiled almost tenderly as she passed into the house. Then he sat down on the porch to wait until the last idler should have disappeared. He noted that the light lingered in Patty's window.

"Sittin' up to see the highwaymen come ridin' by," chuckled Dan. "Miss Patty knows most as much about holdup men as she does about fish."

He watched until the light went out. Then he walked softly down to the bridge. He crossed it and from the other bank made his way over rocks and fallen trees through a stinging underbrush to the water's edge. He crouched behind a boulder and listened. There was no sound but the rush and roar of the river. At last he spoke.

"This is Dan Hawkins," he said. "Is anybuddy there?"

Still no sound but the tumult of water. Dan, behind the rock, lighted a lantern and turned a shaft of light into the blackness under the bridge. From the dark foam-flecked stream it traveled upward, over the litter of rocks and driftwood, wavered among the bridge beams, dropped again to the ground, and there stopped. It showed two motionless human forms.

On hands and knees, Dan crept toward them. At arm's length, he sat back on his heels, and turned the light on their faces. Neither stirred.

"The sheriff an' Bud," he muttered under his breath—"both"—he bent closer and a grin drove the horror from his face.

"If they ain't asleep," he chuckled—"in each other's arms, like two darned babes in the woods!"

He prodded the sheriff in the ribs and let the light play upon the upturned faces. It was the outlaw who first sprang convulsively into consciousness—to be thrown backward by the strap that bound him to the other man's body. His ironed hands clanked as they struck the ground and he turned look into the sheriff's scowling and sullen.

Dan, his lantern held high, looked from one to the other.

"Well, here ye are," he said impersonally.

"Yes," said the sheriff, letting the revolver fall to his knee, "I thought Bud would try to get through as soon as it was dark, and I just naturally slid down here and watched for him."

"Watched," sneered the outlaw. "You was fast asleep. I'd a got past, if some damned woman up in the road there hadn't yelled out an' waked you."

"Well," said the sheriff pacifically, "I got you, anyway, Buddy."

"Thanks to her! I wish I had a knife in her!"

The two men looked in silence at the desperado. When Dan spoke, it was to the sheriff.

"What ye goin' to do?"

"The posse'll be along toward morning. Then we'll have a bite and start for Carson before your guests are up."

"Better come up to the barn an' snooze a bit, hadn't ye?" suggested Dan. He looked at the two haggard, sleep-starved men, and they glanced at one another, all else merged in mutual longing for sleep.

"It's pretty good here," yawned the sheriff, "and Bud has a bullet in his ankle. Guess he don't want to walk any more."

The outlaw swore and rolled the length of his tether. His head fell upon his manacled arms. The sheriff lay down beside him with an arm across his shoulders. In a moment both slept.

Dan met Patty on the bridge next morning, her fish-pole on her shoulder.

"There have been horsemen here," she said, pointing to the scattered embers of the camp-fire.

"Cattlemen," said Dan, innocent-eyed, "huntin' fer a stray. Prob'bly you heard 'em."

She shook her head. "I wonder if the highwayman escaped. Oh, I hope he did."

"Goin' to have a try fer the big trout?" asked Dan. She followed him to the rail and sent the line over her head in a long spiral, as Dan had taught her. The fly dropped far upstream and bobbed toward the cool dusk under the bridge. Suddenly the line tautened. The girl gave an exultant cry and jerked the pole. There was a flash of silver in the pale sunlight, then with a mighty wrench of his shining body the great trout freed himself and dropped back into the river.

"Well, the hardened old sinner," gasped Dan. "I've seen him many a time, but I never knew him to take the fly before. You can boast of that, Miss Patty."

"But I lost him," she wailed. "Oh, why did I let him escape?"

She hung, disconsolate, over the rail, looking down into the rushing, foaming stream. Dan gazed at her curiously.

"Yet you wanted the holdup man to escape."

"Oh—that was romantic. There's nothing romantic about that old trout."

"He's a sight better character than Bud Dempsey," said Dan, "an' a sight better lookin', too."

She turned, interested. "Wasn't the highwayman handsome?"

"Well, no," said Dan reflectively, "not the last time I seen him, he wasn't."

Her face showed disappointment. She let hand and fish-pole droop over the bridge rail until the line floated far downstream. "Anyway," she said, after a pause, "I wanted him to get away. It was so terrible to think of a human being over there against the cliff, hungry, hunted, in fear of his life. That was why I wanted the camp-fire—to make things more cheerful—to let him see how to get away, if he was there. I thought it might help, in some way."

"It helped," said Dan.

Night

By Ruby Baughman

The shadows lengthening slowly from the pines
    Encloak the camp in deep, gray gloom; the stream,
Dark-hidden, silent flows; the dusky lines
    Of distant hilltops show one star's soft gleam.
The red coals glowing on the camp-fire's crest
    Beneath their coverlet of ashes creep;
From noise and glare of day the mountains rest,
    And in the soul of silence fall asleep.

"I am going to set my cap for him," said Rose

An Intrigue in Economics

By FLORENCE H. HARKINS

DRAWINGS BY J. A. CAHILL

"TRAY, please!" "Fruit, please!" The monotonous request, half a command, fell on Thorne's ears with a rasping irritation that was new to him. Three days he had heard it. He ought to be used to it! Was there a change in the tone, or what was the matter that it rasped him so?

"Fruit, please!" It was a voice at his elbow this time and he turned to look at the girl. He didn't often look at girls. They had little attraction for him even in his leisure, and when, as now, he was harassed with work and anxiety, they were little more than an obstruction in the landscape.

She was bareheaded, although her position at the cutting trays brought her almost to the limit of shade cast by the giant live-oak which roofed the workers. A laurel aided her somewhat on the other side, but through the interstices of overlapping branches fierce rays of yellow heat poured down upon her. Her arms were bare to the elbows. The brown gingham apron which enveloped her was fast becoming a smear of golden pulp. She was at the instant opening an enormous apricot, so ripe, its mass was shapeless and fiberless. As the keen knife cut through the skin, drops of liquid jelly splashed her face. She wiped them swiftly, and with the same hand laid the ragged halves on the white wood in front of her. A deft little pat restored them to some semblance of shape. The other hand at the same instant seized another of equal dimensions and overripeness, to repeat the process. How fast she worked! Two—three—five—she must have done [illegible] little more than as many secor[illegible] looked like apricots! He glar[illegible] trays beyond her; they w[illegible] an inch-deep jam!

The fruit was overripe, that was sure, but how could he help it! He had urged up the pickers and worked himself, until there were nearly a hundred boxes ahead, stacked in the blistering sun, the juice oozing out in syrupy streams that enticed the honey-bees. Then, too, the sulphur-houses were full. Two loaded cars stood dripping on the track, awaiting their turn.

What better could he do? Who could have foreseen that the weather would grow so hot and the fruit ripen so fast? He looked back at the girl, his eyes traveling from her hands up to her face. Her lips were parted and puckered with displeasure. There was a frown of disgust between her brows. Her cheeks were very rosy. Her whole attitude expressed repugnance, so poignant, it struck him as a personal affront. If she didn't like the work, what was she there for? She had come of her own accord. Nobody had asked her. She could get her pay and leave any minute. Yet he was conscious of regret at the thought of her leaving, and of a knowledge hidden away somewhere in his cranial recesses, that he had known she was there all the time and gotten some sort of assurance out of it. It must be because she worked differently from the others. She *did* work differently! Although she had that ugly twist in her forehead, she worked as though she meant it, as though she intended to earn her money. *That* was what was rasping him—the others didn't earn their money—they didn't intend to! It was clear to him in a flash, why he was growing hourly more and more uneasy and irritated. He looked down the vista of cutters. Half, at least, were idling, "joshing," flirting with the tray boys! Four, even five, pretending to work at a single tray, when he had expressly stated there should be but two! A dozen trays standing idle, or supporting only empty boxes. Anger rose and surged in him, because of his helplessness. What could he say to a pack of girls! He couldn't tell them they weren't earning their salt, and were making his fruit cost more than it would come to! That it was wasting because of their worthlessness! Davis, across the road, with an equal crop, had just told him he was keeping ahead of his fruit and getting it out in prime condition. He wished he had stopped and talked longer with his neighbor. He might have learned something. He didn't admit, even to himself, that it was his sensitiveness to exposing his ignorance that had restrained him. Only that morning he had heard one of the pickers allude to him as a "tenderfoot" that didn't know "cots from punkins," and couldn't "run a hen-coop!" He mopped the trickles from his forehead, and turned to go. The first step sent him stumbling, from which he barely recovered himself, over an empty box, set in his pathway by the frowning, rosy-cheeked girl.

"I hoped you'd do that," she said, with a quick flash of her eyes at him, in which was an expression he couldn't fathom.

"Why?" he asked, coloring scarlet.

"So you'd get me some cots. These won't last two minutes; I've called three times since you've been dreaming!"

"Why don't you get one of the boys?"

"They're as deaf as you are, with more excuse."

"How more excuse?"

"They're not losing anything when they dawdle!" Again there was that flashing glance, with its peculiar expression. What was it, pity or contempt, or a mixture of both? With a revulsion of his former emotion toward her, he lifted his hat, stepped over the box past her and out to his waiting team. A discord of screams, giggles and chatter followed him.

At eleven o'clock a tray boy sent to the orchard as a messenger climbed into his truck and told him the girls had quit and wanted to see him, "jolly quick, too."

When he returned, the trays were deserted and the hands portentously silent, except for the rattle of pans and knives, which they were washing as though in preparation for departure. No, the trays were not all deserted. The girl of his encounter still stood by hers, and the liquid discs still followed fast behind her flying fingers. One of the prettiest of the girls stepped forward, with an air of coquetry mingled with bravado, and remarked: "We sent for you, Mr. Thorne, to tell you we weren't going to work for one and a quarter a day any longer. The fruit's horrid nasty, and it isn't enough!" Another girl broke in with a laugh, "Fact is we've struck!"

"How much do you want?" he inquired.

"One fifty."

"Very well, I'll give you one fifty." He strode past them and past the girl at the tray, but she made no sign.

He felt a sudden impulse to speak to her before he made a decision. In that event he must temporize.

"If you will assemble here after lunch, half an hour from now, I'll tell you what I can do," he replied.

The girl who acted as spokesman said a few words to her comrades, who seemed to demur. There was a half-whispered colloquy, some agreeing, some refusing. She spoke again: "You see it's this way, Mr. Thorne: Mr. Hunter, down the road, has a big crop, too, and if we go there we'll have to start right away."

"Does he pay any more than I do?"

"No, but it's a pleasanter place to work."

"In what way is it pleasanter?"

There was a confused murmuring among them, and half-suppressed laughter, then, "We like it better, that's all."

"Of course you know you have me at your mercy," he said with heat. "You know I must have help or lose my crop. I'll pay the one seventy-five rate for this afternoon, and at six we'll talk it over again."

The girls dispersed for lunch, although there were some contemptuous faces among them. The rosy-cheeked girl had disappeared, and after looking vainly for her a moment, he turned toward the house, with a cowardly depression making its stealthy way to his nerve-centers. When he entered, there sat the girl at his own dinner-table. Her lunch-basket stood open in front of her and she was evidently dining from its contents. His old housekeeper tiptoed back and forth, nervous and flustered at the uninvited guest. For a moment he, too, was embarrassed, and imagined her so, but she promptly undeceived him. She rose, and making a graceful half-mocking courtesy, invited him to be seated.

"It's so much pleasanter here than out there," she vouchsafed. "I've been trying to talk to your mother, but we don't get on very well."

"My aunt," he corrected. "She's very deaf, or I would introduce you, Miss—"

"Greenfields," she supplied.

"It's very kind of you, Miss Greenfields, you honor us."

"Nonsense! It's a wonder you don't put me out!"

"Guests are too rare with us for any breach of hospitality."

"O yes, people don't visit much in cot time—everybody's busy. Then you know you haven't been here long."

"Four weeks to-morrow."

"Not long enough to get acquainted with your ranch, let alone the neighbors."

"I was acquainted with my ranch before I came, through the friend who bought it for me, but you can't get acquainted with people that way."

"I should think not!"

She gave him a long, level stare that disconcerted him somewhat, yet there was no rudeness in it. It was as though she were studying him intently and trying to decide what was best to do with him. He had seen the county entomologist studying some scale on a prune twig with that same absorbed expression, a few days before.

"Why did you come here—from New Hampshire, wasn't it?" she inquired as calmly as she might have propounded the same query to the before-mentioned insect.

He had known, or thought he knew, why he came, but at that moment he couldn't tell for the life of him. She accepted his silence with the utmost composure.

"I suppose you came for climate and because you'd been driven silly with tales of California's wonderful Santa Clara valley!"

Although her tone was scornful, there was a challenge in her eyes. It was as though she dared him to say it was not wonderful.

"It's the finest country I ever saw!" he hastened. He was so evidently sincere that her eyes smiled and withdrew.

"It is all they say, when you know how to apply it; I was born here, so of course I know. Still it's possible to learn—for some people. I came in to-day to see if I could help you a little. You need help the Lord knows, unless you're made of money. If not, you're bankrupting yourself, and there doesn't seem to be anybody by to hinder."

He was not accustomed to being admonished with such freedom or to hearing young ladies mention the Lord in such offhand fashion. Undoubtedly the Lord did know what a fix he was in, but it was distasteful to be reminded of it.

"I certainly am not made of money—or brains either," he added with ill-concealed warmth, "but I feel that I have already cut a few of my wisdom-teeth."

"The milk-teeth always come first," she observed—he ignored the inference.

"I am aware that I am bankrupting myself, but I don't know how to help it.

If you can tell me, I'll try to make it worth your while."

There was such a scornful flash in her eyes at this that he hastened to add, "You'll have my everlasting gratitude as well." What was she working there for, if she didn't want money, and wanting it, what, in the name of all that was reasonable, was the crime in making her assistance a commercial transaction?

She read his thought, and there was a swift, but quickly suppressed, dimpling of the cheek next him.

"I'm working for my College Society—we want some new furnishings."

"O I didn't—I hope you—" He retreated bunglingly, and she watched him out of the corner of her eye.

"I'm not accustomed to young ladies who work unless they have to," he said.

"That's just what's the matter with you," she offered calmly; "you treat your cutters as though they were working-girls, and they're not, in the sense you've been used to. They're nearly all ranchers' daughters, and not obliged to work. But don't misunderstand—they like to work, they're naturally independent! They want lots of things they haven't got, they'll not leave—you needn't be afraid—but you must treat them differently."

She drew herself up with a gesture of repugnance, as though the subject were obnoxious.

"We'll have to go to the beginning if I am to help you any. You began wrong—your picking is all wrong. Have you Japs mostly?"

"All but a few hands."

"One is Luke Woods, isn't it—a tall red-headed fellow?"

"I don't know; I never ask their names."

"You ought! You ought to know each separately, and let him know you know him. Do they work by the day or piece?"

"The day."

"Put them at piecework—so much a box; begin immediately after lunch. Separate your varieties, they're all helter-skelter except the Ambrose."

"I thought they were all the same, only big and little."

"No, there were big Moorparks all this morning, mixed in with little bits of Blenheims. Look at the trays! those big ‹ will be but half dry when the rest rattling! Even if they had been th kind the big ones should have been picked separately when there is such an awful disparity. Anybody ought to know that."

He accepted his rebuke in silence.

"The Japs will do twice the work by the piece, but they'll have to be watched or they'll get them too green. Put Luke to watch them and keep tally. Stack them in the shade—don't let them get so overheated—anybody should know that! You haven't enough sulphur-houses either. Father has some paper ones that will do; come over this evening and get three or four —we don't need them till the Muirs begin. We live in that green bungalow beyond the eucalyptus grove."

He murmured thanks to which she paid no heed.

"Did you promise the girls what they asked?"

"Only for this afternoon."

"Good! Put them at piecework tomorrow too; send away the tray boys and get Japs, so there'll be no partiality. Get some that can't talk much English. I'll bring over a bunch of checks in the morning—they were left from ours last year—we sold green this—and a punch too. Let me oversee it and set the prices."

She meditated a moment. "Seven cents is all you ought to pay for the biggest, eight for the next, or eight and a half—you'll have to pay more for the very mushy ones."

"The girls won't work at that!" he remonstrated. "Some don't cut a half-dozen boxes a day!"

"They'll cut more when they go to piecework."

"They'll quit and go to that place—what's his name—Hunter's—they threatened me after you left."

Her scornful dimples deepened. "They won't leave here, he doesn't want them—he's got enough help. Besides he pays half a cent less than I've mentioned."

He looked at her in growing amaze. What was there she didn't know?

"I think that's about all." She rose but didn't go. The pink in her cheeks deepened to scarlet, and surged up to her hair. Thorne found himself thinking how exquisite the brown tendrils looked about her ear, against that tinted background. She was distinctly and unaccountably embarrassed. He enjoyed the spectacle. It made human. It made her captivatingly

Something rose and gripped him

emotionally. Then she faced him squarely, with a round-eyed, full-lipped indignation.

"You're too ignorant to be so independent—so indifferent—so helpless! You can't—you musn't—go about with that superior, high-and-mighty, seeing-nothing air you have! You must be one of us—not on the outside! You must laugh and joke and watch at the same time; you must be attentive—you must make them want to please you! They'll work hard by the piece—they want the money—but they won't do good work—they don't like you! Don't you see how ragged the fruit is—how it tips always? The juice is all spilled out—the trays are a nasty, sticky muss! You're losing weight—it all helps to make slabs—they won't sell! You have such a magnificent crop—such a splendid chance—it ought to clear hundreds an acre—you won't have so good next year—it's just being thrown away! They think you've got heaps of money—you act that way—and are just amusing yourself, and it doesn't matter! O why isn't your wife here! It takes a woman to manage such things! If she were here, and jolly and pleasant among the girls—" Suddenly she sat down and laughed.

"I came near being in a temper with you, didn't I?" She continued, "I guess I've got too much of dad's New England blood in me to keep my temper when I see things being wasted or anybody cinched! But why in the world didn't you have your wife here through the fruit season, at least? Where is she—back in New Hampshire? Do you suppose she'd mind—" here she tilted her head sidewise, in an abrupt change to the most charming coquetry—"would she mind, do you think, if you paid a little attention to the girls—jollied and noticed them a little? I mean for eight or ten days till the rush is over. I don't know how you look at such things back East—here we don't mind! The girls would catch on—they know you're married, but they'd join in the fun and like you better, and do better work."

Something in the gaze with which he regarded her, and of which he was entirely unconscious, brought her head erect with a *hauteur* that was like a slap in the face. He drew back, instinctively.

"You will understand it is merely a commercial transaction." The delicate irony was lost on him. "You need work done, the best kind you can get; the girls will all understand—they will know it is merely the semblance of attention you show them. If it were real, they would scorn you. They are young, full of fun and life. Help it along! It will be mutually profitable." She rose to go with the dignity of an empress. He detained her.

"We seem to be at cross purposes, Miss Greenfields. I shall have to decline your offer of a wife back in New Hampshire. No young lady has ever looked with covetous eyes on me, that I am aware. If she had, I wouldn't have left her even for the famous Santa Clara valley."

At the close of this somewhat stilted speech, there was neither coquetry nor hauteur in her face, nor embarrassment, only disappointment.

"I'm so sorry," she said.

There was no getting around the fact that she meant it. It was not flattering.

"I don't see what difference it makes!" he remonstrated with renewed warmth.

"No, only I wouldn't have stormed your castle in this fashion, if it hadn't been for her. I wanted to help her. I thought she'd be so disappointed if you didn't make good."

"Very considerate! If you'd do so much for her, unasked, I fail to see why you shouldn't do a little for me, when I humble myself and beg for it!"

"Oh, I shan't back out," she returned. "It really simplifies matters. It's merely descending from poetry to prose—fiction to reality. I'll enlighten the girls at three o'clock this afternoon—with a proviso. You must be within ear-shot, but out of sight—I won't do it without."

"Enlighten them about what?" he inquired.

"You'll hear!"

"A regularly appointed eavesdropper?"

"Yes. Get behind that stack of white-wood trays at the corner of the shed, next the corral, and be there at five minutes of three, sharp. You can hear there, all right. I'll give you a peep to be sure you've come, before I begin."

Thorne spent a most uncomfortable two hours before his eavesdropping stunt came on. His emotions were not laudable. He dreaded going among his cutters again, as he would have dreaded a lot of sharp-shooters. What was the girl going to say to them that she was determined he should hear? It wouldn't take two minutes to

tell them of the change to piecework, and of the fact that he was a bachelor. This last seemed to cut a figure altogether out of proportion to its importance. The thought of it roiled him. He plunged back into the orchard to escape it. Here the men roiled him. The Japanese had accepted the change cheerfully, were undoubtedly pleased with it. But the others—three or four black fellows of some nationality he couldn't understand, except as they cursed in English—were ugly. There were angry looks, and angry words, but the red-headed Luke seemed to understand his business.

"What was the matter?" he asked when it was over.

"Nothin' much. They wanted to quit—said the cots might go to hell and be damned to you!"

"What did you tell them?"

"Nothin' much. Told 'em to quit and go to the devil! Said they'd duck you in the ditch to-night—told 'em to go ahead and I'd help." He grinned with such compelling confidence in himself that Thorne's anxiety, perforce, was lightened, and he went to his tryst with his mind at ease regarding that horn of the dilemma. He dreaded no ditch but that dug by his own ignorance or stupidity.

The fruit had poured in rapidly from the Japanese pickers. The boxes already outreached the tray-pile. Miss Greenfields tripped around them when she came to look for him at the appointed time. She gave him a smile, charming but mischievous, with a sort of defiance in it, that roused an answering spirit in him.

"I'll carry it out, no matter what she's planned," he determined. A moment later he heard her voice—how sweet and clear it was when she was a mind: "Oh, girls, I've got some news for you—the most delightful news!"

"What is it—oh, what is it—do tell—don't keep us in suspense—hurry up, Rose—we're dying to hear!" There was a discord of interrogation and exclamation.

"Rose!" Her name was "Rose!" How perfectly it suited her!

"Mr. Thorne is—is—"

"Is what? Do tell us! You're the r exasperating thing!"

"—Is not—married!"

If there had been confusion b was now chaos. No single sente intelligible to the eavesdropper's ears, and those ears, it must be confessed, burned as they had never burned before. Then the clear voice of Rose again.

"How do you suppose I can answer so many questions at once? How, and why, and where, and when, and everything else! I didn't tell you before because I didn't know it! He mentioned it this noon. I dropped in a minute and tried to talk with that deaf old lady, and he came while I was there. I told him it was too bad his wife wasn't here, to look after us girls and make us work better, and he said he hadn't any wife."

Again there was a chorus of exclamations.

"It's a shame the way we've treated him!" continued the clear voice. "We haven't half worked, and I don't believe he's rich—a bit! I think he's worried about the crop. It's all new to him, and he doesn't understand, and he isn't used to our ways. We ought to do our best—I'm going to turn over a new leaf!" Here her voice fell to a half-whisper, yet perfectly distinct to the listening ears, and vibrant with mischief. "Girls! he's worth while! I'm going to set my cap for him! I give you fair warning!"

There was another clamor, a Bedlam let loose, yet not Bedlamatic; it was laughter and shrieks and protestations, unintelligible, yet with no note of inharmony. It resolved itself into half-formed challenges as to "Who'd get ahead," and allusions to a "college boy," and a "co-ed?" There seemed to be much sympathy for the unnamed "college boy." It dawned on Thorne that the "co-ed" meant Rose, and the linking of her personality with another's was like a cold hand upon him; it subdued the flush her words had roused. He understood why she had insisted on his presence. She said it only because he was within hearing. That was to show him she meant nothing but to help him with the game, and the game was the profitable saving of his crop. A moment later her voice again compelled attention.

"By the way, to-morrow we begin piecework like Hunters, only this is better fruit, and half a cent more, and I'm to be 'forelady.'"

There were three or four seconds of as silence, then the chatter broke out He knew as well as though he had , that if the second statement had the first, that is if the change to

piecework had preceded the announcement of his bachelorhood, there would have been protest. Rose had planned it well. She knew them. But what made her do it? Oh, yes! it was for his wife—he had forgotten. He clenched his fist with the determination, suddenly born, that she should think of things for him, before she was through! She had declared her cap set for him! She should find she had caught him, and having caught—well, he'd take a hand himself then!

Half an hour later, he appeared among them with his camera. It was an inspiration; it paved the way for the cordial relationship he meant to establish. There was no lagging back among the girls. They met him half—three-quarters—way. He couldn't have hit upon a more seductive expedient. Rose smiled at him roguishly, yet with commendation. It was a beautiful picture when they were gathered to suit him, just outside the fringe of shade of the great live-oak. Twenty-seven laughing, coqueting, charming girls in their thin dresses, bare arms, and crowns of glinting, breeze-swept hair. Behind them on one side stretched the interminable rows of fruit-laden trees, and on the other the equally interminable rows of trays, turning their mass of fragrant fruit like liquid amber, to the sky. In this hour came his enlightenment. He saw them in different guise. He recognized his blunder. They were not "working-girls" like those to whom he had been accustomed; neither were they "ladies" of any species he knew. They were a type to themselves, separate and distinct; a type full-gazed, fearless, captivating.

After supper, when he drove over for the sulphur-houses, Rose met him in the driveway, sprang lightly into the truck, took the lines from his hands, and herself guided him to the dry-yard.

"I told them I had set my cap for you," she remarked; "I must be able to tell them what innings I have made."

"I am more competent to tell them," he asserted, but she pretended not to hear, and there was a bewitching shyness about her.

"We are going to get a prodigious amount of work done now; I'm going to bring you some more hands in the morning. I think we'll catch up with the cots to-morrow, then it will be easy to keep up, and you can soon spare some of the help. There's a change in the weather, too; it's going to be cooler—we won't make so many slabs."

"How did I get along this afternoon?" he inquired.

"Famously! Half of them are in love with you already!" She avoided looking at him, though he tried to make her.

"Why do they think Hunters a pleasanter place to work than mine?"

"They don't any more."

"Why did they?"

"Oh, there are several boys there—sons, I mean." His face expressed no comprehension. "Stupid! There's somebody—several somebodies—to josh with, and make love to them!"

"Is it necessary to a California girl always to have a flirtation on hand?"

Her eyes flashed. "Not a bit! You don't catch on! This is our vacation—our playtime! We're nearly all in school yet. We've got to have some fun after forty weeks' grind; if we can't get it one way, we take it another."

"Ah, I understand!"

"No, you don't! You never will!"

He made no defense—he was learning meekness. "Have you any further commands to lay upon me as to my conduct?"

She laughed; "Yes! Show special attention to Lena Selby. You know they raised your orchard and sold it to you before they'd had a decent crop. They feel sore. She's your main point of friction."

"No, I didn't know who sold it to me—I paid no attention. But I didn't force them to sell it! I gave enough for it, heaven knows!"

"Bah! What did the price you paid amount to? You ought to two-thirds clear it this season, and they grew it all for you to profit by!"

"Well, good Lord!" said Thorne, in exasperation; "tell me which one she is! If any attention I can offer can atone for such a crime—"

"She's the prettiest one of those three awfully pretty ones you sharpened knives for this afternoon."

"I didn't see any pretty ones but you," he protested helplessly.

"Oh, I thought you were improving! What's the use trying to help such a stupid fellow!" But there were deepening dimples and richer roses in her cheeks, as she sprang from the wagon and sped away in the fading sunshine.

There was no cause for complaint as to tardiness or idleness the next morning.

Half a dozen of the cutters were at their trays by six o'clock; all were busy before seven. Rose flew about re-arranging trestles, giving orders, and straightening out tangles, always with her punch dangling at her belt. The Jap boys were constantly on the run. There was energy and inspiration in the very atmosphere.

"Fruit, please!" "Tray, please!" Thorne found the sound no longer rasping. It was a lyric that sang sweetly in his ears, and she was the cause of it all! His eyes followed her so much he neglected his own work. Once when she brushed against him, she gave him one of her flashing glances with— "No dawdling here, if you please!"

It was a pleasure to work, with everything running in such clock-like precision, yet it inspired him with greater distrust of himself. He had made such a failure of the picking and cutting until she took him in hand, perhaps he was failing with the rest. He called her to him as he hurried a car to the sulphur-house.

"I want you to see if this is done right." She examined the emerging car an instant.

"Couldn't be better!" she said, and was gone like a flash, before he could feast his eyes on her. But he was reassured. That word expressed her. Whether she praised or blamed, she was reassuring.

He contrived many such encounters. He took his snubbings with outward composure, for the most part, gradually growing to inward delight. He questioned her judgment, and contradicted her, for the pleasure of keeping her with him, yet she was always gone before he was half through with her. She was a perfect will-o'-the-wisp! As day followed day, he seemed to get less and less time with her. If he snatched a couple of minutes, he must call her on some trumped up errand, or catch her as she ran with her can to the tank-faucet.

"I thought you'd set your cap for me," he reminded her once.

"I did—where are your eyes? It's my sunbonnet over there on the gong frame. But all the starch is out and it's awfully limp and dejected!" The teasing tone and defiant glance made his fingers itch to shake her. Many times he tried to hold her long enough to express his gratitude, but she wouldn't listen.

"Some day I'll make you listen!" he declared.

"Perhaps, when you've learned enough to know what an enormous lot you've got to thank me for!"

"I'm learning more and more all the time; I shall compass the whole some day."

"*Pas a pas on va bien loin!*" she mocked.

When he caught her again, he rebuked. "You mustn't think everybody's so fortunate as to go to college. I never did; I don't understand French."

"Oh, I beg your pardon!" An exquisite color flooded her cheeks. What a contradiction she was! So sensitive toward giving offense one minute, so indifferent the next! Or perhaps it all lay in their different conceptions.

"But I didn't learn French in the university—my mother is French."

"That accounts," he said.

"For what?"

"Your being so different from the rest."

"Are the others so much alike, you can differentiate?"

"Precisely! The others are all from the same tree—a fine indigenous stock, no doubt—while you—you are the single fruit of a rare, imported variety—"

"Nonsense!" she interrupted. There are two more half-French girls, and lots part Spanish and Portuguese. Those three sisters with red ribbon bows in their hair, are Italian descent. Two are Manx; Nell Jones is Welsh, and Norah Ryan's pure Irish. Oh, we're all sorts and kinds! You didn't imagine Californians were aborigines, or way-back Puritan stock, did you?"

Gradually he became convinced that she avoided him purposely, and set himself to find out the cause. Chance made it clear. He stood behind the tray-piles counting his reserve stock, when a conciliatory voice remarked: "Girls, it's a shame the way you tease Rose (evidently Rose was absent); you don't give her a minute's peace—do let up on it, can't you?"

"But the boss is so utterly gone on her, how can we help it!" laughed an answering voice. "She never used to mind teasing; it really looks as though—" the voice broke off abruptly; no doubt Rose had returned. Thorne slunk away with his ears burning. So that was the reason. It had not occurred to him that any amount of teasing could ruffle her.

One afternoon Rose's voice reached him in the orchard. She came up laughing and panting—her first appearance there.

"I want you to let the girls off at five; don't refuse, it's an awful tramp down here!"

"What for?" he inquired.

"So we'll have an extra hour to powder and pompadour for the wedding."

"What wedding?"

"Mame Richards'."

"That little, yellow-headed thing?"

"Yes, that little, yellow-headed thing!" she mimicked.

"You don't mean that she's been going to be married all this time, and worked here till the last night?"

"Why shouldn't she?"

"Why should she?"

"To help you, of course; didn't you need her?"

"Oh, certainly! Didn't she need the money?"

"Awfully! She's saving to get a piano player. She's only a 'soph' in the conservatory, and it isn't likely she'll go any more now."

"Oh!" he said again.

"Oh, oh," she mocked. That's a girl's exclamation; why don't you say Y, or Z, or and-so-forth?"

"I'd like to know," he inquired, "whether all my hands are heiresses, present or prospective."

"Sure! All heiresses to a jolly time and sense enough to take it." Then her mood changed. "Some of them really need money?" she said. "Two or three can't keep on with college, unless they get enough for the first semester. We all help them when we can without getting caught. You see they're too rushed to remember straight, and I can slip in an extra punch from the other girls, and they never suspect."

"I don't understand why I never heard of this wedding," he persisted, returning to the subject. "It's a wonder they didn't tease the life out of her!"

"Oh, no, it was the real thing! They never josh about that!"

"I wish they'd consider you and me the real thing," he said.

"I thought New Hampshire people were slow!" she scoffed.

"Sometimes they're fast, Rose, fast hand and foot."

"Rose, indeed!"

"Forgive me, but Miss Greenfields is so long, and so—"

"Absurd!" she completed. It couldn't have been worse if it had been pasture-lands, or meadow-grass! One can think of nothing but cows."

"If you don't like it, I'll change it for you."

She flashed him a glance which his eyes answered, and turned away before she said scornfully, "A Rose Thorne? Bah, it might as well be a Rose beetle!"

When the orchard hands were gone, he walked up to the cutters' work-ground. Everything had been left in all its usual neatness; no cutting trays partly filled, but one box partly empty. Although so hurried she had made them leave it all in perfect shape. How could he have gotten along without her? How could he ever get along without her again? But would he ever understand her? Would he ever understand any of them? He looked at the places where they had stood. Their footprints in the dust seemed pregnant with their personality. That personality which voiced itself in raillery and slang, as a flower in perfume. That conglomerate femininity which captivated while it repelled, reveled in generous deeds, yet exacted its farthing; sipped of the forbidden, and turned it into honey. The very air seemed full of kaleidoscopic tints of them which dazzled and bewildered him.

Three weeks passed; the apricot season was over. Thorne studied the entries in his bank-book with a deep and growing satisfaction. They totaled in four figures—not small ones. Where would that profit have been but for Rose? But for her the half of his crop might have wasted, the expense doubled, perhaps trebled. But for her he would have sold prematurely, and lost heavily. Although the information of the firm that had sold "short" and was struggling to recoup, came from her father, she was the transmitter; he gave her all the credit. How could he ever repay her? He would call and ask her how. He did call, but the question he asked her was not strictly of a business nature. Yet true to her commercial instincts, she endeavored to bring it to that level. Her cheeks were pinker than the first day he had observed them, but the frown was gone from her forehead, and the pucker from her chin. There was laughter in her eyes, although her voice was very nonchalant as she replied:

"Stupid! didn't I tell you in the beginning that I wanted to help you make good for the sake of your wife!"

A Thanksgiving Day in California

The regulations of a tyrant railroad corporation, in the form of a time-table, caused the only available train to leave at the morning hour of eight o'clock and five minutes. Therefore, being a most ordinary person and a mere victim of trusts and corporations, I arose at six. Ah, a crisp, early winter morning in southern California! It is worth all the pain of the early rising—and my friends know that this means much from me.

The eight-five coaches were full. Everybody wore a holiday air. We pulled slowly out of the station and puffed along streets that tried to look as heart-breaking as dingy streets in other cities—and failed. Then we left it all behind and fled into the open. Across great stretches of gently rolling country our engine shrieked and our coaches swung. At last we drew near the mountains. Then came frequent stops at pretty little stations, where waited carriages and touring-cars full of people with welcoming faces and outstretched hands. There were ecstatic cries of greeting, children dancing up and down, old men and women with peaceful eyes. Everybody seemed to have come to the train to welcome everybody else. The Thanksgiving turkey must surely have been baking in solitary grandeur. And why shouldn't he—on such a day!

As we came into the heart of the valley the mountains loomed close and at last old Grayback swung into sight, shoulders covered with a heavy snow mantle. The whole valley now was full of orange orchards, their deep velvety green filling the eyes with indescribable delight. Past picturesque little stations, shrouded with drooping peppers or set stiffly round by palms, we puffed and swung. Then at last—the head of the valley! Only three passengers alighted, but into what a world we stepped! Steeped in noonday sun as in wine, warm and fragrant with a thousand odors—odors of sunned earth, of trees hung with pepper berries, with oranges or with spicy, stringing eucalyptus bark, odors of flowers, of shrubs—the cool, invigorating breath of snow from mountains lifting themselves behind the hills. Such enchantment! Such colors! Such light of the sun! I had forgotten that, even here in California, the old world could be so beautiful. I looked around. Down a long green avenue a horse and runabout were coming, the driver waving a frantic hand—my friend. And we drove away through all the loveliness. I felt as I am sure a fish must feel in these semi-tropical waters, as we see them from the glass-bottom boats at Catalina Island. They swim through fairy aisles of enchantment in a world of color. And I on that morning felt the beauty about me to be as palpable as that.

We came to the house. It occupied a noble site amid stately trees on the bank of a zanja. The bridge, arching over the winding stream, brought us to the porte-cochère and seemed to be a part of the house itself, so harmonious was the design of sweeping curves. It was all a shock of surprise to me—the gracious vista opening through the trees, for in the old days a little straight, wooden bridge was here and a small adobe house nestled close by. Profitable orange crops had transformed the adobe dwelling to a spacious mansion of deep rooms and porches, of wide halls and beautiful stairways, of big bath-rooms and wide sleeping-decks. But the old adobe sitting-room was preserved untouched and there at night, after the early old-fashioned Thanksgiving dinner, we gathered for pleasant talk and pleasant doings—roasting apples and popping corn in the old fireplace. Then to sleep under the stars. For who would choose four walls, even with windows thrown wide, to the great sweep of sky with mountains looming faintly in the starlight?

After perfect sleep the softly stealing day came in. It was a full day—full of delights. There was first a walk along the twisting bank of the zanja through delicious rustling leaves fallen from the tall poplars and cottonwoods. It was pure joy to scuffle through them and to feel again after long months of mild, unchanging weather the thrill of change and the soft melancholy of the dying year. A little way up the stream we came upon a big irrigation reservoir. Water-bugs skated along the edges; out in the

middle the water lay still and clear. Back to the house for bathing-suits! And then, light of foot and free of waist muscles, we scampered over close-clipped lawns and scurried down the winding road through piles of fallen yellow leaves. The shock of that crystal plunge and the old joy of water-nymphs!

After this came lunch, a siesta on one of the deep porches and then a long drive. We loitered past orange orchards full of faintly yellowing fruit. Some varieties were ripe enough to make the first shipment to the benighted easterners, though here we never think of eating oranges till after Christmas. We drove on—out and up into the open country where the smell of sage lay in the sunny air; still up and up to the crest of the brown ridge where the panorama burst upon us. Behind us low hills rose, seeming near enough to touch and soft as if made of velvet. Below us lay the little city, smothered in the green of orchards, red-tiled roofs and glistening white walls breaking through in vivid spots of color. The eye was led irresistibly across the great valley, where blurs of green showed the clustering trees of other towns, then up the mountain walls to the top of the snowy range and the edge of the world. When the late sun was turning the high peaks pink we set our faces homeward.

It was quite dark when we reached the zanja road. The horse struck into it eagerly, but a tall figure stepped out from the trees and caught the animal by the bridle. My heart stood still—it was so like a holdup, and yet, how could it be, so near the great house with its lights already twinkling through the trees?

"What does this mean?" My friend's voice trembled.

"Your money or your life!" That voice! And then he laughed and stood beside the wheel. He looked very big in the dark and his voice of laughing apology was certainly full of comfortable assurance.

But how had he happened to come a thousand miles just then? I have never found out—really—how it was. I took my friend by the shoulders and scanned her ruthlessly while I tried to make her tell: had he happened to come, or had she arranged it traitorously, counting upon the softened state of a heart that renews old associations and is touched by a two days' worship of beauty into unwonted malleability? But she would tell me nothing, though I was sure of a lurking twinkle at the back of a very demure pair of eyes. And he will not tell, either—to this day. But he says it was the truest Thanksgiving season of his life. HARRIET ROGERS.

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Widow's Weeds

By HARRY T. FEE

Of Burbank and his wondrous seeds,
The world now knows the story.
I do believe from widow's weeds,
He'll yet make mourning glory.

Stevenson and a Mother

If persons who are distinguished by association with genius, prominent by proxy, were physically illumined, each a glowing torch, California might be fairly well lighted by the reflections from the personal radiance of Robert Louis Stevenson. He made friends as God makes fruits, prodigally (in "good seasons"—and he dwelt in no other period—) with the sunshine of his personality.

There is Mrs. William Carson. Those who have read the Stevenson letters in the Sydney Colvin collection have touched with Mrs. Carson, have sorrowed with her, not knowing the name, but in a vague, removed way, knowing the woman, a mother with a sorely ailing child. Mrs. Carson was Stevenson's landlady at 608 Bush street, in San Francisco, in 1879 and 1880, and in his last letter, written from Vailima to a San Francisco woman friend, he wrote: "Remember me to Mrs. Carson. You know that I ever hold a soft spot in my heart for her."

In her little home in the Richmond district, San Francisco, to-day, Mrs. Carson tells of the wan young Scot who came to her home and, with tears brightening her eyes, how he kept vigil one distressful night at the cribside of her infant son.

Reluctantly she consented that her remembrances might be crowded into an article. "You can write of him," she said, "if you will promise to make him lovely and grand as he was."

Mrs. Carson is not of the stalking cult that talks with esoteric rapture of "R. L. S.," as if the most delightful and lucid of humans were a cryptogram. Mrs. Carson does not quote pages of the graceful English that came lilting from the Scottish pen, but she has tears in her eyes when she speaks of the man.

"I have done much more for others than I ever did for him, but he appreciated everything. He had independent ways with him and the independent are always grateful."

"The independent are always grateful—" an epigram and an epitaph. Did a particle of deftness of expression radiate from Stevenson to be absorbed by this woman? Say the phrase is native to Mrs. Carson, for of her Stevenson once said: "She is as a rose that has blossomed and bloomed under the bush."

"I was keeping a lodging-house at 608 Bush street," Mrs. Carson said, in telling of the Scot's stay at her place. "One cold day a young man came to the door. He was pale; he was roughly dressed; he wore a cape over his shoulders and heavy Scotch brogues on his feet. He wanted a room. I looked him over carefully.

"But when I looked at him he looked at me, too," Mrs. Carson continued with a twinkle, remembering the competition of scrutiny. "I never saw such eyes—black eyes that looked right through you. I saw that he was a foreigner. He was Stevenson, who had just then returned to the city from Monterey, and he stayed a year with me, until he went Oakland about the time of his wedding.

"He would have his friends at the place, Harry Bigelow, the newspaper reporter, and others, and he and Mr. Carson were great friends. My husband had been about the world considerably and Stevenson was interested in everything.

"He would talk to me, too," Mrs. Carson recalled with a hint of pride brightening her eyes. "He was not very strong and liked to have a fire in his room. When I would go up in the morning to make the fire I would sometimes find him in bed, half sitting up, writing." (The Saint Gaudens bas-relief is suggested) "He seemed always to be writing." (We have *Crossing the Plains* and some of the *Familiar Studies* and other pleasant library companions, because he was always writing at Mrs. Carson's.)

"Seeing that he would be intent on his work, I would sometimes stop talking, I didn't want to bother him," Mrs. Carson resumed, her memory active, gazing as she talked at two photographs of the author which she has in her room, hung on the wall with the Virgin Mary and the St. Joseph lithographs.

" 'Go on, Mrs. Carson,' he would say, 'I can talk and write at the same time.'

"And he could, too," insisted Mrs. Carson.

"My little boy Robert was two years old at the time and Stevenson, who was a great lover of children, took a liking to the child. Bobbie would always carry Stevenson's mail to his room and would knock on the door and say, 'Aut'or, aut'or, here is some letters for you.' "

Not alone by Mrs. Carson is the child's phrase brought down to us.

In the Colvin collection there is a wistful letter telling of the young Scot's struggles in San Francisco. In a letter dated January 10, 1880, he describes himself in the third person as a mysterious lodger at 608 Bush street. He wrote:

"The youngest child of his (the mysterious lodger's) landlady remarks several times a day as this strange occupant enters or quits the house, 'Dere's de author.'

"Can it be that this bright-haired innocent has found the true clew to this mystery? The being in question is at least poor enough to belong to that honorable craft."

The "bright-haired innocent" had found the clew—Bobbie's was rare acumen.

Bobbie was to come into Stevenson's experience in a deeper sense, probably to influence his life, if we may assume from another message to Colvin concerning the child.

Simply, intensely, Mrs. Carson tells of this other experience when the young Scot watched at the bedside of little Bobbie with the mother and father of the child, and all thought that death was near.

"My Bobbie had pneumonia," she said, "and one night we were sure that he was dying. My husband, Stevenson and I were together in the room, watching the little one. Oh, how he suffered! I wouldn't live that night over again for millions." The mother's eyes filled with tears as she told of the vigil.

"Stevenson walked the floor. 'Poor little Bobbie, poor little Bobbie,' he said over and over again as he walked the floor. There seemed nothing that we could do for my boy, nothing. We all thought that he was dying.

"About daylight the doctor came. He rushed into the room and looked at the suffering baby. Then he turned on us. We were a woeful sight, we had all been crying.

" 'You folks, not one of you, is fit to have a child,' he shouted at us.

" 'Is he dying?' I cried out.

" 'No, he's not,' shouted the doctor, 'he's getting better.'

"Ah, the thrill of joy I felt then. And Stevenson—he walked up and down the room and looked at Bobbie in his crib.

" 'Now then,' he said, 'now then, now then, now then. Won't Bobbie and I have the royal time,' and the mother, twenty-eight years after the morning of hope, clasped her hands ecstatically with a Hibernian gesture of rapture, in memory of the exultation of the pale young Scot's voice. Her own tone arose in crescendo as she echoed Stevenson's cry.

In a letter to Sydney Colvin, written in March, 1880, Stevenson said:

"My landlord and landlady's four-year-old child is dying in the house, and, oh, what he has suffered! It has really affected my health. Oh, never, never, any family for me! I am cured of that.

"I have taken a long holiday—have not worked for three days, and I will not for a week, for I was really weary. Excuse this scratch, for the child weighs on me, dear Colvin. I did all I could to help, but all seemed little to the point of crime when one of these poor innocents lies in such misery.

"Ever yours, R. L. S."

ARTHUR L. PRICE.

throughout the valley. Nearly all buy orchards. From a quiet country town of thirty-five hundred people three years ago, has sprung a city of nearly nine thousand people, and the ten thousand mark will be passed before the end of 1910. The population last New Year's day numbered eight thousand, an increase of sixty per cent in twelve months.

The location of Medford is excellent. It is 329 miles south of Portland, and 443 miles north of San Francisco, on the main line of the Southern Pacific. It is situated in almost the exact center of the Rogue river valley, which in turn lies in the heart of Jackson county. The elevation is 1,390 feet above sea-level, and the Pacific ocean is seventy-five miles distant on a direct line.

The valley at Medford is about ten miles wide, east and west. In Jackson county it has a total length of thirty-five miles. The area is nearly three hundred square miles. Almost as level and green as a lawn, the valley stretches to the foothills, the latter sloping toward the mountain ranges on all sides. Wealth is apparent in every direction. The valley floor is green and golden with alfalfa and ripening grains and dotted with a vast succession of orchards. It is the exception to see grass in a commercial orchard growing between the symmetrical rows of trees, which are carefully and scientifically pruned. The mountain sides and tops are thickly covered with fir and pine forests, and the outcropping of coal, lime, copper and other minerals tells of hidden riches.

From parts of the valley the eye looks upon ten billion feet of merchantable timber. If all the orchards with the same range of vision were under one fence, they would represent a solid block of one hundred square miles.

The city is delightful. The main business and residence streets are paved with asphalt, and twelve miles more of the latter will be laid in 1910. Ten miles of cement sidewalks will be augmented by twenty more this year. The business blocks are of brick and stone. The brick is made locally, and inexhaustible supplies of the finest grade of granite are in the hills close by.

The Medford homes are as fine as can be found in any city of similar size. By reason of its recent growth, few buildings are seen that are not up to date. The true type of bungalow prevails, but there are many handsome colonial residences, and a number of them represent the expenditure of more than $10,000 each. The three public schools are substantial structures of brick, and the course of teaching is quite complete. It includes manual training and domestic science, which branches are usually confined to the schools in larger cities. A new school building is needed each year to accommodate the increasing number of pupils. A six-story brick hotel is under construction. Another one of five stories is being erected. The largest passenger station in the Pacific Northwest, outside of those in cities upward of fifty thousand people, is being built by the Southern Pacific. One of the largest natatoriums in the United States will be open to the public this fall.

An opera-house pretentious enough for a Class A city is to be erected. In every direction business houses and residences are going up. Two and one-half millions were spent in 1909 for building materials. Five million dollars are being expended this year for the same purpose. Hotels, apartment houses and dwellings are crowded to overflowing and tents are now being provided to take care of the unprecedented rush of newcomers. Financial conditions are sound. The four banks have deposits of over $2,000,000, which increased fifty per cent in 1909. Postal receipts increased thirty-five per cent that year.

The Medford spirit is proverbial. The people seem to get what they want. A new water system was needed, and the result is that one costing $450,000 has been constructed, furnishing a supply of water sufficient for a city of twenty-five thousand. The city has a good sewer system. Two telephone systems are required to satisfy the metropolitan ideas of Medford. It is said that Medford has more motor-cars, cash-registers and typewriters per capita than any city in the United States. To-day over 325 autos serve their nine thousand people, or one for every twenty-eight persons. The climate scores a strong point, too, by permitting them to do so every month in the year.

There is an up-to-date daily newspaper in Medford with a circulation of more than twenty-five hundred. It has complete telegraphic news, and is one of the strongest editorial papers in Oregon. Nothing seems to daunt these people. For instance, Medford is the natural gateway to Crater Lake, one of the world's greatest geological wonders. It is eighty miles distant, and the route leads through some of the finest mountain and river scenery on the continent. The United States Government recognized the scientific value and beauty of Crater Lake some years ago and created it a national park, in conjunction with the surrounding section. The accessibility of this great national wonder to the public, by good wagon and auto roads, will be of benefit not only to Medford and the state of Oregon, but to the entire Pacific Coast. The legislature of Oregon recently appropriated $100,000 for preliminary work on a suitable highway to the lake. Unfortunately this action was not upheld by the Supreme Court, but the Medford people did not abandon the project. They said the road must be built, and it will be. They are raising the money themselves, and the success they are making is most pronounced. Nearly $100 a minute was the result of their first hour's effort.

The city has eleven churches and twenty-four lodges. There is a large park in the heart of the residence district. The Commercial Club is one of the city's strongest features. Each member is a thoroughly lubricated boosting machine, with brain and brawn as the propelling power. The teamwork of the organization is remarkable and its publicity work is wonderfully successful. Hundreds of thousands of people have learned of the Rogue river valley and its great opportunities through the untiring efforts of the Medford Commercial Club.

of this man, and it would yield an income of $1,382,400. That is to say, in California and in Madera county. Who would not want to live in the center of that township? The roads would have to be widened to accommodate the automobiles of farmers.

The west side of Madera means west of the Southern Pacific and south and west to the San Joaquin river. It is a prosperous and attractive section of the "proved" fruit-lands, sloping gently to the river, close to the underlying fountains of water and is well drained. These are not lowlands, but they are the lower lands of the county, are a feast to the eye in the beauty and bounty of their crops and in the color and richness of the soil.

The unimproved lands of this section are within a radius of from three to seven miles of the county-seat and can be bought at prices ranging from $50 to $120 an acre.

A big vineyard of fifteen hundred acres is in the midst of this section, and in the picking season one hundred and fifty men are employed. The Italian-Swiss Colony has proved the fertility of these lands; the men who control the great properties of the colony are scientific men who declare that these lands will grow the best sweet wine-grapes in the state, equal to any in France, Italy or Spain.

The value of a vineyard is attested by the prices received from a thirty-acre tract here. In three years a young vineyard returned $10,743.60, or over $118 an acre.

The east side is the region of grain-fields, but the character of the soil is about the same for general farming, fruit and vine-growing, though not so fully proved. This is true of a large area until the rolling lands and foothills are approached. The water underlying this section is found at lower depths, but is available for pumping, rising in the well within reach of the pumps in use.

Much land at present can only produce grain with profit, and as it still pays to grow grain, the east side of the county will continue to turn yellow with its annual harvests. Lands are growing in value; there is a demand for wheat; good farming methods will here produce ten sacks to the acre, and this will pay. Good land, clean and ready for the plow, can be bought for from $20 to $30 an acre, and aside from other uses than that of producing wheat or barley, it will increase in value and is to-day a good investment. A pioneer, now old and wealthy, has for half a century grown grain only and invested the proceeds in grain-lands, and he says it pays to raise wheat. He knows.

The county runs back to the crest of the Sierra, and there are rich forests, and in one section a mountain of minerals, of which iron is the principal. Up to twenty-five hundred feet above the sea, diversified farming will prove profitable, two products alone being staple—hay and apples. For twenty-two years an old resident of the region whom I met grew two tons to the acre on a plat of five acres. And hay is in demand by the teamsters on their rounds and commands from $20 to $30 a ton.

There is good money in apples in California, whenever the right elevation is found and transportation is not too serious a problem. Here in time will be an electric line (it is already surveyed), and then an apple orchard on one of these hillsides, to be had now for $10 to $20 an acre, naked, will make a fortune for the man who knows how to plant and care for it.

Here, too, up to thirteen hundred feet, oranges and lemons will thrive, and English walnuts, grapes and olives. A good living can be won from the soil by producing the usual farm crops, and in addition an income from fruit and nuts, to say nothing of the comfort of living where you can grow your own semi-tropic fruits and raise your own table-grapes and nuts and go berrying on your own grounds half the year.

Electric power is supplied by the mountain streams and is available for all kinds of enterprises that take power, including irrigation by pumping. The capacity of the San Joaquin Light and Power Company is about seventy-five hundred horsepower, but is being greatly enlarged. About six hundred men are at work, and the total expenditure will aggregate five or six million dollars. Much of the territory now covered is distinctly agricultural, but cheap power will invite factories as well as create irrigated farms, and as great ranches are subdivided and improved, small farms will add to the population.

This is the great feature of the county—its underground fountains. They are reached by wells usually from thirty to sixty feet, and a centrifugal pump does the rest. For orchards, water is required once a year, in April; vineyards do not need more irrigation on these proved lands than the orchards.

The cost of pumping is not at all prohibitive, the average being a little in excess of gravity water. There is some advantage in the pumping system after it is established. You are master of the situation: you are free from "ditch troubles," riparian right questions, and from the irritation which comes from the failure of the ditch company to deliver water when you need it. Besides this, you are not likely to use too much water, and you use it when you want it most, and consult your own convenience so far as crops will let you. The pump is a feature in many places where there are gravity systems. It is not a makeshift.

There are several gravity systems in the county, but two of them serve only their own lands, which are extensive. The Madera canal covers a district of about sixteen thousand acres, and it will serve to show the status of things among the farmers to point out how water from this canal is used. Alfalfa, 600 acres; raisin and wine-grapes, 3,500; orchards, 1,000; growing grain, 4,000. On a ranch of eighty acres here five hundred tons of alfalfa are cut. In this case the water is raised by a pump discharging twenty-five hundred gallons a minute.

The canal can supply but a little of the area needing water, but there are no failures to find the underground supplies, and a pump lifts it inexpensively into the distributing ditches. The water-level is maintained in the wells, no matter how many are bored, and the future supply is guaranteed by the snows of the Sierra.

Enormous yields of alfalfa are one result of the great "Umatilla Project"

Where Farming is a Science

Umatilla Project at Hermiston, Oregon, Offers Unexceptional Opportunities to the Man of Limited Means

By JOHN SCOTT MILLS

MODERN methods have made irrigated farming a science. It is not an easy matter to induce the men who till the lands in the "rain states" to believe this. They follow in the footsteps of their fathers.

This story has as its object a brief mention of the government irrigation at Hermiston, in northeastern Oregon. This is more generally known as the Umatilla project. It was inaugurated after the most careful investigation of all existing conditions, this investigation being made by United States engineers and soil experts. It was decided to be a most feasible irrigation project and in point of transportation facilities, altitude, climate and water-supply was considered one of the best ever undertaken by the Government Reclamation Service.

There has already been expended more than $1,250,000 in the construction of an irrigating system, most of which is already in operation. The dam is one of the largest in the world, having a reservoir capacity of three billion feet of water—a sufficient amount to cover every acre of the land to a depth of more than three feet. This supply, however, only needs to be drawn upon during the driest months of the year, in ordinary times not being needed.

There are now under irrigation nearly twelve thousand acres. The remaining lands will all be under water within the next two years. All water rights under the system are secured by the settler direct from the government. They cost $60 an acre for a perpetual right water, payable in ten annual instalments of $6 each, without any interest on the deferred payments. In addition to the above, there is only the annual maintenance charge or cost of keeping the canals and ditches in repair.

The mild climate of the land under the Umatilla project is a surprise to those who are accustomed to the rigors of an eastern winter in the same latitudes. The climate varies with the altitude—warm and dry in the lower sections and a balmy atmosphere in the mountain regions. The winters are short and mild, and scarcely a week passes that farming is not carried on. The summers are delightful, the lengthy days of this high latitude affording unusually long growing weather during the crop season. The annual rainfall averages about nine inches. The altitude of the valley is four to five hundred feet above sea-level.

While the Hermiston project irrigated lands are too valuable to be used for general farming, there are some special crops which yield enormous profits as compared with ordinary grain crops. Among these crops may be mentioned hops, alfalfa, peanuts, sugar-beets and sorghum, all of which grow luxuriantly. Hops give a return of $375 to $750 an acre. The soil of the valley is a rich deep sandy loam. It is of the character especially adapted to the growing of early garden-truck—potatoes, peas, beans, asparagus, lettuce, cucumbers, cantaloupes and watermelons, strawberries, raspberries and blackberries, as well as tree-fruits, cherries, peaches, pears, plums, prunes, almonds, walnuts and apples. Different varieties of grapes are also grown.

The non-irrigated and cheaper lands around Hermiston constitute one of the greatest grain-producing sections of the country. The average wheat production of Umatilla co[illegible] umber

Seward's Prophecy

WHO DOES NOT SEE, THEN, THAT EVERY YEAR HEREAFTER, EUROPEAN COMMERCE, EUROPEAN POLITICS, EUROPEAN THOUGHT AND EUROPEAN ACTIVITY, ALTHOUGH ACTUALLY GAINING GREATER FORCE—AND EUROPEAN CONNECTIONS, ALTHOUGH ACTUALLY BECOMING MORE INTIMATE—WILL, NEVERTHELESS, RELATIVELY SINK IN IMPORTANCE; WHILE THE PACIFIC OCEAN, ITS SHORES, ITS ISLANDS, AND THE VAST REGIONS BEYOND, WILL BECOME THE CHIEF THEATER OF EVENTS IN THE WORLD'S GREAT HEREAFTER?

—William H. Seward in 1852.

VOLUME XXV DECEMBER, 1910 NUMBER 6

San Francisco the Exposition City

By RUFUS STEELE
Author of THE CITY THAT IS

COLOR DRAWINGS BY J. A. CAHILL AND W. FRANCIS

A FINE old man who, from the look of him, might have been a New England Methodist preacher, but who was not, sat in his office at winter quarters, and from several columns of figures at the wrong side of the ledger sought to determine the total loss for the season of The Greatest Show on Earth. Four men stood by and chewed their cigars.

"I never cracked a whip for better bareback people," said the ringmaster.

"My bunch certainly kept the reserved seats splitting their sides," said the old clown.

"Fifteen performing elephants, four giraffes, six bears that did everything but talk—Well, you can't blame the bad season on the animal tent," said the master of the menagerie.

The fourth watcher said nothing. After a while the old man looked at him until he grew nervous. "You needn't look at me!" he exclaimed. "I had nothing whatever to say about the big top; you made me responsible merely for the freak alley. What, I'd like to know, could the side-shows have to do with the general results?"

"Just about everything," replied Mr. Barnum. "Side-shows that couldn't draw the farmer away from his load of hay have caused The Greatest Show on Earth to lose sixty thousand dollars on the season."

It is not recorded that Phineas T. Barnum's circus played any seasons thereafter at a loss, but it is a matter of common knowledge that thereafter the

San Francisco has more than it used to have of Bohemian eating-places such as Gelett Burgess describes in *Lady Mechante*. Campi's and Coppa's could not be reduced to ashes. Restaurants there are to make steady boarders of gourmets who trot around the globe in quest of a meal that can captivate their jaded palates with a surprise. The best cooks love to ply their art in San Francisco because they are certain of more than a monetary reward—they are certain of appreciation.

The life which was, is and must ever be the city's own—a life which the far-off places misunderstand because the city does not bother to deny or smother the swift-winged news of its faults—has made famous the names of those writers who could reflect its phases. The city's blood is red, its heart clean, its hospitality as rich and undiscriminating as the breath of its flowers. In the sunshine it is all rubies and diamonds and turquoise; canopied with fog, it is a place of pearls Nomads call it the most interesting city on the continent. Only an Exposition of world scope and world importance could provide upon this peninsula a better show than it contains.

San Francisco's nursery is out-of-doors

What California Offers

By GOVERNOR JAMES N. GILLETT

OUR government will soon finish the greatest piece of engineering work ever undertaken by any nation or individual, one which will change the highways of ocean commerce and immortalize our government. In commemoration of this great event there ought to be held an International Exposition in some city in the United States, participated in and under the sanction of the general government, to which all nations of the world should be invited and in which they may join.

This Exposition should be on as great a scale as any heretofore held and should be in some industrial and commercial city connected with the construction of the canal and directly affected by it. We of California believe that it should be held on the Pacific Coast and because the digging of the canal was for the purpose of joining the waters of the Atlantic with the waters of the Pacific and to develop the commerce of the latter, which is destined to be the greatest and most important in the world and from which our whole country will be greatly benefited. Also for the further reason that such an Exposition will tend to settle up the great Pacific slope, which to-day, with its millions of fertile acres, rich mineral lands, magnificent forests and healthful climate, offers opportunities for homes to thousands of homeseekers that cannot be excelled anywhere in the world. We also believe that San Francisco is the place to hold this Exposition for the following reasons:

First—It is now and always will be the greatest commercial and industrial city on the Pacific ocean.

Second—It is midway between the great nations of Europe and Asia, and in the center of the Pacific Coast.

Third—Foreign nations desiring to participate can sail their ships from their home ports into the harbor of San Francisco.

Fourth—It has a harbor where the united navies of the world may safely anchor and maneuver if they so desire.

Fifth—San Francisco and California will put millions of money into the enterprise to insure its success upon a scale magnificent enough to gratify the people of this nation.

Sixth—There are living around San Francisco bay to-day over one million people.

Seventh—San Francisco has the finest climate for an Exposition of any city in the world, the thermometer ranging in summer from fifty-six to seventy degrees, with no rains or storms of any kind to interfere.

Eighth—From the beginning San Francisco has enthusiastically favored the construction of the canal because of the great effect it would have upon the commerce of the Pacific, and as early as 1904 commenced to plan for an Exposition celebrating the canal's completion.

Ninth—The canal itself will be an exhibit of the greatest interest and by holding the celebration in San Francisco those people living in the East, the South and in Europe, can pass through the canal going or returning from the Exposition and thus see this wonderful piece of work—an opportunity denied to everybody if the Exposition be held on the Atlantic Coast—and such a trip will induce many to travel who otherwise would remain at home.

San Francisco has started out in earnest to secure this Exposition; the enthusiasm and good faith of its citizens was first shown in the raising of over four million dollars in less than two hours. In September the Legislature at a special session authorized the raising by taxation of the entire state of $5,000,000, and San Francisco was authorized to amend its charter so as to issue bonds to the extent of $5,000,000. These amendments will doubtless carry at the November elections, so that the Exposition project will go before Congress next December with $17,500,000 assured, and asking no government aid.

San Francisco has been fully reconstructed and to-day is a clean, modern, up-to-date city, full of life and enterprise and rapidly forging ahead. No city in the world, not

reconstruction since 1906 fully $300,000,000, and will spend as much more by 1915. It has a pardonable pride in desiring to show to the world a city constructed, not in part but in whole, according to the highest architectural knowledge and designs of the twentieth century. It desires, moreover, to show by its hearty welcome to the world its profound gratitude and appreciation of the spontaneous and generous aid which the world gave in its hour of need.

It should be added that the commercial bodies generally throughout the state of California are unanimous in recognizing San Francisco's claims, a decision in which all the other Pacific Coast states are in hearty accord. We, therefore, expect Congress to recognize these claims and give us the indorsement necessary to make the Exposition correspond in magnificence with the undertaking in whose celebration it will be given.

California's Exposition Ambitions

By HOMER S. KING
President Panama-Pacific International Exposition Company

OF late popular terminology, inspired, no doubt, by the result of a late unpleasantness in a neighboring state, has dubbed San Francisco "the city that came back." I know of no expression that suggests more graphically the recovery of the city that four years ago groveled in the dust of disaster.

Though I lived through the work and wonder of reconstruction days, following week by week the rise of brick upon brick, the thousand puny signs of returning strength that have combined and grown into the city we see to-day, even so it seems incredible that the metropolis of the Pacific Coast has risen in greater life, and, backing her claims with millions, asked to be granted the honor of celebrating, in America's name, the completion and opening of the Panama Canal in 1915.

Before all American cities she asks the honor, and in every way she is prepared to perform her duties creditably.

For the Exposition does fall upon California and the West as both a duty and an honor. For the West the Panama Canal was begun, and to the glory of the West it will be completed and opened. Not merely to claim the honor of connecting the two oceans did the United States undertake the greatest engineering achievement man ever has attempted. It is to dominate the politics and commerce of the Pacific, that our country is cleaving two continents. It is to rule the Pacific, threatened in war and peace by evermore aspiring nations, that Congress gave the word to force a fairway where nature had built her barriers of mountain and rock.

Through the Pacific states—Oregon, Washington and California—America will carry on her trade operations with the Orient. Through this trilogy of states our country must deal with the dominance of the Pacific. Upon the states fronting the Pacific will fall the duty of sending America's influence to the eight hundred million of people along the opposite shore. Upon these states, too, will fall the duty of protecting America against possible invasion, of bearing the brunt and force of every encounter, whether of commerce or of war.

It is fitting, then, that California, greatest of Pacific Coast states, larger in area, in population, greater in wealth, of longer coast line than her far western sisters, should assume the responsibility of an Exposition that will announce to the world America's jubilee at the completion of the canal, and inaugurate, in a world celebration builded magnificently, the era of progress that will make the Pacific the "Twentieth Century Ocean."

It is not fitting that the commemoration of a purely maritime achievement should be

held by an inland city or in any city not upon the Atlantic or the Pacific seaboard.

Such is California's contention. Such is the conviction of the men behind the Exposition project. Such is the judgment of the West, for to this land on the sunset side of the Rocky mountains the canal means a newer and a broader life—the realization of dreams of conquest. To the eastern United States the year 1915 will mean greater trade accessibility with the Orient and with the Pacific Coast of our country, a shorter passenger route by sea, a better outlet for west-bound traffic. To the western United States 1915 will be the year of prophecy. It will mean the culmination of a decade the events of which have flowed toward a preparation for this dawn of greater burdens and glories. It will present long-sought opportunity to the West—opportunity for world wide power and fame and prominence. It will witness the promise of the West fulfilled.

Not idly, I am sure, not with vain vaunting or the bluster of big words do we seek co-operation. We do plead guilty to enthusiasm, to earnest intent, to an eagerness, even while we realize the magnitude of the undertaking, to be about the tremendous work of building. In the spirit with which we are entering upon this work we of San Francisco have subscribed $6,500,000 to the Exposition fund, and the state of California, through her Legislature, has voted us $5,000,000 additional for the state's citizens to pass upon in November. The municipality of San Francisco has been granted her desire to be made an equal shareholder with the state, and in December we will have $17,500,000 to complete gloriously and fittingly our self-appointed task.

Homer S. King

Expositions have not all been successful. Those nearest the population center have often proven the direst failures. San Francisco's Midwinter Fair, Seattle's Alaska-Yukon-Pacific Exposition, Portland's Lewis and Clark Exposition, though not international in scope, were fairs that went down in exposition history as successes to be prayed for.

It is a fact that the West has a charm no other part of the United States possesses. An air of romance, of mystery, of beckoning enticements lures people westward, and they are not disappointed. Her cliffs and caverns, her giant trees, her waterfalls and rich inland plains, her crags and delta-lands, her orange groves and oil-fields, her mountain lakes and white beaches that look out toward the Orient, the Bay of San Francisco, where ships come from the Arctic and the South Seas and the Far East, her thousand wonders and natural marvels have bred in every heart a desire to see the land of gold. In the West there is the unusual, the change, the healthy relaxation that men's minds long to experience. This is the Exposition side of the continent.

We feel, too, that the West deserves an International Exposition. There have been four in the United States—one at Philadelphia on the Atlantic seaboard, one at Chicago in the Mississippi valley region, one at St. Louis on the Mississippi river, and one at New Orleans on the Mississippi river. California asks no money of the government—only the approval of the American people. We of the West never have had a great International Exposition.

San Francisco's citizens have prepared as well as may be for such an event. Working harmoniously and with enthusiasm, they have subscribed a fortune to the Exposition idea and in disregard of their own interests they have devoted months to detail work, to plans and action. Everyone must know of it, and come, for during the next four years we will be saying:

"SAN FRANCISCO: THE EXPOSITION CITY, 1915!"

The richest land in America will lie idle if news of it is not sent out to intending settlers, while less worthy districts may become prosperous and progressive with the aid that advertising can give.

Every California county will have its exhibits at the Panama-Pacific International Exposition and every county will have its commissioners and agents ready to prove the state's resources. Transportation lines will carry visitors into all sections of the state on special coupon tickets, issued at rates unusually low, for the western roads are as much interested as Californians are in bringing people out of the congested districts into the country where they can produce more wealth. Not a county in the state, whether its chief industry be mining or agriculture or manufacturing, but will benefit by the fair in hundreds and thousands of new citizens.

And statisticians show that every settler is worth $1,000 per year to the state in which he makes his home.

Of course it must be considered, in computing the various ways in which visitors will be drawn westward in 1915, that most people are only too anxious to come West and see the sights they have heard of and read about. The Exposition will give them the excuse to come, and with the Exposition announced four years ahead, presented to them in the proper light, and the West again brought to their attention, there are few who will not have sufficient saved, by the time the canal is done, to come to California.

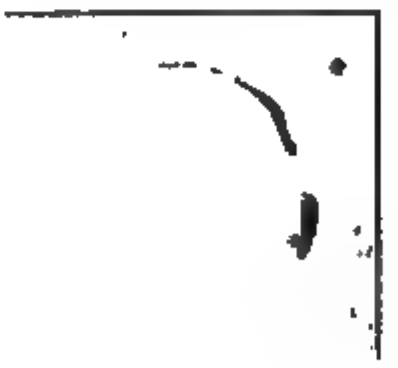
The Exposition does present her opportunity to California. Californians interested in the advancement of their state should aid the Exposition idea with all their might. Offered to them is the chance they say comes once to every man and country; let us not be asleep or indifferent when Opportunity knocks, but rather let us prepare a feast and make things so pleasant that Opportunity will remain with us alway.

A Fair at San Diego in 1915

The entire southwest is interested in a complementary exposition to be held at San Diego during 1915. It is to differ, in many respects, from anything of the kind ever before attempted and it will prove of especial interest to the great element that is concerned with the cultivation and products of the soil. Irrigation, reclamation and scientific agriculture are to be exploited on the broadest scale possible; historical treasures of the southwest will be gathered in one imposing exhibit and visitors will be given an opportunity to inspect the habits and environment of the Aztecs, the Cliff-dwellers, the Zunis, the Apaches, and the more modern Indian tribes.

San Diego already has assured a fund of $2,000,000 to be devoted to the building and needs of this exposition. It will serve to advertise more widely than anything else the climate of California's southwest coast and will accelerate a growth that has broken many coast records. The work of preparation is already under way and the San Diegans, while advancing comprehensive plans for improvement of a splendid natural harbor, are building hotels, business blocks and other improvements against the coming of the stranger in 1915.

Credit for portraits reproduced on this and preceding Exposition pages is due to the studios of Francis Bruguiere, Bushnell, Arnold Genthe, Habenicht, H. Pierre Smith, Vaughan & Keith, Barrows, Boyé, Fowzer; Logan, of Stockton; Schumacher, of Los Angeles, and Harris & Ewing, of Washington, D. C.



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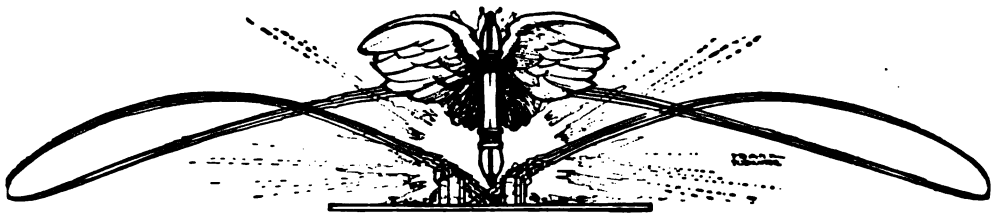


1915

By WALLACE IRWIN

Editor's Note—Here is a notable and prophetic song of 1915, by a Californian whose fame as a humorous philosopher is world-wide. But in considering the tremendous possibilities for the Pacific involved in the completion of the Panama Canal, Mr. Irwin necessarily becomes serious and emphatic, and gives an impressive forecast of the future:

We have tunneled the heart of darkness, we have traversed the upper air;
For who shall write in the Book of Man, "This thing thou shalt not dare?"
So we of the Race of Dominance, masters of hand and brain,
Have wielded the staff of Moses now and smitten the Lands in Twain,

Saying, "Let two great ocean tides never be sundered more,
Salt of the East and salt of the West mingle from shore to shore;
For our land is an undivided Land, and surely, if we be One,
Then a Union of Seas shall aid our strength as a Union of States has done."

O open the gates, my people! to the mingled seas give sway,
To the ships of peace and the ships of war that furrow the cloven way,
To our steel-constructed watchdog pack charged with destruction fleet,
To our peaceful train of merchantmen laden with coal and wheat.

For the races of men shall mingle when the seas of the earth are wed
And the ships of a hundred kingdoms the path of the sun must thread,
Till the treasure-galleys of Commerce, borne by the winds of Fate,
Shall cast their magnificent anchors down in the tide of the Western Gate.

New
Francisco

)GRAPHS SHOWING
BUSINESS SECTION,
R FRONT, HOTELS
HOMES, IN THIS
LAST WORD IN
ERN CITIES

Drill of the life-saving boat at the beach, south of Seal Rock and the Cliff House

Fairmont Hotel, a structure of stately proportions with superb marine view, occupying a block on "Nob Hill"

The Spell

By C. N. AND A. M. WILLIAMSON

Authors of THE LIGHTNING CONDUCTOR; LORD LOVELAND DISCOVERS AMERICA; ETC.

ILLUSTRATED BY J. A. CAHILL

CHAPTER I

CARMEN AND THE GARDEN

"I WONDER what makes Nick so late?" Carmen Gaylor thought, coming out of the dim cool hall onto the great veranda, or gallery, that was like an out-of-doors drawing-room.

Though she spoke always in English—almost as good English as if she had not been born in Spain and made her greatest successes in the City of Mexico—Carmen thought in Spanish, for her heart was Spanish, just as her beauty was Spanish.

She was very beautiful in the sunset gold that seemed somehow meant all for her, as a stage is lit for the heroine of a drama, and she was framed in a setting which might have made the fortune of a play.

The big house with the wide veranda was not very old, and not really Spanish, but it had been built to suggest Spanish effects, by an architect who had seen Carmen, and knew how to suit her with a background for which an old man of many millions was prepared to pay. There were many verandas and pergolas, but this huge out-of-doors room had wide archways instead of pillars, curtained with white and purple passion-flower, and the creamy stucco of the house and the ruddy Spanish tiles, which already looked mellow with age, were half-hidden with flowering creepers and pale-green, tendrily vines whose blossoms had lately turned into miniature bunches of emeralds.

Three shallow steps of pansy-colored bricks went all the length of the veranda, descending to a terrace of the same brick, which held dim tints of purple, old rose, and gray and yellow, almost like an enormous faded Persian rug.

When Carmen had looked for a long time past the fountain, over the lawn, down the path between pink and white oleanders, whence the man she expected ought to come, she trailed her white dinner dress over terrace and grass to peer under the dim green roof of the bamboo forest. It was like a magic temple with tall and slender pillars of priceless jade, that supported a silken tent-roof of the same green, starred in a vague pattern with sunset jewels. And as Carmen had come down from the terrace she had pulled a handful of orange-blossoms from one of a long row of trees planted in terra-cotta pots. Staring into the green dusk, she scattered the petals on the gold-brown floor of the temple and held up her hand to her face, to smell the sweetness she had crushed out of the flowers.

There was a short cut leading from the land which she had sliced off her own immense ranch, to sell to Nick Hilliard; and by this way he sometimes came, if he were in a hurry; but she knew that he loved the oleander path, and liked passing through it, as though it were always new to him.

She wondered why he was late, for she had asked him to come early, so that they might have a talk about many things, as this was the last night before his journey East. That was the way she had put it in the letter sent over to Nick's ranch by old Simeon Harp: "a talk about many things"; but there was only one thing about which she was really anxious to hear Nick Hilliard talk to her, and there were two reasons why she expected that he would talk of it to-night. One reason was, because he was going away for the first time since they had known each other—going for a whole month, according to his plan; and the second reason concerned the anniversary of an event which had made Carmen's life worth living.

She always dressed beautifully, in a way that would have been extravagant if she had not been one of the richest young women in California; but to-night the gown she had put on in honor of her one guest might have been a wedding-dress. She loved jewelry, and had been almost a slave to her passion for it, until she had flung her whole soul into caring for something which no jewels could buy, though beauty might win it. And she had resisted the temptation to wear anything that glittered, with the white satin dress. A long rope of pearls was twisted once round her throat, and hung below her waist. As she stood among the flowers of her paradise in the jade-colored shadow of the bamboo forest, the pearls drank iridescent lights, green from the thicket, pink from the roses that trailed over arbors, gold from the yellow orange-hearted California poppies at her feet, blue from the sky, not wholly drenched with the red wine of sunset.

Carmen was disappointed when no one came along the oleander path or under the roof of bamboo leaves and branches, but she was not anxious, for Nick Hilliard was always busy, busier even than when he had been foreman of the Gaylor ranch a year ago, and on his last night a great many things might have happened to delay him unavoidably. There was no reason to think that he was not as eager to come as she was to have him, and though the minutes passed slowly as she waited, Carmen was happy. She felt that for a year—this last glorious year which she had earned after torture of slavery—she had had almost everything she wanted in the world. The one thing she lacked, and longed for, and meant to have, would soon belong to her, too. There was a wild sort of joy in not owning it yet, which perhaps she would never quite feel again when it was hers for all the rest of her life.

Suddenly, far away, there was a rustling in the bamboo forest. A figure glimmered like a shadow, darker than the other shadows, in the distance. Carmen's heart jumped and her nerves thrilled. She took a step forward, under the roof of bamboos, then stopped. It was not Nick Hilliard, but old Simeon Harp, the squirrel-poisoner, coming from the direction of Nick's ranch, and bringing her a message, maybe. She felt that she could not possibly bear it if it were to say that Nick was unable to come; and for an instant, in the midst of her love and eagerness, she almost hated him, at the thought that he might dare send her such a message.

"What is it, Simeon?" she called sharply, as the queer, gnarled figure of the old man hobbled nearer.

"Nothing, my lady," the squirrel-poisoner answered, in the husky voice of one who is, or has been, a drunkard. "Nothing, only I was at Nick's finishin' up some work, and he says, would I stop by to excuse him for bein' late. He's had somebody with him all aft'noon, and no time to attend to 'is packin' till just now."

Simeon was an Englishman who would have been dead or in the poorhouse years ago if Carmen had not chosen to rescue him, because her people on her mother's side had been English. In the first days, when her word was law for the fierce old man who had died a year ago to-night, this wretched bit of human driftwood, failure, drunkard, rascal, had been found trespassing on the Gaylor ranch. If Carmen had not happened to see, and feel the whim to save him, Simeon Harp would have had the vagrant's fate, which he probably deserved. Ill, he had been nursed back to health by her orders, in the house of one of many gardeners; and since then he had been her slave, her dog. He called her "my lady," and she liked the name. She liked the adoration in the heavy-lidded eyes which had once been handsome and she enjoyed the knowledge that she had power of life and death over the old creature; that there was nothing on earth he would not for her. He had almost forgotten why it had occurred to him to try

as a refuge—that early venture was so long ago, or else he had his own reasons for pretending that he had forgotten. But among many other strange trades, he had tried his luck as a water and even gold-finder, and for the nine years he had lived on the Gaylor ranch his profession had been that of a squirrel-poisoner. The ground-squirrels, dangerous little pests to farmers and ranchmen, had built up Simeon Harp's fallen fortunes, and in his character of professional destroyer he had achieved a success of which he was somewhat objectionably proud.

"Who told you that you could call Mr. Hilliard 'Nick'?" Carmen asked, not very sternly, for the old fellow's words had given her hope and happiness again.

"Why, everybody calls him Nick," explained Simeon, in his husky, though not unpleasant voice. "But I won't, if you don't like it, my lady."

"I don't care, I'm sure, if he doesn't," said Carmen. "Only—" she broke off, slightly embarrassed. Even to old Simeon she could not say, "It is unsuitable that you should be calling your lady's future husband 'Nick,' as if he were down on the same plane with yourself." Besides, she knew very well that Nick would be the last man to object. If he were "Nick" to everybody, as Simeon said, it was a sign of his popularity; and Nick never forgot that he had risen to the height of his present success by climbing up from the lowest rung of the ladder. She could not imagine his "putting on airs," yet she thought it might be better if he were less of the hail-fellow-well-met, and more of the master, among his own cattlemen and the wild riffraff that had crawled to his land with the oil-boom.

"Will he be here soon?" she went on, as the squirrel-poisoner stood quietly worshiping her with drink-and-time dimmed eyes. Harp had so settled down on his old joints that he was very short as well as gnarled, and looked a gnomelike thing beside Carmen in the full summer of her dark beauty.

"Oh, yes, my lady—he'll be here soon. And if you'll forgive the liberty, he'll see a lovely sight, such as can't be met outside Kern county or the Gaylor ranch, unless the queen of the ranch goes elsewhere. You're that 'andsome this evenin', my lady, it warms the 'eart to set eyes on you, like the wine you gives me on your birthdays, to drink your 'ealth."

Carmen laughed. In spite of her money, and beauty, and exquisite clothes, there was something about her which told that she had not been brought up delicately, and obvious compliments pleased her.

"You needn't wait for my birthday, to drink my health in that wine," she said. "You can have some to-night."

"Thank you, my lady." Simeon paused an instant, looking up sharply and sidelong. Then, hesitating a little, he went on. "It's—it's not a birthday anniversary, but—it's a year to-night—"

"I know," she interrupted sharply.

"Might I say one thing, my lady?"

She was excited, and in a mood to be lenient with her worshiper.

"We're pretty old friends, Simeon," she answered. "You've been faithful to me in a good many ways. I don't suppose I need be afraid of anything you're likely to say."

"It's only this," he mumbled. "That it's a good thing *it* 'appened when it did, or I might o' had blood on my hands—and not the blood o' my squerls." He still looked at her sidewise, and seeing no horror on her face, ventured on. "I'd a' killed 'im for you, my lady, and not o' turned an 'air. But after all there was no need. Just when things was gettin' beyond bearin', he up and went off, of his own accord."

"Things were bad, that's true," Carmen admitted. "I've never pretended to grieve for him, though I wore black for a while, because Madame Vestris said it would bring me luck." (Everybody who knew Carmen Gaylor knew that a celebrated palmist who had settled in San Francisco dominated one side of the rich young woman's existence.) "But the times are good enough now, to make up."

"They are, my lady," echoed Simeon Harp. "And that reminds me, I've put together enough perfect skins of the squerls killed without the dope, to make the grand coat for your automobile trips, I've been promisin' the last three years. It'll be a beauty, almost fit even for you, and you can 'ave it made up ag'in next winter."

"Thank you, Simeon," said Carmen. Then she laughed as if on a sudden thought. "Perhaps I'd better save it for my wedding trip, in case I should ever get married."

She did not add that even in that event she might be able to wear the coat next winter, but the idea was in her mind.

"Here's Nick—Mr. Hilliard," announced Harp, nodding his head in the direction of the oleander path, toward which Carmen's back was turned.

She wheeled round quickly, and saw a young man coming toward her, between the long lines of pink and white flowers that were backed with tall palms and taller eucalypti. Then she forgot all about Simeon Harp, and did not even know when he hobbled away, a twisted smile giving a new pattern to the embroidery of wrinkles on his brown face.

CHAPTER II

NICK, EX-COWBOY

NICK Hilliard snatched off his gray sombrero as he came swinging along the oleander path, walking faster now that he had seen his hostess.

He was tall, over six feet in height, and looked even taller than he was, being lean and hard, with long straight legs which could carry him very fast over great stretches of country. Also he has a way of holding his head high, which a man gets with the habit of looking toward far horizons. He had a well-cut nose, a firm chin, and a mouth that meant strength of character, though some of his friends laughed at him for a "womanish curve" of the upper lip. His forehead was broad and square, though not very high, and so white in contrast to the deep brown below, that a girl from the East had said once his "complexion had slipped down." His hair was dark brown, with a cast of auburn in the sun; lashes and brows black as ink; but the eyes, which made Hilliard strikingly handsome instead of merely good-looking, were a brilliant brown, large and clear as the color of a mountain stream when the sun strikes deep into it at noon.

Women turned in the street for a second glance at the tall young man with bright eyes, when he went into Bakersfield or Fresno, but he was unconscious of attracting their attention. He admired pretty girls and liked their society, though he was too busy to seek it; but it had never occurred to him that he had any special quality to awaken a woman's interest. Indeed, he wasted few thoughts upon himself as an individual, concentrating most of them upon his work.

Lately, however, he had begun to wish for a change; and this desire was born of a deep-rooted sentiment which was drawing him to the East, as iron is drawn to a magnet.

Nick's skin was naturally white, and Carmen's was olive. Her forehead and neck were olive, to the even black line of her thick-growing, heavy straight hair, and even her satiny hands and arms were olive, of exactly the same creamy brown as her face; but her fingers grasped by his darkly tanned ones appeared very white. She liked to see them looking so flower-like as they lay there, for ordinarily her hands did not please her, and she tried her best to make them beautiful with many rings and earnest manicuring.

"I sure must apologize for my rig, Mrs. Gaylor," said Nick, when he thought it was time to stop shaking hands, and gently released hers, which would willingly have clung a little longer. "Particularly as you look so mighty fine. But you know, I pull out to-night, and Jim Beach is bringing the buggy along here for me, with my grip in it, instead of my piking back to pick it up; for if I did, my visit with you would o' been a cut game."

"And I want you to stay as long as you can," said Carmen, looking up with a spark in her eyes that might have enlightened him if he had not been thinking of Jim Beach, wondering whether the boy would have trouble with the newly-broken bay.

"I'm as glad to stay as you can be to have me," he answered, rather absent-mindedly. But though he was thinking of Jim Beach and the bay, he was looking at Carmen, and as she could not read his mind, she was almost satisfied.

"You haven't much vanity, Nick," she laughed, "if you mean to travel East and land in New York in those clothes."

"Why, what's the matter with 'em, Mis' Gaylor?" Nick asked, indifferently. "They're 'most as good as new. I don't mind New York spottin' me as a woolly Westerner. This is my country. It's given me all I've got, and I'm proud of it."

"The clothes are all right, Nick, and you're all right in them," Carmen answered, looking him over with something more than kindness in her black eyes. He wore a white "soft" shirt, with a low collar turned over a black scarf, tied in a sailor's knot. He had a leather belt round his waist, and no waistcoat. His short coat and trousers were of navy blue serge. Everything he had on was neat and of good material, but

Carmen knew that it would look out of place in New York. Still, she was glad that he was not "dressing up" for his trip East. His carelessness in the matter proved to her, if she needed proof, that Nick was not thinking about the impression he might make upon the lovely ladies of New York.

"Who was the man Simeon said had been keeping you away from me?" she inquired, as they walked slowly through the perfumed twilight toward the house.

"Oh, nobody you know, I guess. I only ran up against him lately, since I sold my gusher to the United Oil Company. He's their lawyer, and does some work for the Southern Pacific people too, I believe. Smart chap, brother of a bank manager in San Francisco. Name's Henry Morehouse: between forty and forty-five."

"Mr. James Morehouse, the San Francisco banker, is a very rich, important man," said Carmen. "I've never met his family myself. You know how close I was kept till a year ago. But I've friends who know them. What does Henry Morehouse, the lawyer one, want of you?" She questioned Nick without hesitation, feeling sure that he had no secrets from her. If he had kept any, she would not have questioned him perhaps, but she would have found them out all the same.

"It was oil business brought him my way, and I guess it's oil business taking him East. Anyhow he's going, and proposes we share a stateroom on the train. A berth would have been good enough for me, but I'm willing to chip in with him. And I've about settled to go to his New York hotel, a quiet sort of place he swears by, though I'd thought of doing the swell thing, and blowing into the Waldorf-Astoria with all the nobs, to see what they were like—as you go to the play. He's an interesting kind of fellow, lit up with ideas, and can show me things I need to know, if he doesn't get sick of me on the way. But he won't be in New York long. What he wants to do won't take him many days, and he's promised his banker brother to look after a lady who's landing from Europe about the time we're due to arrive. He's to meet her ship, and as she's coming West with the idea of settling in California, he'll bring her back if she's ready to start when he is."

Carmen's face had fallen into anxious lines, which made her look less radiantly youthful. When she greeted Nick, she had been not a day over twenty-six. Now she had passed thirty.

"Is the lady young?" she inquired.

"I don't know anything about her," Nick answered carelessly, "except that her name's Mrs. May, and she's supposed to be a friend of Franklyn Merriam, the big California millionaire who died East ten years ago or so, somewhere around the time I was first cowpunching on this ranch."

"Oh, the Franklyn Merriam who made such stacks of money irrigating desert land he owned in southern California somewhere," Carmen explained. "I've heard of him, of course—everybody has. He was middle-aged when he died, so I suppose this woman's old or oldish."

"I suppose so," Hilliard agreed. "Great king, ain't it mighty sweet here to-night. It looks like heaven, and you are like—like—"

"If this is heaven, am I an angel? Do I seem like that to you, Nick?"

"No—o, you ain't exactly my idea of an angel, some way, though I don't know why," Nick reflected aloud. "You're sure handsome enough for that—or anything. But I've always pictured angels lily-white, with moonlight hair and starry eyes."

"You're quite poetical," said Carmen, not too well pleased. "But I've been told by other men that my eyes are stars."

He looked straight into them, through the veil of the soft blue dusk, and at the hot pomegranate color which blazed up in her olive cheeks, like a reflection of the sunset that still trailed a torch along the west. And Carmen looked back at him, with her big, splendid eyes, defying him not to feel the thrill of her beauty.

It was a man's look he gave her, a man's look at a woman; but not a man's look at the woman he wanted.

"No," he answered. "They are not stars. They're more like the sun at noon, in midsummer, when so many flowers are pouring out perfume, you can hardly keep your senses, for warmth and sweetness."

Carmen was no longer hurt. She flushed with pleasure and breathed deeply. "That's the best compliment I ever had, and I've had a good many," she said. "Besides—coming from you, Nick! I believe it's the first you ever paid me, right out in so many words."

"Was it a compliment?" Nick asked doubtfully and boyishly. "Well, I'm real

glad I was smart enough to bring one off. I spoke out just what came into my mind and I'd have felt mighty bad if you'd been cross."

"No, I'm not cross," she assured him, smiling to herself. "I'd rather be a woman —for you—than an angel. Angels are cold, far off, impossible things that men can't grasp. Besides, their wings would probably moult."

Nick laughed, a pleasant, soft laugh, half under his breath. "Lord, I don't picture angels with wings! The sort that flit into my mind when I'm tired out after a right hard day and feel kind of lonesome for something beautiful, I don't know hardly what—only something I've never had—that sort of angel is a woman too, and not cold, though far above me, of course. She has starry eyes and moonlight hair—lots of it, hanging down in waves that could almost drown her. But I guess, after all—as you say—that sort's not in the line of a chap like me. I'll never come in the light she makes with her shining, and if I should by accident, she wouldn't go shooting any of her starry glances my way."

Carmen was both vexed and piqued. "I didn't know you were so sentimental, Nick," she said.

The big brown fellow looked ashamed and showed his white teeth in a laugh at his own expense.

"Well, I didn't know I was, either, till it popped out," he grinned. "But I suppose 'most every man has sentimental spells," he confessed. "Maybe, even, he wouldn't be worth his salt if he didn't. Sometimes I think that way. But my spells don't come on often. When they do, it's generally nights in spring—like this, when special kinds of night-thoughts come flying along like moths—thoughts about past and future. But lately since that blessed little oil town has been croppin' up like a bed of mushrooms round my big gusher—or rather, the company's gusher, as it is now—I've had my mind on that more than anything else, unless it's been my ditches. Gee! there's as much romance about irrigation in this country, I guess, as there is about angels which you can see only in your dreams; for you see every day when you're wide-awake, the miracles your ditches can perform. You just watch 'em turning your desert stretches or your meanest grazin' meadows into a blossomin' fairyland. I say, Mis' Gaylor, have you ever read a mighty fine book—old, but good and fresh as to-morrow's bread—called 'the *Arabian Nights*'?"

"I don't know. I dare say I read some of it when I was a little girl," replied Carmen, wondering what Nick was leading up to, but not bored yet, and anxious to be responsive. "It's for children, isn't it?"

"I reckon it's for everyone with the right stuff in 'em," said Nick. "Anyhow, I haven't grown up enough to get beyond it. I don't mean ever to turn the boy that lives inside of me, out-of-doors. If I ever do anything to make him so mad that he quits, I'll be finished—dried up. That book, the *Arabian Nights*, has got a dead cinch on me. You know, when I run into Bakersfield, I like to have a browse in the bookstores. It sort of rests me, as if my brain was takin' a bath; and seein' the pictures in that book made me buy it—a birthday present for my affectionate self—"

"Your birthday!" Carmen broke in, tired of this book talk, but not tired of anything that concerned him. "You never told me. That was bad of you. How old, Nick? I'm not sure, to a year or so."

"Thirty. Quite some age, isn't it? But there's lots I want to do before I'm old. I don't know, though, as I mean ever to be old."

"Of course you never will be." Carmen agreed with him in sweet flattery, but she was thinking in an undertone: "Only thirty, and I'm thirty-two. He won't be old ever, or for a long time, but I will. I'm that kind, I'm afraid. My mother was. I've got no time to lose; but to-day's mine. I'm just perfect now, and I've everything on earth to give a man. Nick must love me really, though maybe he's too used to me to know it, without being stirred up by something unusual. But I'll try my hardest to make him know it, to-night."

"Go on about your *Arabian Nights*," she said aloud, to give herself time for the arranging of her tactics, and meaning soon to twine the conversation round herself, as its center.

"Oh, well, all I really began to say was this: I was reading the story of Aladdin and an enchanted cave of jewels he dropped into. There was a magic ring and a lamp in the story too, that you could rub and get pretty near anything you wanted; so I was thinking this irrigation business of ours in California—Oregon, too, for that matter,

only it doesn't concern us so much—is like rubbing that lamp of Aladdin's. It throws open doors of dark caves in deserts and gives up enchanted gardens full of jeweled fruit and flowers. Then rub the smoky old lamp again and you get a spout of oil—another magic gift, which makes you feel as if a genie'd chucked it to you, to make your fortune in a single night. Look at my gusher, for instance! Just think, Mis' Gaylor, if you don't mind my talking this way about myself—you sold me my land, sliced it right off your own ranch—let me have it darn cheap, too, when the boss died—"

"I wanted to keep you as near me as possible, Nick, when people began to be silly and say I oughtn't to have a young man like you on the place as foreman, when I was alone, and Eld gone. I needed you badly, and I'd have been glad to give you land for nothing if you'd have taken it. Gracious! I've got so much left I don't know what to do with it hardly—or wouldn't if you weren't where you can advise me. Fifty thousand acres!"

"That's your generous way of puttin' things," said Nick, warmly. "And it was walkin' along, toward you and your paradise, just now, brought up these fairy-book thoughts so strong, I guess. My land's all right, though my house is a shack and I haven't got any flower-garden except in my head, but I will have some day, and I love every acre where I've begun to irrigate, and yet fruit-trees that are going to be like Aladdin's jewels. I love the alfalfa-fields too—Scott, but they smell sweet, where the desert sand used to blow and sting your nose! And even the waste part I love, where the two oil-wells I've kept are, in sight of the gusher and the queer little town they're building, for all the world like a pack of cards set up on end. Yes, I love the whole outfit—maybe the cattle best of all, though they're a luxury now the irrigation pays so much better than the old grazing land. But all the same, over here is another world; and I was sayin' to myself, strollin' through those pink and white oleanders that might be some o' your pretty dresses, hanging up on hooks in a long line against a palm-wood wall—how I owe the biggest things of my life to you. True, I was taking out my wages in calves while the boss was alive, and he was lettin' me put my brand on 'em by the hundred. But square as he was with me, he'd never have sold the land for the price you did. Not only that, but when I struck oil, a month or so after he went, look what happened. I hadn't the capital to do any good. 'Twas you put the money in my hand for the well-sinking and—"

"But you insisted on mortgaging every acre you bought—your cattle and everything you had, to me; so that took away the credit I'd like to have from you!" laughed Carmen, touched by his outburst of gratitude, and wholly happy again in the renewed assurance that this man was hers, or would be, body and soul. "Besides, all you did and all you spent seemed likely to harm more than help, when everybody said you wouldn't get enough oil to pay for sinking your wells. And it was only when the gusher burst out by accident and took everyone by surprise, that your troubles were over."

"If there's any such thing as accident," Nick mumbled, his eyes far away from Carmen and her beauty, "the longer I live, the more I think there isn't. It's all arranged by something big and great up there beyond where the sun's sinking and the moon's rising. But maybe you'll say that's sentimental, too, like the angel-thought. I don't mean it that way, though I've got an almighty lot to thank the something for—as well as to thank you."

"It wasn't I who took the gusher off your hands, anyhow, and saved you the fearful expense of coping with it," said Carmen. "So I suppose you think it was heaven sent you those men to buy what oil land you wanted to sell, and start Lucky Star City."

"I guess that's who it was. Not that I deserve any special kindness from that quarter," Nick laughed at himself. "My mother used to talk a lot about those things, you know, and though I was only a little shaver when she died, naturally I've remembered most all that was anyway connected with her."

The young man and woman fell into silence for a moment, under the spell of the garden's enchantment, and there was no sound except the music of the fountains and a whispering among the trees which, in the moon-silvered distance, walled in garden and flower-draped, rambling house, like the forest-wall which grew up round the palace of the Sleeping Beauty in the Wood.

Nick Hilliard was thinking of his mother, into whose sad and broken life he might have poured golden floods of joy, if only she

had lived till his fortune came; while Carmen Gaylor was thinking of him—and of herself, as they concerned one another.

She knew the history of his terrible childhood and early youth. She knew, for he had told her the story long ago, how his grandfather, a California pioneer of good southern family, a successful judge, had turned an only son away, penniless, because the boy of twenty chose to take for a wife a pretty little dressmaker, of no family at all. She knew how the couple had gone East, to live on a few hundred dollars left the boy by an aunt; how he had hoped and expected to succeed in New York as a journalist and writer; how he had failed instead, and starved with his bride; how he had faded out of life while Nick was a baby; how the girl-widow had taken in sewing to support her child, and when she couldn't get that, had washed or scrubbed; and how, as Nick became a wise, worried old man of four or five years, he had been able to help earn the family living by selling some of the very newspapers which had refused his dead father's contributions. Nick had not enlarged much upon his adventures after this stage of his youthful career, merely sketching them in the baldest, driest manner, when it had been necessary to present his credentials to the "boss"—"old Grizzly" Gaylor—years ago now. But in one way or other it had leaked out that the boy had learned to read and write and cipher at a night school in New York, not having time for such "frills" as schooling by day. And Carmen could not help knowing that he had gone on studying more or less, and thinking out his own rather queer ideas about heaven and earth, ever since, in spite of the most strenuous interruptions—for she had been vaguely shamed occasionally, by happening to discover how much Nick knew, that she had not troubled to learn. He had read everybody and everything from Plato to Schopenhauer, whereas it bored Carmen unspeakably to read anything except novels and verses which she liked sometimes in magazines, because their pathos or passion might have been written round her.

She knew how Nick, as a little boy, had swept shops, and found all sorts of odd jobs, how he had been errand boy, and district messenger in a uniform of which he had been proud, because it made him feel "almost like a soldier"; how after his mother's early death, he had got his long cherished wish to "go West," by working on the railroad and eventually becoming a brakeman. After that short experience, joyous, congenial "cowpunching" days had come, and after several years in a subordinate position on Eldridge Gaylor's great ranch, he had at twenty-five been made foreman. But by this time he was already a familiar figure in her life—the life which she had chosen, and hated after it was chosen—except for Nick Hilliard, who had always loomed large in it, though she saw little of him until a year ago.

Except perhaps with the old man she had married for his money and hated for his brutality, Carmen believed that Nick Hilliard's "ways" and his good looks had helped even more than his courage and cleverness, to win him success and recognition. With Eldridge Gaylor it had been different. He thought of no man's pleasant looks or ways, though even upon the corrugated iron of his nature a woman's beauty had had influence, and he had married Carmen off the comic opera stage, in the City of Mexico, where he had gone to see a great bullfight ten years ago. When he had brought her home to his famous ranch, willing for a while to be her slave and give her everything she wanted, she had found Nick there, a cowpuncher among other cowpunchers. And she had seen how he made "old Grizzly" respect him. But his promotion had come through a row and an attempt at murdering the "boss" by a drunken foreman driven mad by a blow from the short whip Gaylor carried about the ranch. Nick had saved his employer's life, risking his own—for he was unarmed at the moment; and to his own surprise the reward had been the discharged foreman's place. Carmen shivered a little even now, remembering that night, and how she had worshiped Nick for his bravery. She had never since ceased to worship him, though he had done a great many things which irritated her extremely, such as saving old Grizzly's life once again; but those lurid years were past, and she had lived through a happy and comparatively peaceful one, which had brought her to this evening of moonlight and perfume.

As she wondered whether Nick would like her to talk with him about his mother, or whether that subject was too delicate to pursue, a musical Japanese gong sounded from a side gallery.

"Oh, it must be half-past seven already," she said. "I ordered dinner for seven, so we could have a talk afterward by moonlight (I love talking in moonlight, don't you? Everything seems so different) before the time for you to go. But I had it kept back half an hour, when you didn't turn up as early as I hoped. You can give me your arm, if you like, Nick."

Of course Nick "liked," though he had never taken a lady to dinner in that way before, and he felt proud, if a little awkward, as a bare, cream-satin arm laid itself on his coatsleeve.

Slowly and without speaking, the pair walked along a flower-bordered path that skirted the lawn on one side, and on the other a canal full to the brim of glittering water, which reflected the sky and the two figures, wherever the white embroidery of pond-lilies was broken.

It was a place and an hour made for love.

CHAPTER III

MOONLIGHT

THEY did not dine in the house, though one of the show-rooms was a huge dining-hall like a glorified refectory in an old Spanish mission. After the beginning of April, and sometimes long before, Carmen seldom took a meal indoors, unless she was attacked by one of her fierce fits of depression, and had a whim to hate sun, sky, and flowers.

She and Nick mounted the pansy-colored brick steps, passed the terrace fountain which spouted diamond spray through a great round head made of some flowering water-plant, went on round a corner, Carmen's white dress brushing fallen camellia petals or the thin pink shells of broken roses, and so came to another veranda, jutting out far from the cream-colored house. It was pergola as well as veranda, in that it had no roof except immensely heavy beams of old Spanish chestnut, so draped with wistaria and roses that the whole out-of-doors room was thickly canopied with glossy leaves and hanging clusters of flowers. Only a faint filtering of sun or moonshine could steal through this blossoming roof, and such rays as penetrated seemed to be dyed pink and purple by draining through the flowers, as light is colored by passing through stained glass in a cathedral.

Suspended from the beams were big iridescent pearl-shells, known in southern California as "abalone," and in these rainbow-tinted half-globes gleamed small electric lights, subdued by dull gold glass; but neither these, nor the tall shaded lamps on the low wall of the terrace, nor the hidden electric bulbs in the fountain basin were allowed to shine out yet. As Carmen said, she liked to talk by moonlight; and now, over in the east behind magnolia and palm-trees, the moon had been born, while the sun died in the west, and his red blood stained the brown floor and jade pillars of the bamboo forest-temple.

If it had been her wedding-night dinner Carmen could not have been more careful in ordering the different dishes and planning the decorations of the table. Usually, whether she were alone or had guests (as she had sometimes, though "society" had never whole-heartedly taken her up) she left everything to her Chinese head-cook, who was a worthy rival of any Parisian *chef*, and the beautifying of her table to the artistic little Japanese youth, whose one business in life it was to think out new flower-combinations. This, however, was not only the anniversary of the day which had given her freedom, but she hoped it might be one to remember for a sweeter reason. Besides, Nick Hilliard was to be enchanted, to be made conscious of himself and her, as the only man, the only woman, worth thinking of in the world.

The air was poignantly sweet with the fragrance of orange-blossoms, and the deep-red velvet roses which were Carmen's own flowers. Nick was a water-drinker by preference and because he was an open-air man, also because it had been necessary for him to set an example; but to-night Carmen made him sip a little iced champagne, and she drank to the success of his first visit East since boyhood—to his safe and speedy home-coming.

"Because this is home, Nick, your home," she said. "It would kill me if you saw any place you liked better, and if you made up your mind that you wanted to sell out and live in New York."

"No fear," said Nick. "No man ever left paradise unless he was driven out by flaming swords. California's my paradise—California in all her moods, of mountain and sea, garden and desert; but our part of California in particular, of course."

Carmen would have been pleased if he had brought her into this picture; but at least he was enthusiastic, and perhaps he meant more than he put into words.

"Then you won't be gone long?" she asked, playing with the abalone chowder on her plate.

"Not more than a month anyhow; maybe a few days less if I get homesick; though it would hardly be worth while to go so far for a shorter time, after staying West so many years without a single break. First, I count on poking round some of our old haunts—poor mother's and mine—and then when I'm way down in the dumps, I'll yank myself up again with a little fun—theaters and roof-gardens and such like."

"You've seen good plays in San Francisco," said Carmen.

"Yes, San Francisco's a great place. None finer, I'll bet, and I'd want to shoot any fellow who claimed there could be anything ahead of the Golden Gate. Only I haven't had time to go there, once in a blue moon. And just now—I hardly know why, except it's those old associations pulling—something seems drawing and drawing me to the East. It's like a voice calling my name—'Nick—Nick, I want you. Come!' Funny, isn't it?"

Carmen was not sure that it was funny. For she was superstitious beyond all things; and at that moment it happened that she could hear the moaning note of doves—a sound which she believed always brought her bad luck.

"What kind of a voice is it?" she asked, laughing rather shrilly. "Not a woman's, I hope?"

"I guess it's that angel's I was telling you about," Nick smiled.

Carmen motioned the Chinese butler to fill her guest's glass, which he had hardly touched.

"Don't let's talk any more of angels," she said. "Let's talk of me, and you. Nick, do you know what to-night is? A year since I was free of a horrible burden. 'At the end of a year,' I always said to myself. 'Twelve long months of hypocritical, conventional respect paid to the memory of a person who was more brute than man. But not a day more, when the twelve months are over. Then—happiness, freedom—new life!' Don't you consider I'm perfectly justified in feeling like that?"

Nick thought for a moment, not looking at Carmen, who leaned toward him a little, across the table, her eyes on his face. He gazed out through the torn curtain of roses into the pure silver of the moonlight, over the wide lawn with its fountains, toward the wall of splendid trees which screened from his sight the rolling billows of the great ranch-meadows with their noble cattle, their shining, canal-like irrigation-ditches, their golden grain, their fragrant alfalfa, their fruit and flowers. All this wealth and much more old Grizzly Gaylor had given this pretty young singer in exchange for her beauty, and the pleasure of snatching her away from other men. Despite the "boss's" many notorious failings, it grated on Hilliard to hear Carmen rejoice aloud because her husband was underground, and she was free of him now that his back was turned forever.

"Probably you're right," Nick said. "You're more likely to be than a rough animal of my sort. And yet—it kind of rubs me up the wrong way to listen to you talkin' that way, in particular just this very night."

"Why in particular this very night?" she asked sharply.

"Well—I guess it's only conventional, because, why are twelve months more important than fourteen, or any other number? —but it's the feeling of an anniversary, I suppose. A year ago to-night he breathed his last—and he didn't want to die. It sort of seems as if to-day ought to be sacred to him, no matter what he was. And—and maybe I'm a dashed hypocrite and don't know it, but it doesn't suit with my ideas of you, to get the feeling that you set up to-night to be a festival, and celebrate something. I expect I'm wrong, though, and you ought to be lecturin' me, instead of me grouchin' at you."

"I don't want to lecture you, Nick, whether you understand me or not," said Carmen. But the dinner and the meaning of the feast were both spoilt for her in an instant. She could have bitten her tongue out because it had run away from her and spoken the wrong words—words which jarred on Nick at the very moment when she was bending all her powers to charm him. She knew, with a heavy weight of premonition, that this moonlight talk she had planned would give her nothing worth having now. To try and make Nick feel her power would do more harm than good, because the night was haunted by the spirit

of the past, and the spirit of the dead man she had wanted to defy. "I'm punished," she thought, superstitiously. But she exerted herself to be cheerful, lest Nick should go East disgusted with her. That would be the end of all!

CHAPTER IV

A GIRL IN MOURNING

ANGELA sat in her chair on the promenade-deck of the *Adriatic*, and felt peacefully conscious that she was resting body and brain.

The ship was not crowded, for it was the beginning of May, and the great tide of travel had turned in the opposite direction, toward Europe. On either side of her chair were several which were unoccupied, much to her joy, and a soothing silence hovered round her, through which she could listen to the whisper of the sea, as the ship glided on to the land of hope.

Loneliness gave a real joy to Angela; for young as she was, she had just undergone a severe strain, and had taken a step which meant high nervous tension leading up to a supreme decision. She was glad all was over, and well over; desperately glad that her courage had not failed.

"Oh, how thankful I am—how thankful!" she said again and again, under her breath, as the sea whispered of peace. Still, she vaguely envied some of the family parties on the ship, who appeared happy and united. Not that she wanted them to talk to her. Witty, lively people could be very nice when you were in the mood for them, but perfectly agonizing when you were not; and since it wasn't permissible to cover human beings up like canaries when you had tired of them, or send them away like children when they had prattled enough, Angela cuddled down comfortably among her cushions and rugs, rejoiced to be let alone for the first time in her life. But there was a pretty young mother with a small imp of a curly haired girl, who fascinated her, and made her think. Once, when the imp fell on the deck, only to be caught up and kissed until a wail ended in a laugh, Angela said to herself, "If my mother had been like that, everything would have been different for me."

Saunterers for exercise or flirtation often turned for a glance at Angela. What they saw, was a lovely, slim girl, with pearly fair skin, big gray eyes, quantities of wavy hair of so pale a gold that it was almost silver in its high lights, contrasted with the dead black of the mourning hat she wore. Her low black collar made the slender throat that rose out of it white as a lily, and she had the prettiest chin in the world. The oval of her face was perfect, and when she read, or closed her eyes as she sometimes did, the long lashes, many shades darker than her hair, and the delicate arch of the brown eyebrows, gave her the soft, sweet look of a child asleep.

Always the glances were even more admiring than curious; but they were curious, too, for everyone was wondering who she was. In spite of her youth, there was something of pride and distinction about her which made it seem that she could not be quite an ordinary sort of person you had never heard of; a mere Miss Smith or Mrs. Brown. Yet all the "swells" on board had been duly accounted for and recognized. She was not one of them.

"What a wonderfully pretty girl!" people said of her to each other. "And she seems to be traveling alone, unless her friends are too sick to come out of their cabins. Apparently she hasn't even brought a maid—yet what lovely clothes she has, though so simple, and all black. Perhaps she's in mourning for her father or her mother, or some near relation, as she never comes down to the saloon for her meals, but has them on deck, and doesn't look as if she wanted to be spoken to. She's surely too young to be a widow!"

Angela did not much mind these glances, or this gentle curiosity, for no normal woman objects to being thought pretty, or can fail to see when she is admired. But it was delightful to feel sure that no one knew who she was. If she were on the passenger-list as the Princess di Sereno, she would be more stared at and bothered than that poor fat Duchess of Dorsetshire, who was too nearsighted to recognize her at a distance, thank goodness. Each glance thrown her way would have been an annoyance, for there would have been nothing flattering to vanity in any spice of interest her title gave. Some silly creatures might have stared at her owlishly because she was a princess; but—far worse—others would have looked and looked again because they knew all about her.

These would have buzzed: "Why, that's the Princess di Sereno, don't you know, the only child of the California millionaire who died about ten years ago, so suddenly, while his wife and little daughter were in Europe? The girl married that Roman prince, Paolo di Sereno, who used to make such a sensation going about in one of the first aeroplanes, and gambling high at Monte Carlo—awfully handsome man, a lot older than she. He must have been nearly forty, and she seventeen, when she married him. Her mother made the match, of course: girl just out of a French convent—the wedding wasn't six weeks after she was presented in England. The prince met her there; has English relations, like most of the Roman nobility. But the really interesting part of the story is this: they never lived together as husband and wife. The bride either found out some secret the prince had kept from her (which is what people believe) or else there was a mysterious row, the first hour after the wedding. Anyhow, something happened: he went off the same day and left her with her mother. Afterward, he came back; but it was an open secret that the two were no more than strangers, or, you might say, polite acquaintances, though they lived at opposite ends of his old palace in Rome, which her money restored, and his country place near Frascati. There was never the least scandal, only the wildest curiosity as to what had happened, which finally died down a bit as time went on. But now, she has cut the whole thing. Apparently couldn't stand the empty sort of life, or else he did something worse than ever, at which she drew the line."

Angela did not much care whether people in Rome knew the truth or not. That no longer greatly mattered to her, because she meant never, never to go back to Rome, or to see Paolo di Sereno, or any of his friends—who had never really been her friends. But she did not want people on the ship to know, because she was deadly sick and tired of being talked about, and her hope was to begin a new and very different life. For herself, she had nothing to conceal; but she had never felt any pride or pleasure in being a princess, as her mother had for her; and after the flatteries and disillusions, the miseries and foolish extravagances of the last hateful, brilliant six years, everything connected with them, and the historic title her dead father's money had bought was being eagerly obliterated by Franklyn Merriam's daughter. She knew little about her ancestors on her father's side, whereas Paolo di Sereno had centuries behind him crammed full of glorious ones whose deeds were celebrated on tapestries of great beauty and value. But her only tolerable memory of Paolo was, that he had never so much as touched her hand since their marriage; whereas the memory of her father was sacred. She adored him, and was never weary of recalling things he had said to her, pleasures he had planned for her as a child, and above all, his wonderful stories of California, whither she was now bound.

Angela had taken the name of "Mrs. May"; May, because May was her birth-month; and also her middle name, given by her father, whereas Angela had been her mother's choice. Therefore she was just superstitious enough to feel that "May" might bring happiness, since her father's memory was the single unshadowed spot in her life of twenty-three years. A brilliant life it would have seemed to most women, one to be envied; but Angela could not see why. She was just now waking up to a joyousness forgotten since childhood, in successfully getting away from it.

The long lashes which shaded her slate-gray eyes had that upward curl which shows an undying sense of humor, and she had been a merry little girl, with real flashes of wit which had enchanted Franklyn Merriam before she was snatched away to Europe at eleven, never to see him again. Even at the convent school near Paris where she had been "dumped" (as Mrs. Merriam's intimate enemies put it), Angela had kept the nuns laughing behind their hands, and the girls had loved her. Now, though she had imagined her gay spirit dead with her childhood, she began to be visited by its ghost. She amused herself on shipboard with a thousand things, and a thousand thoughts which made her feel the best of "chums" with her new friend and companion, Angela May. "I've gone back from twenty-three to seventeen again," she thought, and pretended that there had never been an Angela di Sereno, that scornful young person who had forbidden the prince to come near her, on learning that there was another whom he should have married instead of Millionaire Merriam's daughter.

When she was a little girl in Boston (where Mrs. Merriam had insisted upon living), Angela used to sit on her father's knee; and as he curled her long yellow hair over his fingers he had woven romances of the Golden West, reluctantly deserted for his wife's sake. He had painted California as a land not only of gold and of an alluring beauty beyond all other states, but as a place where women were lovely, and every man, even the commonest, brave and chivalrous. This El Dorado was very different from the world Angela had known since she had lost him, though she had flitted restlessly from country to country; and though many of her youthful illusions had broken like bright bubbles, this ideal still glittered before her eyes. She had been promised by her father that she should visit California with him, when "Mother brought her back from Europe"; but he had died, and mother had not brought her back; so now she was going to make the pilgrimage alone. Not only did she intend to see the places her father had described—the places he had loved best—but when she had seen all and could choose, she meant to buy land and make a home for herself, her first real home, where she might spend the rest of her life.

Wherever she decided to live, the house must be like the one where her father had been born—long and low, built of adobe; there must be a patio, with a fountain in the middle; and the rooms must be kept cool by the roof of a veranda, shading the windows like a great overhanging eyelid. Lovely flowers she would have, of course, but the garden must be as unlike an Italian garden as possible. Italy was beautiful, but she had her own reasons for not loving it, and she did not wish to be reminded of that country, or any other in Europe where she had wandered in search of forgetfulness.

She had little fear that ghosts of the past would come to haunt her in her new home, for though the Prince di Sereno had admired her passionately, she had struck at his pride and made him hate her in the end. At last he had been glad to let her go out of his life, for she had made arrangements by which he kept more than half her money. There was no danger that he would try to snatch her back again; and as for her European friends and acquaintances, it was unlikely that such very worldly persons would care to come to the place she meant to select. It would be far away from the path of tourists.

The eight-day voyage passed pleasantly for Angela. She had spoken to no one, except stewards and stewardesses; for taking her meals on deck, she had not come into direct contact with her fellow-passengers. The mourning she wore for her mother, who had died four months before in Cairo, seemed to set her apart from others, though had it not been for the cause of her mourning, probably she would not now be on her way to America. It was a few weeks after Mrs. Merriam's death, when she had recovered from the shock which was hardly sorrow, that Angela said to herself, "Now she is beyond being grieved by anything I do, and I can go away—for good." For the girl had been under the frail, cold woman's sway, even as the strong man, Franklyn Merriam, had been in his time; and Mrs. Merriam had derived such exquisite pleasure from having a daughter who was a Princess di Sereno, that while she lived Angela would hardly have found courage to deprive her of it.

At home, both in the country and at her palace in Rome, the princess had been waited on by two French maids, one of whom dressed her, while the other kept her personal belongings in order. When she traveled, as she often did, one or both went with her; to Egypt; to Algeria; to Spain; to Russia; to Paris, or to England. But Mrs. May had no maid; and landing in New York, it seemed that she was the only person who did not meet with a welcome from friends on the dock.

Suddenly, she ceased to enjoy her isolation. For the first time since leaving Rome "on a long visit to relatives in America" (according to inspired newspaper paragraphs) the young Princess di Sereno did not hug her loneliness and her secret with childlike glee. She felt desolate, almost frightened, much as she remembered feeling the day she was "shed" by her mother in the Paris convent school, knowing nobody, and little of the French language. She hardly knew what to do, as she stood under the big letter "M," waiting to have her luggage examined. Her fellow "M's," as well as all the other letters, appeared to be having desperate trouble with the customhouse men, who clawed out the contents of their trunks and then calmly left the cowed owners to stuff everything back as best they could.

Angela's heart beat fast when her turn came and she wished for long-nosed, hard-voiced Josephine as a bulwark; but the ordeal was not nearly as bad as she had expected. She looked helplessly at her inquisitor, with the air of a hunted child who had got lost and hardly hoped ever to be found; so the creature's protective instincts were aroused, and the wind was tempered to the shorn lamb. In half an hour after the ship had docked, Mrs. May was inquiring anxiously of a large, obliging Irishman (who had a vast store of knowledge concerning all useful subjects) how on earth she was to secure a cab.

Her hotel was already decided upon, and rooms engaged. An old friend of Mrs. Merriam, a cosmopolitan American woman whose taste could be trusted, had once praised the Hotel Valmont. Angela had remembered; and driving from Twenty-third street up into the Forties, New York was almost as strange to her as if she had never seen it before. Indeed, she had seen little of it, for the Merriams had lived in Boston, in a charming old house bought from an impecunious cousin of the millionaire's wife; and Angela was only eleven when she bade her father and America good-by. How vividly that day came back to her now! She could see her father, and feel his kisses as he said, "Never mind, little girl. The time'll soon pass, and when mother brings you back then we'll have the time of our lives—just you and I—in California together, while mother enjoys herself showing off her Paris dresses to her Boston friends."

But that day did not bear thinking of. She tried to feel that her father was with her now, and would be in California, helping to choose her home; and by and by, rattling through the bright, busy streets, in the vivifying sunshine, she began to feel happy again, as well as very young and eager.

"This is the gate of my future, and I'm driving into it," she thought. And though she was entering the gate of adventure alone, expecting always to be more or less alone, since she was debarred from romance in its ordinary sense, she grew more excited and light-hearted every moment.

The Hotel Valmont, which Mrs. Corning had said was comparatively small, loomed imposing to Angela's eyes, as her taxicab stopped before the ever-revolving glass wheel of the Fifth avenue door. The building towered to a height of sixteen or seventeen stories at least, and appeared only a lesser mountain among the giant mountains which made cañons of the streets.

A polite man in hotel livery bowed her through the swift whirl of the glass wheel, and she found herself in a large, cool hall with floor and walls of marble. Formally cut laurel-trees grew in huge pots, and the gilded ceiling was higher than those of the Palazzo di Sereno.

There were many desks, and she had to ask a liveried youth where she must go to apply for her rooms. He directed her, and she explained to one of a dozen clerks that she was Mrs. A. V. May, who had cabled before sailing from Cherbourg for a bedroom and sitting-room. She might want to stop only two or three days, or possibly she might decide to stay a week.

She was expected, it seemed, and her suite was ready. Would she kindly register? And the young man, respectfully admiring the lovely face framed in gold hair and black straw, pushed forward a ponderous volume that lay open on the counter. As Angela pulled off her glove and took the pen he held out, she laid down the gold chain-bag which she always carried hanging on her arm. It was a handsome bag, somewhat more conspicuous in America, perhaps, because more costly, than in Europe, where almost every moderately rich woman had one more or less of the same sort. Angela was used to hers, and she had no idea that it might be considered ostentatious in traveling. It was convenient as well as pretty, which was all she thought of; nor did she notice that several persons grouped near the long line of desks looked with interest at her, and at the gold bag which was edged with diamonds and sapphires.

A diamond or two, and a sapphire or two, sparkled and gleamed on her fingers as she wrote; but except for her rings and a small, plain brooch she had no jewelry which was meant to show. Under the black chiffon of her blouse, however, there was a faint glimmer of pearls which she wore night and day for safety.

"Mrs. A. V. May," she wrote, then paused before providing herself with a habitation. Everybody else on the page was placed as well as named, so Angela felt that she must be the same, or appear conspicuous. "London," she put, since London was as good a background as any for an

unknown Mrs. May. And then moving her arm abruptly, she pushed the gold bag off the counter.

If fell on the marble floor, and a man who had been leaning on the counter looking at Angela, sprang to pick it up. But another man was before him, and grabbed the thing from under the hand of the first. Pulling off a wide-brimmed gray hat which had been pushed to the back of his head, he held out the gold bag a little awkwardly.

"I guess it was you dropped this, lady," he said.

Angela was on the point of laughing, for she was used to dropping her bag a dozen times a day, and having someone pick it up for her; but it had been really funny to see it snapped away by this tall, oddly-clad fellow, from under the dapper gentleman's rather sharp nose. Of course she did not laugh, however, but smiled gratefully instead; and she could not possibly help staring a little at the retriever of her lost property. So, also, did the other and smaller man stare. This person was extremely well dressed, and had a light pointed mustache, like a German officer's.

"Yes. It is mine. Thank you very much," said Angela. And she thought: "What an extraordinary looking man! But how handsome. He might be dressed for a play—only somehow, he doesn't look a bit like an actor. Whatever he is, he's the real thing."

The wide gray sombrero (such as Angela had seen often in Spain, but never anywhere else) remained in the young man's hand. He was so tall that he made most of those standing near look insignificant. Yet they, on the other hand, made him conspicuous.

It was a long way up to his face, but when Angela's eyes had climbed to that height, she saw that it was remarkably attractive, and the eyes splendid, even compelling, so that it was difficult to remove hers discreetly from their influence.

The type of man was new to her, and the look which he gave her was new, though Angela was accustomed to seeing admiration in the eyes of men. It was in these eyes, too, plainly discernible; but it was curiously, interestingly different from the admiration she had learned to understand. His was a wild, uncivilized kind of handsomeness she thought, like that of some noble, untamed creature of the forest, changed by enchantment into a man and thrust into modern clothes. Yet the look he gave her was not uncivilized, only surprised, rather boyish, and as if the brilliant eyes had suddenly lit upon something good which they had been seeking for so long that they were loth to surrender it. Very odd, and a little exciting, Angela found it.

If the young man's clothes were modern, however, they were far from being fashionable; not at all the sort of clothes to suit the background of a marble hall in a New York hotel. His shirt was of some soft white material which did not seem to be starched, and a low collar was turned down over a black, loosely tied cravat, like a sailor's. Instead of a waistcoat, he wore a leather belt, of the sort in which one would quite expect to see a knife or revolver sticking out, though neither was there. His dark blue serge suit was of a country cut, the trousers rather short and tight for the long, straight legs, and the shoes were wide in the toe, thick in the sole.

All these details Angela noted in one quick glance, as only a woman can; and admiring the tall brown eccentricity as she might have admired a fine bronze statue out of place, in the wrong surroundings, she wondered from what sort of niche the statue had transplanted itself. In her mind there was no room whatever for the little man with the light pointed mustache, so she forgot his existence.

"Mighty pleased to—to do any service for you, sure, lady," stammered the bronze statue, and though his voice was distinctly pleasant, it had not the cultured accent to which Angela was accustomed in the men she knew. Besides, it was quaint to be addressed as "lady." London cabbies and beggars called one "lidy"; but they were a law unto themselves. Still, it sounded rather nice as he said it: "pleased to do any service for you, lady."

She nodded politely as she moved away, following the bell-boy who had the key of her rooms, and as she reached the lift, something made her glance back. The sombrero was on the dark head again, and the head was bent over the hotel register, where Mrs. May had lately written her name. The man was either looking at that, or writing his own; but on the whole, Angela inclined to the latter supposition. Probably the wild creature of forests had just arrived in New York from somewhere very, very far away, perhaps from her

father's Golden West, the country of the sun. As the lift flashed her with horrifying swiftness up to the twelfth floor, she still seemed to hear the echo of the pleasant voice, untutored as the voice of wind among pines, saying "pleased to do any service for you, lady." A few minutes later, however, she forgot the incident of the dropped bag, in admiring her pretty suite of white and green rooms, the marble bath, into which one must step down, and the cedar-lined wardrobes or closets in the wall, which she remembered as typically American. She felt like a child, examining a new playhouse. Suddenly she was sure that she would get on well with Americans, that she would like them, and they her, though until to-day she had been half afraid that her country people, in their own land, would seem to her like strangers. Although she had not made up her mind how long she would stay in New York before going West, she unpacked a great many things without stopping to think that perhaps she was giving herself useless trouble. Then, when she had scattered quantities of dresses, petticoats, hats and cloaks in both rooms, she paused, bewildered. Everything she had taken out on shipboard looked wrinkled and rather haggard. She wished that she had brought Josephine, though she had not been fond of her, or any of the others. She did not know what to do with the things, and never, never could she get them all back again, when it should be time to leave the hotel. It was exactly as Josephine had prophesied. How the Frenchwoman would enjoy saying, "It is as I warned Madame la Princesse!"

"Perhaps a servant of the hotel would help me," she thought: and a call through the telephone brought to the door a tall dark Irish girl, who would have been pretty if her eyes and cheeks had not been stained with crying. At first glance Angela was interested, for she was beginning to be happy herself, and could not bear to think that anyone who came near her was miserable. At all times, too, she had quick sympathies, and could read the secrets of sad or happy eyes in a flash, as she passed them in the street, though less sensitive persons saw nothing noteworthy; and often she longed to hurry back to some stranger, as if a voice had cried after her, which she could not bear to let cry in vain. Now, as she talked to the maid about the unpacking, unspoken sympathy went out from her in a magnetic current which the Irish girl instantly felt. Her big tear-blurred blue eyes fixed themselves wistfully on the beautiful young lady in black, and she had a strong, exciting impression that some blessing hovered near her, like a spirit, which she could take hold of if only she had courage.

"Indeed, miss, I'll love to help you," she said. "'Twill be a rale pleasure—and there's not many comes my way, these days."

"I'm sorry for that," Angela told her. "Perhaps you're homesick. For I think you must have come here not very long ago from a dear green island which everyone who's ever been there, loves."

"You're right, miss." The Irish eyes brimmed over. "And I'm homesick enough to die, but not so much fur Oireland, which I love with all me heart, as fur a place I niver set eyes on."

Angela was more and more interested. "You're homesick for a place you never set eyes on? Then someone you love must be there."

This time the tears could not be kept back. The young woman had already begun her work of gathering up Angela's belongings, and lest the tears should fall on a lace nightgown she was folding, she laid it hurriedly on a chair, to search wildly for her handkerchief. "Do excuse me, if ye can, miss," she choked. "I've no right to make a fool o' meself in front of you, but you were that kind, I got all filled up like. It's a state in America called Oregon, I'm thinkin' of, for the man I crossed the say to marry is there, and how I don't know when we shall ever see one another."

"Oregon's a long way off," said Angela. "I know that, though I've lived in Europe most of my life, for my father used to tell me about it. Only the other day, too, I saw it on the map."

"Have ye got that map by you, miss?"

"Yes. We'll come to it presently, in this mass of books in my cabin-trunk. But I was going to say, though Oregon's ever so far west, the man you came from Ireland to marry will surely send for you soon. Then how happy you'll be, by and by!"

"A long by and by, I'm afraid, miss."

"Oh, why? Isn't there money enough?" Angela at once began to plan how she might make the course of true love run smooth; though in these days she was not as rich as she had been.

(TO BE CONTINUED)

passed him in. Under the electric he hesitated a moment and muttered, "You are quite sure that it isn't coffins? I will not make them—any more."

I presume that it was my training that made me recall many times during the next few weeks that farewell assertion. The *Azusa* had vanished down the western horizon, my duties kept me busy in the office, there was a ministerial crisis and a treasonable flag raising. But the figure of the man who would not make coffins any more and who had a desk drawer full of manuscript—poetry, of course—remained before me. I finally knocked at his door again.

He recognized me. I explained volubly that I was become interested in poetry. "It has occurred to me," I told him, "that Hawaii has not been celebrated in song by native bards, at least in English. I feel sure that the public would be interested in your work. The paper will—"

He gave me startled eyes. "But I can't write poetry!" he said.

"Nor do I," I returned. "Possibly both of us are trying."

He smiled. "In that case, come in."

I got no sight of any verse that night, but I did achieve an inkling of the character of T. Syle, cabinet-maker.

Imagine a mechanic with thin, delicate hands, a slender and unmuscular frame, hot eyes and an odd fashion of halting dead in the midst of impetuous talk. He was about thirty-five years old, had worked at his trade twenty years and been trying to write verse for fifteen. It appeared from his small confessions that he didn't want fame so much as he wanted to express his emotions. "My chest shakes with a perfect fever to say what is just before my mind," he told me. "And I am dumb! What do you suppose is the matter?"

"Let me see some of your stuff," I said. "Maybe I can help you with a suggestion."

But the man was adamant against my persuasion. He blushed. He retired into the farthest corner and became silent. I left.

I came back and restrained my curiosity. I said nothing about his own particular work but confined my conversation to generalities about poetry and the poets. He warmed up and insisted that Tennyson used the adjective "windy" too often. He discussed this with great earnestness and came to the conclusion that the laureate was not responsive to brunette beauty—I forget the course of his reasoning.

I wasted another night on him and his preposterous dogmatism and the next time I plumped out with my question: "Why won't you make coffins?"

"It is sacrilege," he informed me. "I spend days in making a work of art out of precious woods and it is taken and dropped into the ground and rots! I have made them—when I needed the money. But I have quit. A man mustn't degrade his art."

"And cabinet-making is an art?" I demanded.

"It is the union of sculpture and architecture," he assured me. "I put my dreams into it. But—" his enthusiasm went out like a candle in the wind—"it is a poor thing. I would rather write poetry."

"Why? Poetry is read and forgot. But your desk or your chair or your cabinet or your table may last for centuries."

"I made a fine table once," he told me, shaking his head. "I tell you it was the very embodiment of what a table is and should be. I sold it to the hotel and I used to go around and look at it, it was so close to what I had tried to make it. But one afternoon I went around and found it moved downstairs into the grill and a fat man was asleep, with his fat head on it and his pudgy hand stretched out across it. It was no longer art, it wasn't the expression of my soul; it was merely a place for fat men to sleep on when they'd had too much to drink."

I almost laughed, but saved myself. Later that night he ventured to open his great drawer. "I never finish anything," he said haltingly. "It seems as if I never got beyond—never could finish," he ended very hesitatingly. I reached over and lifted out a big sheet.

I stared at it and he flushed miserably. "That is unfinished," he muttered.

"I should say it was!" I ejaculated. "There's only one line of it—

I seek respite of the garrulous stars.

At sound of that paltry line the man suddenly flushed all over, his eyes brightening strangely. "I know what the rest of it must say," he breathed without a trace of shame, "but I can't say it!"

I looked at the paper again and saw a title inscribed in the upper corner: "Refuge." I read it aloud. He met my eyes with

childlike innocence. "Yes, that is what it is called."

It appeared that that huge drawerful of manuscript was single lines, each written on a separate sheet of paper, with a title. The man had never even got so far as a couplet. I pawed over this collection of stuff. I recall some of the "poems." One was entitled "Hope," and the line that ran across the sheet was this:

A feather dropped from the wing of Prayer.

Another one was headed "Love," and Syle had evidently struggled with an eraser before he arrived at the line:

Filling the lungs of youth it passes in the sigh of death.

Well, I looked this over, while the cabinet-maker fussed about the little room with the air of a man who expected any moment a final inspiration. When I had laid the papers aside he sat down and inquired in his anxious voice, "Is there—is there any poetry in those—anything suggested?"

"They are quite unfinished," I paltered.

His face suddenly flamed. He shut the drawer to. "That is it," he said miserably. "I can't find the proper expression. But I have the idea!"

Really, it was pitiful, the man's descent from an attitude of hope to one of despair. I tried to cheer him up. He refused all comfort. He even confessed to a regimen of life, adopted with some pains, to the better achievement of his object. He had kept to himself; he hadn't allowed himself to fall in love; he had been married (so he put it) to his Art. And this was the result of fifteen years of toil: single lines on great sheets of paper, without precedent or sequence; shouts into the void.

Before I left that night Syle laid his slender hand on my knee. "I've tried for expression all my life," he told me. "I've tried to make tables and poetry and coffins. And I can't do any of the three. But I shall! God won't let me die without giving some body to my soul."

Oh, yes, he was mad, of course; but all poets are mad. And Syle was a poet, let me tell you, though he couldn't make even two lines rhyme in sense or sound. Yet I didn't know it when I slammed the door of his little shop that night.

My interest in the cabinet-maker died until I went past the shop one afternoon, I fancy a year later, and saw him within busy over what was unmistakably a coffin. I stood at the door and called, "I thought you had given up coffins?"

He nodded gently. "There is money in them," he said.

Now I remembered that he had distinctly asserted that money was nothing to him. "Enough to get along on is plenty." So I wondered whether he had fallen on hard times. It seems he was more prosperous than ever before and that he had a new use for his savings. I found this out a few weeks afterward. I dropped in for a chat in the shade. Syle was working over a desk, still in its beginnings, and on the bench opposite him was perched a little girl.

She was a delicate thing, fragile formed, heavy-haired, slim-handed. She met my stare diffidently, with deep eyes. Syle lifted her down and patted her on the shoulder. "Tell Luisa to brush your hair nicely," he told her. She slipped away.

"How goes poetry?" I demanded.

"I have given up verse," he confessed. "But I'll win yet." Presently he enlarged slightly on his idea. It appeared that what he sought was immortality; he didn't want to die and leave things unsaid that were so important to him. He had thought of sculpture, as being next of kin to wood carving. But he couldn't handle the tools and made a botch of a twenty-dollar piece of marble. Verse mocked him. "I had to have a more plastic medium," he confessed, "and so I took life."

"Took life!" I echoed. "Do you mean to say you killed?"

"No. I work now in the real thing, in the fluid material of souls."

I believe he explained to me that it was a greater thing to form one life into perfect lines than it was to design the Parthenon. He expatiated on the tremendous possibilities of this new application of art. It was some time before he got down to the fact—the great fact: he was making the little girl I had seen into a poem. "She is to have a perfect existence, with the expression of her finest feelings in acts of beauty," he enthusiastically informed me.

So I called her "The Poem."

No one will ever know the prodigious zeal of T. Syle in writing this masterpiece of his. He toiled and labored and made coffins in vast numbers to pay for her education in music, literature and painting. He shooed

undesirable people away from her and sought for desirables with the energy of a butterfly hunter. The man nearly went mad when she developed a girlish admiration for Sunda, a native swimmer who had a pretty knack of singing to the guitar. He was horribly rude to various good ladies who tried to patronize little Eleanor. He beat with his slender fists a roisterer who voiced his approval of her one night on the street.

You know how the pursuit of an ideal reacts on an artist. Syle grew amazingly interesting himself. His slim figure seemed instinct with vitality; his eyes blazed under his brows; his coffins were marvels of tender workmanship; his mahogany furniture excited the amateurs of fine woodwork. And the girl became a woman.

At seventeen she was of medium height, slender, soft-throated, large-eyed. She walked with a peculiar and confident carriage, her long narrow feet always clad in low slippers that allowed her lovely ankles to be seen. Her hands were very small, with very separate fingers. When she spoke her scarlet mouth seemed perfumed. Oh, she was very witching. But she was merely a child. A compliment confused her.

Syle used to look at her with his great eyes and breathe deeply. He confided to me that he had got only the form of his magnificent ideal. "What is the matter?" he demanded. "She is almost perfectly beautiful. She has learned all that I and the best teachers can give her. I love to watch her. But there is no soul!"

"Your ideal—what was it?" I inquired.

"Not a merely lovely form," he returned, "but a beautiful figure in which a great and tender soul should reside. I thought she would be a lyric and she is only a *vers de societe*—with no heart!"

We debated the question for several months while this girl moved her tranquil way untroubled by our world. Then I made a rash suggestion: "She must fall in love."

This made Syle wretched for a week. He stormed, if so gentle a soul could be presumed to have an inner tempest, and told me I was part of that very world which made poetry impossible. "It isn't love that gives a girl a soul," he insisted; "it is the possibility of love."

"Find her a man," I retorted brutally. "Let the girl once find out the attraction of the opposite sex and you'll see her blossom."

Sorrowfully enough, he took my rough advice. I understand he searched Honolulu through for the young man worthy of her beauty and tenderness. Having discovered him, he invited him around and spent hard-earned coin on dinners and drives to the Pali. Eleanor became interested transiently, was quite charming, vivacious and even coquettish. But after all she seemed indifferent to the handsome, wealthy and educated chap whom Syle had picked out for her. So it was with a second, a third, a fourth. Eleanor became known as a flirt.

Then there came on the scene a young fellow whom none of us knew. I think he was first drawn into acquaintance with Syle at a concert in Emma square. With the easy audacity of youth he gained the poet's liking in an hour, walked home with him, sat up by the lamp and talked of poetry. Syle spoke to me of him a week later. "He has traveled and he has ideas," he said. "He has the very material for great work!"

"Is he a poet?" I demanded.

"He has no training, he has never learned the art of expression, but he is a poet at heart," that inextinguishably gentle spirit answered me.

"If I were you I wouldn't trust him too fully with Eleanor," I remarked.

I believe Syle scorned my insinuations at the time. But he came to me one blazing afternoon, wakened me from my drowse over some coast papers and informed me that this Hawkins, or whatever name he went by, had fallen in love with the girl. He was prodigiously distressed. It appeared, from his rather incoherent statements, that Hawkins was unworthy of that perfect and lovely creature. He himself had overheard the young man using a free tongue coarsely. "And I am afraid that Eleanor is—is attracted by him," he mourned.

I went with him to see.

We found Hawkins in the cabinet shop, airily clad in white, chatting volubly with the girl, who sat on an unfinished coffin, her demure and splendid face upturned to him. I stopped in the doorway. Syle groaned behind me. No one could see that little scene without knowing that The Poem had found an interpreter.

I do not think that I would have acted as I did h n for the coffin on which Ele r, embodiment of blos- son ceptacle of death had blo nt flower, as if the

choking darkness of mortality had been shattered by a lightning flash of creation. I walked on in and shook her hand.

An hour later Hawkins contemplated me with cold fury in his eyes. "What right have you to interfere?" he demanded, with strong symptoms of wishing to hit me.

"You are spoiling a poem," I told him. I explained. At the end of my explication of this gentle plot he laughed harshly. "Poor girl!" he said with the inflection of sarcasm. "But go and tell that coffin-maker that I will have that poem of his. Neither he nor a whole city full of dubs and dreamers shall keep her away from me."

All this I related to Syle. He stared at me out of his bright large eyes and said nothing. As I left he accompanied me to the door. There he held me a moment. "I've been trying to find the greatest expression of my ideals for years," he said quietly. "And now, on the very eve of success no man shall stand between me and the achievement of my desire. Have I made coffins in vain?" He dismissed me with a tragic and ridiculous gesture.

Young Hawkins pursued his wooing persistently and with a certain bravado. Syle allowed him to come around the shop where Eleanor spent her afternoons in the sleepy atmosphere of shavings and tools. But the cabinet-maker said little and devoted himself to the most amazing coffin that ever emerged from the wood under a savant hand. I assumed interest in this grim masterpiece as an excuse for attendance on these gatherings.

And almost precisely as the carved wood took on forms, so did Eleanor become a woman. Behind the clear eyes a little flame was lit and burned up steadily. Her fine, cleanly fingered hands no longer strayed to this thing and that, but hovered about her maidenly breast, as though to hold within that gentle fortress thoughts that might escape. Her face lost its purity of outline and became shadowy, rich with meditation, as though the soul that was descending into her heart were almost visible, a hovering and impalpable mist.

So you have our group: Syle bending over his work with blazing eyes, Eleanor dreaming, with low words and still gentler laughter, myself staring moodily into a corner full of shavings, Hawkins loudly talking in one of a dozen boastful attitudes and—well, the coffin, supine on the trestles, growing into a grotesque and horrible figure of mortality under its creator's delicate hands.

I really didn't understand the part that casket played in our little drama till Hawkins' strident voice asked one afternoon, "Who is that coffin for, Syle?"

Syle raised himself, chisel in thin hand, and stared at his questioner. A crooked smile twisted his lips an instant and he fell to his labor once more, in silence. Hawkins, unabashed, strolled over and inspected the thing carefully. "It's really a bully bit of carving," he announced to us all in a loud tone. "And it's very oddly proportioned, too. By jove! old chap, you're quite an architect as well as a cabinet-maker." His voice dropped two notes. He recoiled slightly, with an ejaculation of distaste. "But why *that?*" he demanded, one finger touching the carving on the upper lid.

Syle looked up at him. "That is a snake," he said drily.

"But where is its head?" he was asked crossly.

Syle lifted the panel up and displayed the under side. Out of the dark wood projected the venomous head of a serpent, the sly and poisonous presentiment of that death that bites. Hawkins shivered. "My God, man, that will be—it will be right over the dead man's face. Why—"

The cabinet-maker smiled across at him, a steady and beaming smile. "The coffin will be ready in a week," he said.

Hawkins walked back to his seat and glanced at Eleanor. She was deep in dreams. She hadn't heard this interchange. The young fellow rose and departed with some commonplace or other of farewell. When he had been gone a while the cabinet-maker looked up at me. "This will be my masterpiece," he said simply. Then he lifted his eyes to the girl and I saw in his face the profundity of love; not of affection, but of a man's love for a woman. And the terrific tragedy of it appalled me. Like a flash the meaning of it all was plain: Syle loved his own handiwork, this girl, this poem he had striven for years to bring to perfection. His constant, assiduous devotion to her, his long plans for her happiness, her purity and her delightfulness had become merged into a consuming passion, no longer the detached affection of the maker for the creature of his own mind, but the absorbing, cruel identification of one's life with the attainment of a desired woman.

And the coffin? I tell you it made me pause, the thought of that wonderfully carved casket. Did it mean that Eleanor's sweet and untainted existence was to be suddenly dipped into a welter of insanity and crime?

Hawkins himself gave me the clue. Unimaginative as he was, except with the superficial versatility of youth, he had been so deeply struck with Syle's final speech over that hollow receptacle that he came to me to tell me that the cabinet-maker was dangerous. "I don't trust him," he said miserably. "He is actually a menace, that fellow. He ought to be shut up."

"So that you could have the girl?" I demanded.

"But that isn't fair!" he persisted. "The idea! That coffin! The snake!"

"You think it is for you, that he is making it?" I asked.

Hawkins didn't reply at once. Then he said, "It sounds kind of foolish, doesn't it? But I don't trust him. What business has he to interfere in this fashion? What business has anybody to mix in with a love affair?"

I explained carefully that Syle stood in place of a parent to Eleanor, and that if he, Hawkins, wished to marry her, he should approach Syle on the subject. Hawkins laughed uneasily. "Oh, I don't know as I'm keen enough to marry her," he remarked. "Only I don't recognize Syle's right to interfere. He's no relation to her, any way. When I want to marry her I'll ask her—nobody else."

"Then," said I roughly, "prepare for that coffin." I had no business to put such an interpretation on the matter, I fancy, but people will sometimes lose their heads in difficult situations. As it happened, the fellow thought I was in Syle's confidence.

When he had left I thought of Eleanor and was sorry. It was possible that she really was in love with Hawkins. It was also extremely probable that Syle had no intentions of making a coffin ready for his rival. But I had committed myself.

I went down to Syle's that evening to see how things were developing. I found the poet in a state of suppressed excitement. Hawkins had called and taken Eleanor out to the square to listen to the band. The coffin was done. I plumped out with a question: "Is that casket for our friend Hawkins?"

Syle stared at me with great intensity. "I believe she loves him," he whispered. "And I would like to make her happy."

"But you love her yourself!"

His amazement was ludicrous. He demanded to know by what right I made such a statement. He affirmed that his sole wish was for her womanly felicity. At the end of a long tirade he stammered into silence and remained staring at the coffin, now a blur in the growing dusk.

So we sat without saying anything until laughter and steps on the outer pavement told us of the homecomers. We heard a young man's voice remonstrate against entering immediately. "Your old friend doesn't like me," Hawkins was remarking. "Let's walk about a bit."

Eleanor refused and pleaded gently that she knew the poet was expecting her. So Hawkins came in, too. At first, in the darkness, he did not discern either of us. He laughed and said, "The old boy isn't here!"

"Yes, the old boy is here," Syle said simply.

Eleanor lit the lamp and surveyed us with a smile. "Tommy," she said to Syle, "do you know what Mr. Hawkins thinks? He thinks you have made that coffin for him!"

It was the first time I had ever heard her address her guardian and friend as "Tommy" and I know that Hawkins suddenly stared at the sound of its familiarity. The cabinet-maker responded very simply, "Does he want to marry you?"

I know that I held my breath at the boldness, the plain unadorned audacity of that question. Eleanor stood, one hand gently about the standard of the lamp, the other on her breast. She looked at Syle with an inscrutable and profound glance, leaning forward a little, as though listening. Behind her Hawkins stood frowning.

Very slowly the girl turned and faced the young man. Her lips parted tenderly. Her gaze enveloped him. He said nothing.

"Do you want to marry me?" she asked presently, in rich voice.

He nodded, and her face took on divinity. "Oh!" she breathed. I heard Syle almost sob. And yet I, who was staring at this wakened woman with all my eyes, was at a loss. What did that soft exclamation mean? Why didn't her face flush? Why this great detachment under the very eyes of her lover? I was still more puzzled when she suddenly swept round and confronted the cabinet-maker. "And you, Tommy?" she breathed.

Syle bowed his head. "I am too old," he murmured.

She laughed, a queer, half-sobbing, slow laugh, that sounded through that wretched shop like trickling sweetness. And as she swept toward him the poet rose, his face warmed with pain, with the agony of desire for happiness. As his outstretched hands rested on her shoulders he stammered his last repulse to the passion within him: "I wouldn't really stand in the way of your happiness, Eleanor. I—"

"*Tommy!*" she cried.

Hawkins, in stumbling toward the door, knocked the coffin off the trestles. As it came down with a resounding crash we escaped into the street, where the young fellow, suddenly overcome with sorrow, shook my hand vigorously and vanished into the tropic night.

The Man Who Stole the Sun

By FRANK THUNEN

ILLUSTRATED BY JOSEPH RAPHAEL

FROM the beginning, Billings had doubted his ability to interest the Chinese Government in the subject of electric lighting. He had entertained but a negligible hope when he left the factory of the Wattson Electric Company at Schenectady with his sample plant consigned to himself at Canton. After two weeks of earnest solicitation to the intendant of the Cantonese circuit, and much unassimilated explanation of the economics of direct current dynamos for lighting purposes, the doubt had only struck deeper root in Billings's mind.

"No," said the intendant of the circuit, with an air of finality, "I will not buy any of your dynamos. Take your foreign engine of light out of my circuit. Its mysteries are not taught in the nine classics. It is but a weak mimicry of heaven's way of lighting the earth with the sun. It is a mockery upon the invincible power of Shang-tis; with it we have no night. As the child of Teen-tsze, I will not permit a—a Yankee—thus to bring a curse upon his empire."

As he listened to this ultimatum, Billings recalled the objections raised by President Wattson to Manager Martin's proposal of sending Billings into the Orient. "What does a Chinaman know about electricity?" he had said. "What could he do with a dynamo if you gave it to him? Who ever heard of a Chinaman adopting anything modern, sensible and convenient?"

"And who," Martin had retorted, "whether he needed or wanted a dynamo or not, ever successfully resisted Billings's seductive methods of placing machines? Leave it to Billings, and Billings will make good. And only think what it will mean to us if he can get their favorable consideration."

The old man was not persuaded, though he was forced to admit Billings' art of subtle persuasion, which gave him unparalleled success as a salesman and brought a gratifying list of orders to the Wattson Electric Company. He finally yielded. And now Billings was fully convinced that his skill in the work to which he was peculiarly adapted was to receive a supreme test. Although the intendant had permitted Billings to install his plant in a vacant square of the city to demonstrate its practical utility, he was frightened at the white noonday glare of the arc lights, the soft effulgence of the incandescent lamps, glittering bright and lustrous, burning without fire. There was something necromantic and awesome in the white man's manipulation of the secret forces of heaven. As the child of Teen-tsze, to whom Sing Lee owed his station, his liberty, even his life, he would have none of it within his circuit. He perversely shook his head.

"You're all right, Sing Lee," said Billings, slapping the intendant on the back with jovial familiarity, "only you're about two thousand years behind the times."

"We follow the teaching of Confucius," returned the Taoutai.

"Yes," replied Billings with some heat, "you fellows run along in the same rut one century after another and never get anywhere. What you want is new blood, new action. Pinch yourself! wake up! I put an electric motor in a Chinese laundry in New York ten years ago, and here you are, a government official, and don't even know what a dynamo is. You have an opportunity now that no Chinaman ever had before. You have the opportunity now to bring fame upon yourself, to make a name greater even than Confucius himself ever enjoyed in his lifetime, and to leave behind you a memory that all China will cherish and boast of and ever refer to with reverence."

"The welfare of my circuit and of our empire demands that I require you to remove your mystic engine outside of my circuit," said the intendant stubbornly. "And, know you, O Yankee, that on the morrow you are required to appear before the judge of our high court and learn from him that such is the law's decree."

"O ——!" was Billings' impatient rejoinder.

Nevertheless the Yankee obeyed the Chinaman's informal citation. On his way to the court next day he overtook the intendant. "I say, Sing," said Billings, reaching the official's side and synchronizing his step to Sing Lee's, "have you decided overnight to give me an order for a few hundred dynamos?"

The intendant threw out his palms in a spasm of deprecation. "Go; leave me; it is a lesser disgrace to you that you enter the august presence of the court willingly and alone. Out of respect to you is this permission given."

"Oh, that's all right," Billings assured him. "I don't care if you are a Chinaman; we Americans make no distinctions." He linked his arm in the flowing silk sleeve and with soothing chat urged the intendant along. To this the official submitted for a brief moment. Then he renewed his protest.

"Stop, American," he said. "Leave me! You do not understand." He jerked himself free and swung off at a dog-trot.

Finally they brought up before the bar of justice. The court was indeed in waiting. Startled by the gusty advent of the incongruous pair, the conservators of justice sprang nimbly from their seats and salaamed to the intendant, but that official ignored the obeisance. Under the circumstances Billings may have been excusable for what he did. Mistaking the obsequious show as being intended, at least in part, for himself, he said:

"That's all right, boys. Keep your seats; this is not the Marathon. We've run only three blocks." He threw himself upon an uncomfortable seat not designed for the law's defendants and fanned himself with his hat. The intendant retreated to a far corner and did likewise.

Billings ran a critical eye about the interior of the courtroom and wondered which of the actors before him was to sit in judgment. Aside from the doubtful pretense to architectural beauty of the courtroom instead of a ramshackle stage, the scene confronting him might have been in the Doyers street theater in New York. The court and its attendants looked askance for a space, but soon collected itself and proceeded to the issues before it.

To say it proceeded, is not to be exact. Rather it signified its readiness for Billings to proceed. As preliminary there was such vocal confusion and indescribable clamor as only Chinamen and crows under great excitement can make. Then judgment of guilty was practically rendered in advance. It was directed to Billings' electric plant rather than to Billings himself, and the judge magnanimously gave him the vantageless opportunity to protest that justice had miscarried.

Billings was not conversant with the Chinese code of procedure. It was with a slight shock that he heard the words of the judge summarily decreeing that the dynamo be dumped into the sea. "Thus the law ordains! Tremble and obey!" announced the judge. "What has the American to say?"

"The —— it does!" said Billings. "Who do you think I am? I'm an American citizen, and it won't be safe for your sheriffs or constables, or whatever they are, to interfere with my property. I've got this to say to you: Remember what happened to you when you dumped the English opium into the Canton river. Now you have a care that the United States doesn't take your whole Chinese empire as England did Hongkong, and make dynamos as common as hop-heads."

The intendant jumped to his feet, paling light yellow under the taunt. "Who is this foreign devil that thus addresses us?"

body at the other end of the arm. "What's that, and who are you?" demanded he.

"I am the jailer," replied the Chinaman, still holding out the cord, which Billings declined to accept.

"What's that for?" he asked. "It isn't mine."

"From the intendant of circuit by grace of his honor, the judge of the high court of crimes," replied the bearer of the cord. "You are in contempt, and it is out of respect for your nationality and your rank that you are permitted to strangle yourself to death with this silken cord."

A smile slowly broke over the American's face. "Say, chink," he laughed, "I'm from Missouri; you'll have to show me."

The jailer deftly took a turn with the cord about his own long meager neck, slightly tightened it and ran out his tongue in illustration. "The intendant," he said, "demands that you be permitted to die."

Billings laughed loudly. "He does, does he! Well, he's considerate of me, but I don't remember asking his despotic majesty for such permission. Now, see here, chink, I'm getting tired of this. You get out and stay out, or, by gad, I'll throw you out."

"But the inten—"

"Bah! scat! beat it!" exclaimed Billings, rushing the jailer, who dropped the cord in the doorway and scampered back to court. Billings watched him out of sight. "I'm permitted to strangle myself," he laughed. "What a generous soul is the intendant! What a perfect farce in his court! I'm wasting my time," he mused. "Let me see; how long have I for China? I've got that new Canadian country to do before fall, and it's the middle of June now—the seventeenth," he corrected himself, taking a Hostetter's almanac from his pocket and turning to June. "Now I'll have to allow four weeks to New York. It will be along in September before I reach Alberta if I leave on the first boat next week. I can't do anything with these slant-eyed heathens. Progress is not written in their code of life."

He remembered what the old man had said against the Oriental venture, and something like exasperation seized him. "Blank it all," he said. "I *would* like to wake the ignoramuses up! Why are they so perversely stupid? Hello!" he broke off suddenly from his monologue. "Must be clouding up. The way the sun hit me outside I didn't think there was an ounce of moisture in the sky."

Nevertheless a shadow seemed to be creeping over the city. Moment by moment its depth increased until it became dusk in the dynamo room. And still the darkness gathered. "Can't be clouds," said Billings to himself; "getting too dark."

He arose and went out. There was not a cloud in the sky. "By jove, it's an eclipse!" he exclaimed. He consulted his Hostetter's almanac again. Turning the leaves to the second page, he read:

> A total eclipse of the sun June 17th. Visible to North America as far south as a line drawn from San Francisco to the mouth of the Rio Grande river and to the northern and eastern portions of Asia.

"An eclipse, sure as anything; now is my chance," he said, preparing to get the generator in motion. "The whole populace will be abroad, and not a glimmer in the city but my own. I'll show them what light is. I'll run the voltage up a bit and make them come out good and strong."

It was now quite dark. The gas-engine gathered speed, and as Billings closed the switch the space invaded by the transmission line and its pendulous lamps was thrown into brilliant illumination. Billings settled back upon his stool with a feeling of triumph.

A silence deep and impressive had fallen upon the city, a silence trance-like. It was the paralysis of fear and awe which ever envelops the summit of a great crisis, like silent mist enfolding the highest mountain peak.

Then distant sounds came to Billings, the high-keyed chorus of the excited rabble. The tumult grew increasingly loud as the mob drew near and ever nearer. Something banged against the side of the power-house. It was immediately followed by a pelting fusillade of stones, clods and sticks as the howling rioters stormed the building. Above the din, Billings heard the frenzied shouts of the mob: "He stole the sun! the foreign devil! he stole the sun!"

A thousand Chinamen, seething and yelling, jostled in the square before the power-house. The mass of shaven heads spread and grew compact; the noise was deafening. Billings was helplessly beset by the excited multitude. They swarmed the open space like ants whose village has been disturbed by a prodding stick. Billings

began to experience a shuddering fear that he should be mobbed. Doubt, misgivings, regret for the ardor with which he had attempted to foist his goods upon the unwilling heathens possessed him, and a clammy sweat started upon his brow.

Then there came stalking through the crowd a posse of peace officers, the rabble giving way before

the law sought first its vengeance upon the thing. A half-dozen deputies seized upon their chief and thrust him, clambering like a grotesquely large monkey, up the last pole on the line. His nature-faking tail of black silk, defying nature's rule, dangled without prehensile tendency from the back of his head. The deputies cavorted about the pole, looking up and chittering discord-

at the high constable struggling with determination to gain the cross-arm.

ling diffidently back from the officers densely congregated, their averted showing almost white under the electric

, pressed the mob. One over-zealous coolie gathered a stone and was about

ırl it at the power-house, but was ed by a timely tap on the head from ficial club.

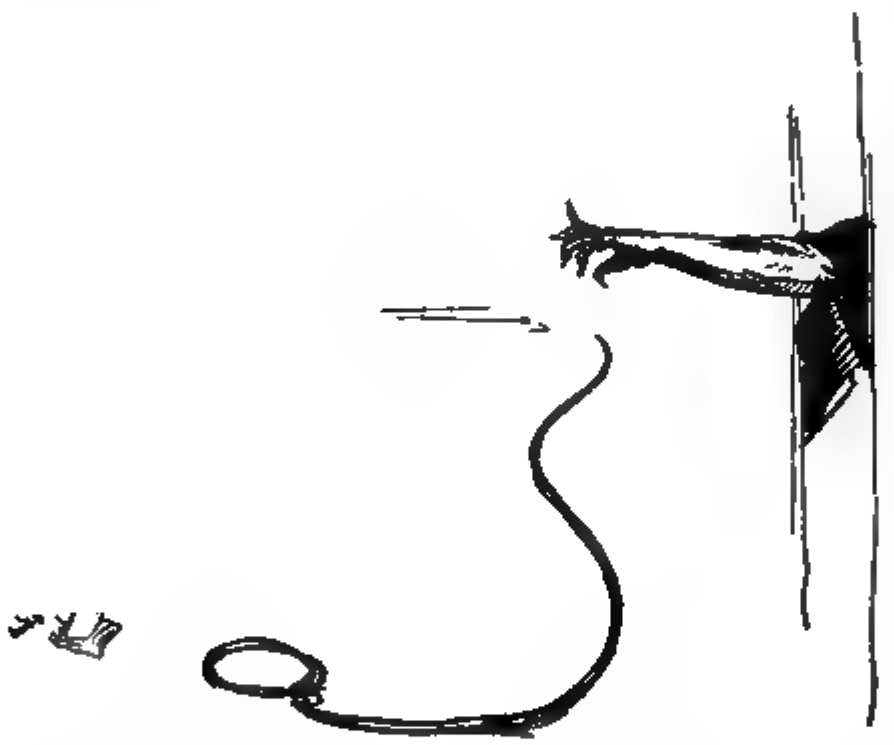
lings' fears for his personal safety there- disappeared. From a little window power-house he looked out upon the with keen enjoyment. Inch by inch tched the upward progress of the high able until he was able to reach the overhead. With unhesitating con- e he clasped the pole between his and reached up. He grasped first ive wire; then he barely touched the . One touch was enough!

om the power-house window it looked the resistless current had seized upon visible draw-string passing through the man's body from heels to finger-tips pulled most of it out from beneath the g nails. He coiled up with a spas- jerk, like an extended watchspring nly released, and with a wild shriek to the arms of the up-gazing posse.

vas only one hundred and twenty volts, was sufficient to electrify the entire tude. Like swarming bees, they had ently settled about the pole only to ler the next move. The dictator of the had gathered inspiration from the ct. With beating wings and tempestu- uzz he had sent the message thrilling subject to subject. The circumambient horde gave instant response—a murmur, a hum, a din of discordant clamor! The restless motion of the inner guard was quickly transmitted to the uttermost satellite hanging wildly to the cross-arm. Then in a body they swept vociferously off to the protecting ramparts of the hive.

It was only 120 volts, but it electrified the entire multitude

Billings stood leaning with his forearm upon the window-ledge for some time, laughing softly and drumming upon the wood with his fingers. He felt fully assured that the law would do him no personal harm. It was well for his peace of mind that he did not know the terrible meaning of the silken cord: that its unexplained presentation by the jailer bears to the Chinaman all the terrific eloquence of the sentence of the American criminal judge, "hanged by the neck till dead!" It's just a vagary of the intendant, thought he. The mob, though, had to be considered. But the mob had retired with the officers, and there was little doubt that the demonstration on the pole had struck a loud and commanding note in their chord of superstition. Their fear was Billings' protection. At any rate, the effect of the eclipse upon the ignorant rioters would soon pass. Already Billings detected a lessening of its obfuscation. In the shadow a faint gray permeation of reflected sunlight was noticeable.



A long scrawny arm reached in; at the end of it was a stout silken cord

Presently he heard again the growing volume of approaching voices. A hundred yards away he saw the vanguard of peace officers, followed by the rabble of Canton. Leading the officers was the irrepressible intendant himself. He carried over his shoulder some object which appeared to be a stick, and was talking and gesticulating excitedly.

"Fools! dollards!" Billings heard him say. "What mortal can steal the sun from God! Have I not told you that the fire with which the high constable was stricken down was but machine-made lightning? It is but a mockery of heaven! he is but mortal like you! Have you not seen lightning when it was dark? Listen to what the intendant has to say: As with lightning the danger is not in heaven, where the lightning is made, but upon the earth where it strikes, so, dollards, you should have known from God's way that the pole where the lightning is used is a dangerous place. The sun may come to dissipate and drive away the storm-cloud, and there will be no lightning; so I, the intendant, will go to the foreign devil's lightning machine and demolish it. Then there will be no lightning in the pole, and it may be removed. See, now, the humble intendant goes forth to do his duty to our father, the son of heaven. Officers, support me upon the right and upon the left, but give me room to strike the devil's engine down."

As Sing Lee turned to address the officers, Billings saw the weapon of destruction which he carried. It was a heavy sledgehammer. Stepping up to the door, the intendant cried out, "Son of the Great American Roosevelt, by the voice of the law hear that I am sent to smash your machine of lightning. Therefore, resist not!"

Without further preliminary, he strode to the dynamo, raised the heavy sledge over his head, and swung down upon the massive field. It did not rebound, but, to the Celestial's dismay, stuck as if the broad face of the hammer were welded to the magnet. Discreetly avoiding contact with the generator, the intendant tugged amain, his loose-fitting trousers and flowing sleeves flapping about his spare limbs like the sartorial covering of a scarecrow in a high wind. He might as well have been struggling with the grip of death as against the powerful pull of the magnetic field. In confusion he loosed his hold on the sledge helve and incontinently fled. In an instant he was lost in the rabble, which, with inexplicable concert of thought and action, started to move away like a million-legged monster.

"Hello, Billings!" said the governor of Kwangtung

The intendant was defeated; he was forced to acknowledge it. By the advice of the advocate of the criminal court an appeal was made to the governor. The law had exhausted its resources; a riper wisdom was required.

The governor responded at once in person, and Billings was again respectfully haled to court. The intendant had preceded him to the courtroom. There, too, had gathered all the court officials who had figured in the first summary trial and conviction. And there was his excellency the governor of the province of Kwangtung, seated at the bench of justice to the right of the judge. He wore the conventional cap, decked with the plain red button of highest rank. To the unspoken astonishment of the assembled convictors, the governor left his seat and hurried down the room with extended hand.

"Hello, Billings!" he said heartily. "I didn't expect to see you here!"

"Why, Bing! if it isn't you!" exclaimed Billings.

A resounding clap of palm to palm, and their bodies shook in cordial greeting.

"How in the name of reason do you happen to be here?" continued Billings. "And you a governor! Damme! I'm mighty glad to see you, Bing! It must be ten years since I saw you in New York; ten years; it's a long time. Gad! I'm glad to talk to a native of China who can understand the difference between a dynamo and a dragon! And you're governor here!"

"Yes," said the governor, when Billings paused for breath, "ten years is a long time. I had no thought of the governorship of Kwangtung then. But I sold out and left New York for China shortly after you installed the induction motor in my laundry."

The governor turned to the judge and said, "The court may proceed to other business; the case against Mr. Billings is dismissed. "Listen, now," he continued, "all you who think of nothing but to follow like led blind beggars in the narrow trails of Confucius; our feet have grown too broad to fit his tracks; there are easier and brighter paths. Know you now that in the great America all things, from the greatest to the least, even to the veriest detail of commercial

life, are accomplished with dispatch and economy far beyond the time-worn methods which are our heritage. Know you that in the dusky shadows of the towering buildings in America's great New York the machine-made light is more familiar to the citizen than the light of the sun.

"I, the governor, among you in Kwangtung, the oldest son of Teen-tsze, will purchase this dynamo to light my mansion, and I do now make edict that there be appropriated from the general treasury, to be repaid by the several prefectures according to benefits, a sufficient fund to purchase one thousand dynamos, which will be apportioned among the several cities of the province of Kwangtung according to their respective needs. The great Billings, who comes to us as a miracle and a blessing from heaven, is made official electrician for Kwangtung, if he will accept the office."

So saying, the governor turned a questioning eye upon Billings. The latter bowed low. "I will accept the office, Excellency," he said.

The governor continued in a terrible voice, "Sing Lee is dismissed from service as intendant of circuit. If the great Billings desire that in expiation for the outrage perpetrated upon him the intendant shall forfeit his head, so shall it be."

Sing Lee threw himself at the governor's feet, crying and begging for mercy, and the compassionate Billings interceded.

"Let the poor devil go, Excellency," he said. "It would be a shame to kill him. He's the only Chinaman in the city who isn't afraid of the dynamo. He'll make a good oiler, and I'd like to give him the job."

"Arise, then, base pariah!" commanded the governor, "and receive your appointment as provincial oiler, and thank the big-souled American that your worthless head retains its accustomed place!"

Upon which the late intendant of circuit floundered at Billings's feet in cringing abjection and whined thanksgiving, entwining his skinny arms about the American's legs and nearly throwing him to the floor.

"Oh, that's all right," growled the official electrician. "Get up and take your appointment."

Billings slipped down to Hongkong on the first steamer to await the filling of his cabled order for all the dynamos the Wattson Electric Company had in stock. He canceled his engagement for Alberta, returning to Canton with the first consignment of dynamos early in August.

Over the door of his office, which the government maintains, in Canton, swings a huge sign. Above it hangs an arc light, which at night glares bold and white upon the awed Cantonese as they hurtle by on the opposite side of the street and reveals to them this legend:

A. D. BILLINGS
OFFICIAL ELECTRICIAN TO
HIS EXCELLENCY, THE GOVERNOR
AGENT FOR
WATTSON ELECTRIC COMPANY'S DIRECT
CURRENT DYNAMOS

Do not fail to read the first instalment of "The Spell," the first novel with a western theme ever written by the Williamsons—C. N. and A. M.—authors of those widely read books, fascinating and fantastic, "The Lightning Conductor" and "Lord Loveland Discovers America." See page 653.

The Rules of the Game

By STEWART EDWARD WHITE

Author of The Blazed Trail; Arizona Nights; The Riverman, Etc.

DRAWINGS BY J. A. CAHILL

PART V, CHAPTERS XV TO XXII

BEGUN IN THE FEBRUARY NUMBER

THERE were other cases, however, for which Bob's sympathies were strongly enlisted, but which presented such flagrant irregularities of procedure that he could not consistently recommend anything but a court test of the rights involved. To this he added a personal note, going completely into details, and suggesting a way out.

And finally, as a third class, he was able, as in Samuels's case, to declare war on behalf of the government. Men who had already taken up all the timber claims to which they or their families were legally entitled, nevertheless added an alleged homestead to the lot. Other men were taking advantage of twists and interpretations of the law to gain possession of desirable tracts of land still included in the national forests. These men knew the letter of the law well enough and took pains to conform accurately to it. Their lapses were in intention. The excuses were many—so-called mineral claims, alleged agricultural land, all the exceptions to reservation mentioned in the law; the actual ends aimed at were two—water rights or timber. In these cases Bob reported uncompromisingly against the granting of the final papers. Thousands of acres, however, had been already conveyed. Over these, naturally, he had no jurisdiction, but he kept his eyes open and accumulated evidence which might some day prove useful in event of a serious effort to regain those lands that had been acquired by provable fraud.

But on the border-land between these sharply defined classes lay many in the twilight zone. Bob, without knowing it, was to a certain extent exercising a despotic power. He possessed a latitude of choice as to which of these involved land cases should be pushed to a court decision. If the law were to be strictly and literally interpreted, there could be no doubt but that each and every one of these numerous claimants could be haled to court to answer for his shortcomings. But that, in many instances, could not but work an unwarranted hardship. The expenses of a journey to the state capital alone would strain to the breaking point the means of some of the more impecunious. Insisting on the minutest technicalities would indubitably deprive many an honest, well-meaning homesteader of his entire worldly property. It was all very well to argue that ignorance of the law was no excuse; that it is a man's own fault if he does not fulfil the simple requirements of taking up public land. As a matter of cold fact, in such a situation as this, ignorance is an excuse. Legalizing apart, the rigid and invariable enforcement of the law can be tyrannical. Of course this can never be officially recognized—that would shake the foundations. But it is not to be denied that the literal and universal and *invariable* enforcement of the minute letter of any law, no matter how trivial, for the space of three months, would bring about a mild revolution. As witness the sweeping and startling effects always consequent on an order from headquarters to its police to "enforce rigidly"—for a time—some particular city ordinance. Whether this is a fault of our system of law, or a defect inherent in the absolute logic of human affairs, is a matter for philosophy to determine. Be that as it may, the powers that enforce law often find themselves on the horns of a dilemma. They must take their choice between tyranny and despotism.

mild way, Bob had become a

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despot. That is to say, he had to decide to whom a broken law was to apply, and to whom not, and this without being given any touchstone of choice. The matter rested with his own experience, knowledge and personal judgment. Fortunately he was a beneficent despot. A man evilly disposed, like Plant, could have worked incalculable harm to others and great financial benefit for himself. That this is not only possible but inevitable is another defect of law or system. No sane man for one single instant believes that liberal enforcement of every law at all times is either possible or desirable. No sane man for one single instant believes that the law can be excepted to or annulled for especial occasions without undermining the public confidence and public morals. Yet where is the middle-ground?

Bob had adventures in plenty. For lack of a better system, he started at the north end and worked steadily south, examining with patience the pedigree of each and every private holding within the confines of the national forests. These were at first small and isolated. Only one large tract drew his attention, that belonging to old Simeon Wright in the big meadows under Black Peaks. These meadows, occupying a wide plateau grown sparsely with lodgepole pine, covered perhaps a thousand acres of good grazing, and were held legally, but without the shadow of equity, by the old land pirate who owned so much of California. In going over the original records, the newer geological survey maps, and the country itself, Bob came upon a discrepancy. He asked and obtained leave for a resurvey. This determined that Wright's early-day surveyor had made a mistake—no extraordinary matter in a wild country so remote from base-lines. Simeon's holdings were actually just one mile farther north, which brought them to the top of a bald granite ridge. His title to this was indubitable; but the broad and valuable meadows belonged still to the government. As the case was one of fact, merely, Wright had no opportunity to contest, or to exercise his undoubtedly powerful influence. The affair served, however, to draw Bob's name and activities into the sphere of his notice.

Among the mountain people Bob was at first held in a distrust that sometimes became open hostility. He received threats and warnings innumerable. The Childs boys sent word to him, and spread that word abroad, that if this government inspector valued his life he would do well to keep off Iron mountain. Bob promptly saddled his horse, rode boldly to the Childs' shake-camp, took lunch with them, and rode back, speaking no word either of business or of threats. Having occasion to take a meal with some poor squalid descendants of hog-raising Pike county Missourians, he detected a queer bitterness to his coffee, managed unseen to empty the cup into his canteen, and later found, as he had suspected, that an attempt had been made to poison him. He rode back at once to the cabin. Instead of taxing the woman with the deed—for he shrewdly suspected the man knew nothing of it—he reproached her with condemning him unheard.

"I'm the best friend you people have," said he. "It isn't my fault that you are in trouble with the regulations. The government must straighten these matters out. Don't think for a minute that the work will stop just because somebody gets away with me. They'll send somebody else. And the chances are, in that case, they'll send somebody who is instructed to stick close to the letter of the law, and who will turn you out mighty sudden. I'm trying to do the best I can for you people."

This family ended by giving him its full confidence in the matter. Bob was able to save the place for them.

Gradually his refusal to take offense, his refusal to debate any matter save on the impersonal grounds of the government servant acting solely for his masters, coupled with his willingness to take things into consideration and his desire to be absolutely fair, won for Bob a reluctant confidence. At the north end men's minds were as yet too inflamed. It is a curious matter of flock psychology that if the public mind ever occupies itself fully with an idea, it thereby becomes for the time being blind, impervious, to all others. But in other parts of the mountains Bob was not wholly unwelcome, and in one or two cases—which pleased him mightily—men came in to him voluntarily for the purpose of asking his advice.

In the meantime the Samuels case had come rapidly to a crisis. The resounding agitation had resulted in the sending of inspectors to investigate the charges against

the local officials. The first of these inspectors, a rather precise and formal youth fresh from eastern training, was easily handled by the versatile Erbe. His report, voluminous as a tariff speech, and couched in very official language, exonerated Thorne and Orde of dishonesty, of course, but it emphasized their "lack of tact and business ability," and condemned strongly their attitude in the Mariposa matter. This report would ordinarily have gone no further than the district office, where it might have been acted on by the officers in charge to the great detriment of the service. At that time the evil of sending out as inspectors men admirably trained in theory but woefully lacking in practice and the knowledge of western humankind was one of the great menaces to effective personnel. Fortunately this particular report came into the hands of the chief, who happened to be touring in the West. A fuller investigation exposed to the sapient experience of that able man the gullibility of the inspector. From the district a brief statement was issued upholding the local administration.

The agitation, thus deprived of its chief hope, might very well have been expected to simmer down, to die away slowly. As a matter of fact, it collapsed. The newspaper attacks ceased; the public meetings were discontinued; the saloons and other storm-centers applied their powers to a discussion of the Gans-Nelson fight. Samuels was very briefly declared a trespasser by the courts. Erbe disappeared from the case. The United States marshal, riding up with a posse into a supposedly hostile country, found no opposition to his enforcement of the court's decree. Only old Samuels himself offered an undaunted defense, but was soon dislodged and led away by men who half-pitied, half-ridiculed his violence. The sign "Property of the U. S." resumed its place. Thorne made of the ancient homestead a ranger's post.

"It's incomprehensible as a genuine popular movement," said he, on one of Bob's periodical returns to headquarters. The young man now held a commission and lived with the Thornes when at home. "The opposition up there was so rabid and it wilted too suddenly."

" 'The mutable many,' " quoted Amy.

But Thorne shook his head.

"It's as though they'd pricked a balloon," said he. "They don't love us up there, yet; but it's no worse now than it used to be here. Last week it was actually unsafe on the streets. If they were so strong for Samuels then, why not now? My conclusion is that somebody bigger than Samuels fears investigation, and they hoped to stop our sort of investigation short at Samuels. Well, they haven't succeeded."

Amy arose abruptly and ran to her filing cases.

"That ought to be easily determined," she cried, looking over her shoulder with shining eyes. "I have the papers about all ready for the whole of our forest. Here's a list of the private holdings, by whom held, how acquired and when."

XVI

THE little council of war at once commenced an eager discussion of the names thus indicated.

"There's your own concern, the Wolverine Company," suggested Thorne. "What do you know about the way it acquired its timber?"

"Acquired in 1879," replied Amy, consulting her notes. "Partly from the Fresno National Bank, that held it on mortgage, and partly from individual owners."

"Welton is no crook," struck in Bob. "Even if he'd strained the law, which I doubt, he wouldn't defend himself at this late date with any method as indirect as this."

"I think you're right on the last point," agreed Thorne. "Proceed."

"Next is the Marston & Leavitt firm."

"They bought their timber in a lump from a broker by the name of Robinson, and Robinson got it of the old Joncal* Mill outfit; and heaven knows where they got it," put in California John.

"How long ago?"

"'84—the last transfer," said Amy.

"Doesn't look as though the situation ought to alarm them to immediate and violent action," observed Thorne. "Aren't there any more recent claims?" he asked Amy.

"Here's one; the Modoc Mining Company, about one thousand mineral claims, amounting to approximately 28,000 acres."

"That looks more promising. Patents issued in the reign of our esteemed predecessor.

" st of the claims?" asked C

"*All* the claims are in the same place," replied Amy.

"The basin!" said Bob.

Amy recited the "descriptions" within whose boundaries lay the bulk of the claims.

"That's it," said Bob.

"Is there any real mineral there?" inquired Thorne.

"Not that anybody ever heard of," said California John, who was himself an old miner, "—but gold is where you find it," he added cautiously.

"How's the timber?"

"It's the best stand I've seen in the mountains," said Bob.

"Well," observed Thorne, "of course it wouldn't do to say so, but I think we've run against the source of our opposition in the Samuels case. The fact that this is not a mineral country, together with the additional considerations of a thousand claims in so limited an area and the recent date, makes it look suspicious. I imagine the Modoc Mining Company intends to use a sawmill, rather more than a stamp-mill."

"Who are they?" asked California John.

"We must find that out. Also we must ourselves ascertain just what color of mineral there is over there."

"Well," said Bob, "that land will average sixty thousand feet to the acre. That's about a billion and a half feet. It's a big stake."

"If the company wasn't scared, why did they try so hard to head us off?" observed California John shrewdly.

"It will do us no harm to investigate," put in Bob, his eye kindling with eagerness. "It won't take long to examine the indications those claims are based on."

Accordingly Thorne detached Bob and Ware to investigate the mineral status of the basin. The latter's long experience in prospecting now promised to stand the service in good stead.

The two men camped in the basin for three weeks, until the close of which time they saw no human being. During this period they examined carefully the various ledges on which the mineral claims had been based. Ware pronounced them valueless, as far as he could judge.

"Some of them are just ordinary quartz dikes," said he. "I suppose they claim gold for them. There's nothing in it; or if this does warrant a man developing, then every citizen who lives near rock has a mine in his backyard."

Nevertheless he made his reports as detailed as possible. In the meantime Bob accomplished a rough, or "cruiser's," estimate of the timber.

As has been said, they found the basin now quite deserted. The trail to Sycamore Flats had apparently not been traveled since George Pollock had ridden down it to give himself up to authority. Their preliminary labors finished, the two forest officers packed, and were on the very point of turning up the steep mountain side toward the lookout when two horsemen rode over the flat rock.

Naturally Bob and Ware drew up, after the mountain custom, to exchange greetings. As the others drew nearer, Bob recognized in one the slanting eyeglasses, the close-clipped gray mustache and the keen, cold features of Oldham. Ware nodded at the other man, who returned his salutation as curtly.

"You're off your beat, Mr. Oldham," observed Bob.

"I'm after a deer," replied Oldham. "You are a little off your own beat, aren't you?"

"My beat is everywhere," replied Bob carelessly.

"What devilment you up to now, Sal?" Ware was asking of the other man, a tall, loose-jointed, freckle-faced and red-haired individual with an evil red eye.

"I'm earnin' my salary, and I misdoubt you ain't," sneered the individual thus addressed.

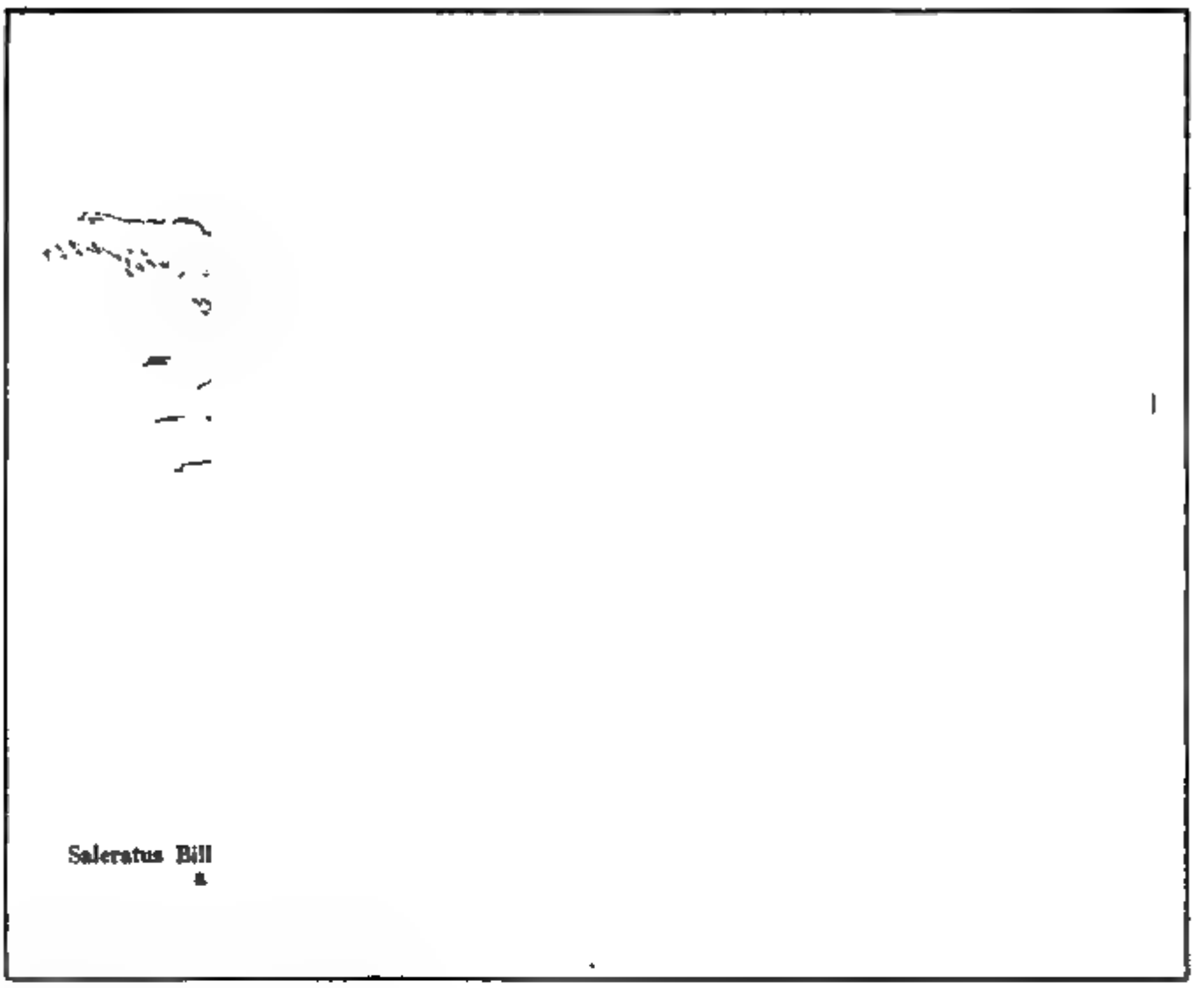
"As what? Gun-man?" demanded Ware calmly.

"You may find that out some time."

"I'm not as easy as young Franklin was," said Ware, dropping his hand carelessly to his side. "Don't make any mistakes when you get around to your demonstration."

The man said nothing, but grinned, showing tobacco-stained, irregular teeth beneath his straggling, red mustache.

After a moment's further conversation the little groups separated. Bob rode on up the trail. Ware followed for perhaps ten feet, or until out of sight behind the screen of willows that bordered the stream. Then, without drawing rein, he dropped from his saddle. The horse, urged by a gentle slap on the rump, followed in the narrow trail after Bob and the pack-animal. Ware slipped quietly through the willows until he had gained a point commanding the other trail. Oldham and his companion



riding peacefully. Satisfied, Ware returned, climbed rapidly until he had caught up with his horse, and resumed his saddle. Bob had only that moment noticed his absence.

"Look here, Bob," said Ware, "that fellow with Mr. Oldham is a man called Saleratus Bill. He's a hard citizen, a gunman, and brags of eleven killin's in his time. Mr. Oldham or no one else couldn't pick up a worse citizen to go deer hunting with. When you track up with him next, be sure that he starts and keeps going before you stir out of your tracks."

"You don't believe that deer hunting lie, do you?" asked Bob.

Ware chuckled.

"I was wondering if *you* did," said he.

"I guess there's no doubt as to who the Modoc Mining Company is."

"Oldham?"

Ware whistled.

"He's up in this country a good deal," Bob observed finally. "What's he say is his business?"

"Why, he's in a little timber business, as I understand it, and he buys a few cattle—sort of general brokerage."

"I see," mused Bob.

He rode in silence for some time, breathing his horse mechanically every fifty feet or so of the steep trail. The basin was dropping away beneath them; the prospect to the north was broadening as peak after peak raised itself into the line of ascending vision. The pines cling to the steep cast bars of shadow across the trail, which zigzagged and dodged, taking advantage of every ledge and each strip of firm earth. Occasionally they crossed a singing brook, shaded with willows and cottonwoods, with fragrant bay and alders, only to clamber again out to the sunny steeps.

Now Bob remembered and pieced together the whole. Baker had been bragging that he intended to pay nothing to the government for his water. Bob could almost remember the very words. "'They've swiped about everything in sight for these pestiferous reserves,'" he murmured to himself, "'but they encourage the honest, unsuspecting prospector. Oldham's got the whole matter fixed'" and so on, in the unfolding of the very scheme by which these acres had been acquired. "Near headwaters," he had said; and that statement, combined with the fact that nothing had occurred to stir indistinct memories, had kept Bob in the dark. At the time "near headwaters" had meant to him the tract of yellow pine near the head of Sycamore creek.

had dismissed the matter. Now he saw clearly that a liberal construction could very well name the basin as the headwaters of the drainage system from which Sycamore creek drew, if not its source, at least its main volume of water. He exclaimed aloud in disgust at his stupidity; which, nevertheless, as all students of psychology know, typified a very common though curious phenomenon in the mental world. Suddenly he sat up straight in his saddle. Here, should Baker and the Modoc Mining Company prove to be one and the same, was the evidence of fraudulent intent! Would his word suffice? Painfully reconstructing the half-forgotten picture, he finally placed the burly figure of Welton. Welton was there too. His corroboration would make the testimony irrefutable.

Certainties now rushed to Bob's mind in flocks. If he had been stupid in the matter, it was evident that Baker and Oldham had not. The fight in Durham was now explained. All the demagogic arousing of the populace, the heavy guns brought to bear in the newspaper world, the pressure exerted through political levers, even the concerted attacks on the service from the floors of Congress, traced, by no great stretch of probabilities, to the efforts of the irrigation company to stop investigation before it should reach their stealings. That, as California John had said, was the first defense. If all investigation could be called off, naturally Baker was safe. Now that he realized the investigation must come, in the natural course of events, to his holdings, what would be his second line?

Of course he knew that Bob possessed the only testimony that could seriously damage him. Even Thorne's optimism had realized the difficulties of pressing to a conviction against such powerful interests without some evidence of a fraudulent intent. Could it be that the presence of this Saleratus Bill in company with Oldham meant that Baker was contemplating so sinister a removal of damaging testimony?

A moment's thought disabused him of this notion, however. Baker was not the man to resort to violence of this sort, or at least he would not do so before exhausting all other means. Bob had been, in a way, the capitalist's friend. Surely, before turning a gun-man loose, Baker would have found out definitely whether, in the first place, Bob was inclined to push the case; and secondly, whether he could not be persuaded to refrain from introducing his personal testimony. The longer Bob looked at the state of affairs, the more fantastic seemed the hypothesis that the gun-man had been brought into the country for such a purpose.

"Why do you suppose Oldham is up there with this Saleratus Bill?" he asked Ware at length.

"Search me!"

"Is Bill good for anything beside gun work?"

"Well," said Ware, judicially. "He sure drinks without an effort."

"I don't believe Oldham is interested in the liquor famine," laughed Bob. "Anything else?"

"They *may* be after deer," acknowledged Ware, reluctantly, "though I hate to think that rattlesnake is out for anything legitimate. I will say he's a good hunter, and an A 1 trailer."

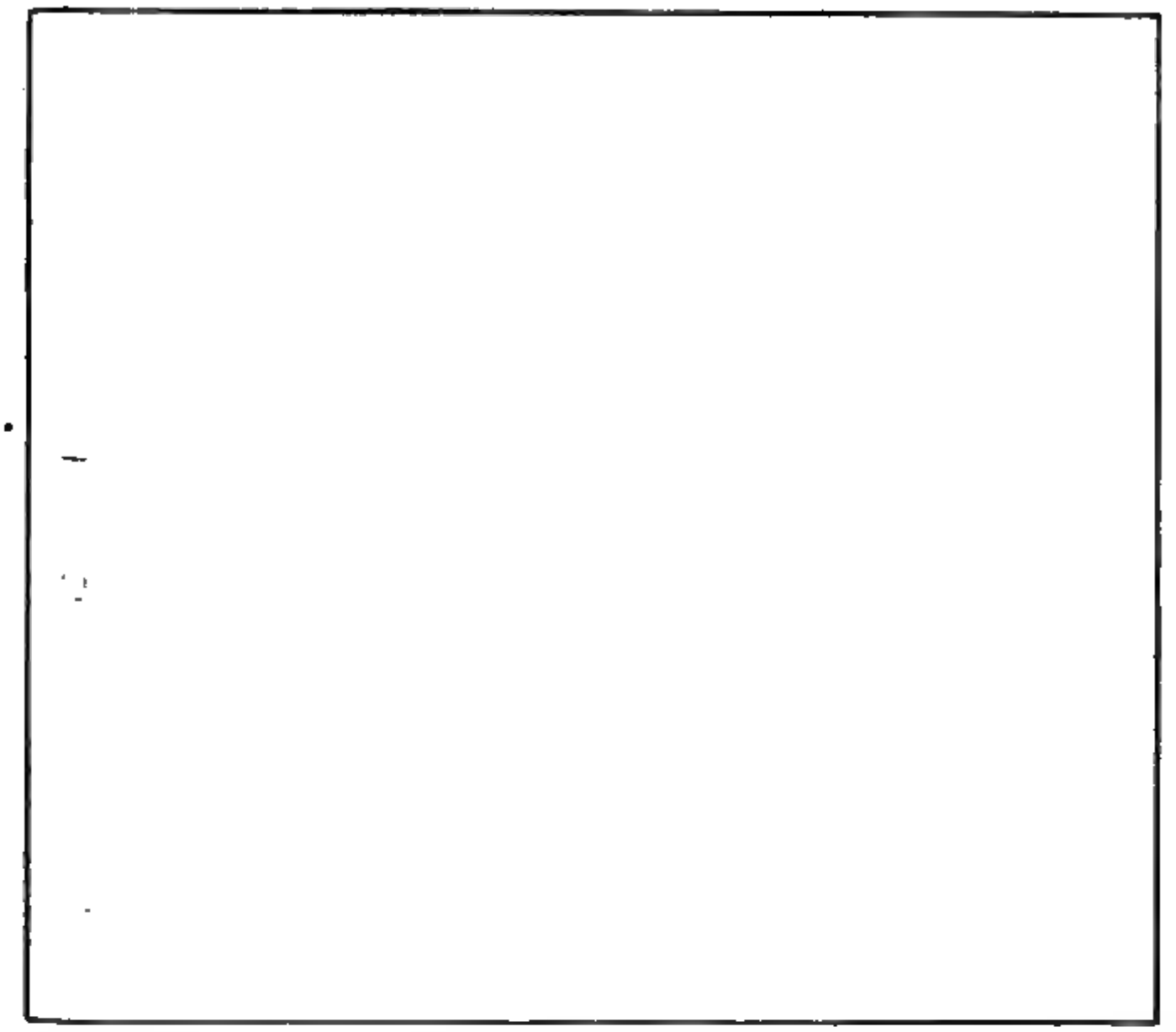
"Oh, he's a good trailer, is he," said Bob. "Well I rather suspected you'd say that. Now I know why they're up there: they want to figure out from the signs we've left just what we've been up to."

"That's easy done," remarked Ware.

This explanation fitted. Bob had been in the basin before, but on the business of estimating government timber. Baker knew this. Now that the forest officer had gone in for a second time, it might be possible that he was doing the same thing; or it might be equally possible that he was engaged in an investigation of Baker's own property. This the irrigation man had decided to find out. Therefore he had sent in, with his land man, an individual expert at deducing from the half-obliterated marks of human occupation the activities that had left them. That Oldham and his sinister companion had encountered the forest men was a sheer accident due to miscalculation.

Having worked this out to his own satisfaction, Bob knew what next to expect. Baker must interview him. Bob was sure the young man would take his own time to the matter, for naturally it would not do to make the fact of such a meeting too public. Accordingly he submitted his report to Thorne, and went on about his further investigations, sure that sooner or later he would again see the prime mover of all these dubious activities.

He was not in the least surprised, there-



fore, to look up when riding one day along the lonely and rugged trail that cuts across the lower cañon of the Joaquin, to see Baker seated on the top of a round boulder. The incongruity, however, brought a smile to his lips. The sight of the round, smooth face, the humorous eyes, and the stout city-fed figure of this very urban individual on a rock in a howling wilderness, with the eternal mountains for a background, was inexpressibly comical.

"Hullo, merry sunshine!" called Baker, waving his hand as soon as he was certain Bob had seen him. "Welcome to our thriving little hamlet."

"Hullo, Baker," said Bob; "what are you doing 'way off here?"

"Just drifting down the Grand Canal and listening to the gondoliers; and incidentally waiting for you. Climb off your horse and come up here and get a tailor-made cigarette."

"I'm on my way over to Spruce Top," said Bob, "and I've got to keep moving."

"Haste not, hump not, hustle not," said Baker, with the air of one quoting a hand-illuminated motto. "It will only get you somewhere. Come, gentle stranger, I would converse with thee, and I've come a long way to do it."

"I live nearer home than this," grinned Bob.

"I wanted to see you in your office," grinned back Baker appreciatively, "and this is strictly business."

Bob dismounted, threw the reins over his horse's head, and ascended to the top of the boulder.

"Fire ahead," said he; "I keep union hours."

XVII

"UNION hours suit me," said Baker. "Why work while papa has his health? What I want to know is, how high is the limit on this game, anyway?"

"What do you mean?"

"This confounded so-called 'investigation' of yours? In other words, do you intend to get after me?"

"As how?"

[illegible]'s shrewd eyes looked at [illegible] out his smiling fat face.

"Modoc Mining Company's lands."

"Then you are the Modoc Mining Company?" asked Bob.

Baker eyed him again.

"Look here, my angel-child," said he in a tone of good-humored pity, "I can make all that kind of talk in a witness box—if necessary. In any case I didn't come way out here to exchange that sort with you. You know perfectly well I'm the Modoc Mining Company, and that I've got a fine body of timber under the mineral act, and all the rest of it. You know all this not only because you've got some sense, but because I told you so before a competent witness. It stands to reason that I don't mind telling you again where there are no witnesses. Now smoke up and let's have a heart-to-heart and find out how we stand."

Bob laughed; and Baker, with entirely whole-hearted enjoyment, laughed too.

"You're next on the list," said Bob, "and, personally, I think—"

Baker held up his hand.

"Let's not exchange thinks," said he. "I've got a few thinks coming myself, you know. Let's stick to facts. Then the government is going to open up on us?"

"Yes."

"On the grounds of fraudulent entry, I suppose."

"That's it."

"Well, they'll never win—"

"Let's not exchange thinks," Bob reminded him.

"Right! I can see that you're acting under orders, and the suit must be brought. Now I tell you frankly, as one modern woodsman of the universe to another, that you're the only fellow that has any real testimony. What I want to know is, are you going to use it?"

Bob looked at his companion steadily.

"I don't see why, even without witnesses, I should give away government plans to you, Baker."

Baker sighed, and slid from the boulder.

"I'm practically certain how the cat jumps, and I've long since made my plans accordingly. Whatever you say does not alter my course of action. Only I hate to do a man an injustice without being sure. You needn't answer. Your last remark means that you are. I have too much sense to do the little Eva to you, Orde. You've got the gray stuff in your head, even if it is a trifle wormy. Of course it's no good telling you that you're going back on a friend, that you'll be dragging Welton into the game when he hasn't got a chip to enter with, that you're betraying private confidence—well, I guess the rest is all 'thinks.' "

"I'm sorry, Baker," said Bob, "and I suppose I must appear to be a spy in the matter. But it can't be helped."

Baker's good-humored fat face had fallen into grave lines. He studied a distant spruce-tree for a moment.

"Well," he roused himself at last, "I wish this particular attack of measles had passed off before you bucked up against us. Because, you know, that land's ours, and we don't expect to give it up on account of this sort of fool agitation. We'll win this case. I'm sorry you're mixed up in it."

"Saleratus Bill?" hinted Bob.

Baker's humorous expression returned.

"What do you take me for?" he grinned. "No; that's Oldham's bodyguard. Thinks he needs a bodyguard these days. That's what comes from having a bad conscience, I tell him. Some of those dagoes he's sold bum farms to are more likely to show up with a desire to abuse him, than that anything would happen to him in these hills. Now let's get this straight: the cases go on?"

"Yes."

"And you testify?"

"Yes."

"And call Welton in for corroboration?"

"I hardly think that's necessary."

"It will be, as you very well know. I just wanted to be sure how we stood toward each other. So long."

He turned uncompromisingly away and stumped off down the trail on his fat and sturdy legs.

Bob looked after him amazed at this sudden termination of the interview. Baker's manner at parting expressed more of regret than of anger or annoyance.

XVIII

TO this short and inconclusive interview, however, Baker did not fail to add somewhat through Oldham. The agent used none of the circumspection Baker had considered necessary, but rode openly into camp and asked for Bob. The latter, remembering Oldham's reputed antagonism to Baker, could not but admire the convenience of the arrangement. The lank and sinister figure of Saleratus Bill was

observed to accompany that of the land-agent, but the gun-man at a sign from his principal did not dismount. He greeted no one, but sat easily across his saddle, holding the reins of both horses in his left hand, his jaws working slowly, his evil little eyes wandering with sardonic interest over the people and belongings at headquarters. Ware nodded to him. The man's eyes half-closed and for an instant the motion of his jaw quickened. Otherwise he made no sign.

Oldham drew Bob one side.

"I want to talk to you where we won't be interrupted," he requested.

"Talk on," said Bob, seating himself on a log. "The open is as good a place as another; you can see your eavesdroppers there."

Oldham considered this a moment, then nodded his head, and took his place by the young man's side.

"It's about these Modoc lands," said he.

"I suppose so," said Bob.

"Mr. Baker tells me you fully intend to prosecute a suit for their recovery."

"I believe the government intends to do so. I am, of course, only the agent of the government in this or any other matter."

"In other words, you have received orders to proceed?"

"I would hardly be acting without them, would I?"

"Of course; I see: Mr. Baker is sometimes hasty. Assuming that you cared to do so, is there no way you could avoid this necessity?"

"None that I can discover. I must obey orders as long as I'm a government officer."

"Exactly," said Oldham. "Now we reach the main issue. What if you were not a government officer?"

"But I am."

"Assume that you were not."

"Naturally my successor would carry out the same orders."

"But," suggested Oldham. "It might very well be that another man would not be —well, quite so qualified to carry out the case—"

"You mean I'm the only one who heard Baker say he was going to cheat the government," put in Bob bluntly.

"You and Mr. Welton and Mr. Baker were the only ones present at a certain interview," he amended. "Now, in the event that you were not personally in charge of the case, would you feel it necessary to volunteer testimony unsuspected by anybody but you three?"

"If I were to resign, I should volunteer nothing," stated Bob.

Oldham's frosty eyes gleamed with satisfaction behind their glasses.

"That's good!" he cried.

"But I have no intention of resigning," Bob concluded.

"That is a matter open to discussion," Oldham took him up. "There are a great many reasons that you have not yet considered."

"I'm ready to hear them," said Bob.

"Look at the case as it stands. In the first place, you cannot but admit that Mr. Baker and the men associated with him have done great things for this country. When they came into it, it was an undeveloped wilderness, supplying nothing of value to civilization, and supporting only a scattered and pastoral people. The valley depended on the natural rainfall, which was small and uncertain, or it drank well-water and river-water. The surrounding country was either a desert given over to sagebrush and jack-rabbits, or raised crops entirely according to the amount of rain that fell. You can have no conception, Mr. Orde, of the condition of the country in some of these regions before irrigation. Now they possess pure drinking water. Above all, they raise their certain crops irrespective of what rains the heavens may send."

Bob admitted that irrigation is a good thing.

"These advantages have drawn people. I am not going to bore you with a lot of statistics, but the population of all Durham county, for instance, is now above fifty thousand people where before was a scant ten. But how much agricultural wealth do you suppose these people *export* each year? Not how much they *produce*, but their net exportations?"

"Give it up."

"Fifty million dollars' worth! That's a marvelous per capita."

"It is, indeed," said Bob.

"Now," said Oldham impressively. "That wealth would be absolutely non-existent, that development could not have taken place, *did* not take place, until men of Mr. Baker's genius and courage came along to take hold. I have personally the greatest admiration for Mr. Baker as a type of citizen without whom our resources and possibilities

would be in the same backward condition as obtains in Canada."

"I'm with you there," said Bob.

"Mr. Baker has added a community to the state, cities to the commonwealth, millions upon millions of dollars to the nation's wealth. He took long chances, and he won out. Do not you think in return the national resources should in a measure reward him for the advantages he has conferred and the immense wealth he has developed? Mind you, Mr. Baker has merely taken advantage of the strict letter of the law. It is merely open to another interpretation. He needs this particular body of timber for the furtherance of one of his greatest quasi-public enterprises; and who has a better right in the distribution of the public domain than the man who uses it to develop the country? The public land has always been intended for the development of resources, and has always been used as such."

"I've nothing to do with the letter of the law," Bob replied, "only with its spirit and intention. The main idea of the mineral act is to give legitimate miners the timber they need for legitimate mining. Baker does not pretend, except officially, that he ever intends to do anything with his claims. He certainly has done a great work for the country. I'll agree to everything you say there. But he came into California worth nothing, and he is now reputed to be worth ten millions and to control vast properties. That would seem to be reward enough for almost anybody. He does not need this basin property for any of his projects, except that its possession would let him off from paying a very reasonable tax on the water he has been accustomed to getting free. Cutting that timber will not develop the country any further. I don't see the value of your argument in the present case."

"Mr. Baker has invested in this project a great many millions of dollars," said Oldham. "He must be adequately safeguarded. To further develop and even to maintain the efficiency of what he has, he must operate to a large extent on borrowed capital. Borrowing depends on credit; and credit depends on confidence. If conditions are proved to be unstable, capital will prove more than cautious in risking itself. That is elementary. Surely you can see that point."

"I can see that, all right," admitted Bob.

"Well," went on Oldham, taking heart. "Think of the responsibility you are assuming in pushing forward a mere technicality, and a debatable technicality at that. You are not only jeopardizing a great and established business—I will say little of that—but you are risking the prosperity of a whole countryside. If Mr. Baker's enterprises should leave this section, the civilization of the state would receive a serious setback. Thousands of men would be thrown out of employment, not only on the company's works, but all along the lines of its holdings; farm products and fruit would at once increase in price—a heavy burden to the consumer; fertile lands would revert to desert—"

"I am not denying the value of Mr. Baker's enterprises," broke in Bob. "But what has a billion and a half of timber to do with all this?"

"Mr. Baker has long been searching for an available supply for use in the enterprises," said Oldham, eagerly availing himself of this opening. "You probably have a small idea of the immense lumber purchases necessary for the construction of such flumes and plants. Heretofore the company has been forced to buy its timber in the open market."

"This would be cheaper," suggested Bob.

"Much."

"That would increase net profits, of course. I suppose that would result in increased dividends. Or perhaps the public would reap the benefit in decreased cost of service."

"Undoubtedly both."

"The same open markets can still supply the necessary timber?"

"At practically prohibitive cost," Oldham reminded.

"Which the company has heretofore afforded—and still paid its dividends," said Bob calmly. "Well, Mr. Oldham, even were I inclined to take all you say at its face value; even were I willing to admit that unless Mr. Baker were given this timber his business would fail, the country would be deprived of the benefits of his enterprise, and the public seriously incommoded, I would still be unable to follow the logic of your reasoning. Mind you, I do not admit anything of the kind. I do not anticipate any more dire results than that the dividends will remain at their present per cent. But even supposing your argument to be well-founded, this timber belongs to the people

of the United States. It is part of John Jones's heritage, whether John Jones lives in Fresno or in New York. Why should I permit Jones of New York to be robbed in favor of Jones of White Oaks? Especially since Jones of New York put me here to look after his interests for him? That's the real issue; and it's very simple."

"You look at the matter from a wrong point of view—" began Oldham, and stopped. The land-agent was shrewd, and knew when he had come to an impasse.

"I always respect a man who does his duty," he began again, "and I can see how you're tied up in this matter. But a resignation could be arranged for very easily. Mr. Baker knows thoroughly both your ability and experience, and has long regretted that he has not been able to avail himself of them. Of course, as you realize, the great future of all this country is not along the lines even of such great industries as lumber manufacture, but in agriculture and possibly also in water-power engineering. Here, more than anywhere else in the world, Water is King!"

A recollection tickled Bob. He laughed outright. Oldham glanced at him sharply.

"Oh, the Lucky Lands," said he at last. "I'd forgotten you had ever been there. Well, the saying is as true now as it was then. The great future for any young man is along those lines. I am sure—in fact, I am told to say with authority—that Mr. Baker would be only too pleased to have you come in with him on this new enterprise he is opening up."

"As how?" asked Bob.

"As stockholder to the extent of ten thousand shares preferred, and a salaried position in the field of course. But that is a small matter compared with the future opportunities—"

"It's cheering to know that I'm worth so much," interrupted Bob. "Shares now worth par?"

"A fraction over."

"One hundred thousand and some odd dollars," observed Bob. "It's a nice tidy bribe; and if I were any sort of a bribe-taker at all, I'd surely feel proud and grateful. Only I'm not. So you might just as well have made it a million, and then I'd have felt still more set up over it."

"I hope you don't think I'm a bribe-giver, either," said Oldham. "I admit my offer was not well-timed; but it has been long under contemplation, and I mentioned it as it occurred to me. Do you favor general confiscation?"

"I believe in the law," declared Bob, "—and I do not believe your statement."

Oldham rose.

"I tell you this, young man," he said coldly. "You can prosecute the Modoc Company or not, as you please—or perhaps I should say, you can introduce your private testimony or not, as you please. We are reasonable, and we know you cannot control government prosecutions. But the Modoc Company intends that you play no favorites."

"I do not understand you," said Bob, with equal coldness.

"If the Modoc Company is prosecuted, we will make it our business to see that every great landowner holding title in this forest is brought into the courts for the same offense. If the letter of the law is to be enforced against us, we'll see that it is enforced against all others."

Bob bowed. "Suits me," said he.

"Does it?" sneered Oldham. He produced a bundle of papers bound by a thick elastic. "Well, I've saved you some trouble in your next case. Here are certified copies of the documents for it, copied at Sacramento, and subscribed to before a notary. Of course you can verify them, but you'll find them accurate."

He handed them to Bob, who took them completely puzzled. Oldham's next speech enlightened him.

"You will find there," said the older man, tapping the papers in Bob's hand. "The documents in full relating to the Wolverine Company's land holdings, and how they were acquired. After looking them over, we shall expect you to bring suit. If you do not do so, we will take steps to force you to do so—or, failing this, to resign!"

With these words Oldham turned square on his heel, and marched to where Saleratus Bill was stationed with the horses. Bob stared after him, the bundle of papers in his hand. When Oldham had mounted, Bob looked down on these papers.

"The second line of defense!" said he.

XIX

BOB'S first interest was naturally to examine these documents. The first traced the titles by which many small holdings had come into the hands of the corpor

known as the Wolverine Company. The second seemed to be some sort of finding by an investigating commission. This latter was in the way of explanation of the title records, so that by referring from one to the other Bob was able to trace out the process by which the land had been acquired. This had been by "colonizing," as it was called. According to federal law one man could take up but one hundred and sixty acres of government land. It had therefore been the practice to furnish citizens with the necessary capital so to do; after which these citizens transferred their land to the parent company. This was, of course, a direct evasion of the law; as direct an evasion as Baker's use of the mineral lands act.

For a time Bob was unable to collect his reasoning powers adequately to confront this new fact. His thoughts were in a whirl. The only thing that stood out clearly was the difference in the two cases. He knew perfectly that after Baker's effort to lift bodily from the public domain a large block of its wealth every decent citizen should cry "stop thief!" Instinctively he felt, though as yet he could not analyze the reasons for so feeling, that to deprive the Wolverine Company of its holdings would work a crying injustice. Yet to all intents and purposes, apparently, the cases were on all-fours. Both Welton and Baker had taken advantage of a technicality. Baker would steal land without compunction; Welton would take land illegally without thought of the illegality, only because everybody else did it the same way.

But should the mere fact of personality make any difference in the enforcing of laws? That one man was amiable and the other not so amiable had nothing to do with eternal justice. If Bob were to fulfil his duty only against those he disliked, and in favor of his friends, he had indeed slipped back to the old days of henchman politics from which the nation was slowly struggling. He reared his head at this thought. Surely he was man enough to sink private affairs in the face of a stern public duty!

This determined, Bob thought the question settled. After a few minutes, it returned as full of interrogation-points as ever. Leaving Baker and Welton entirely out of the question, the two cases still drew apart. One was just, the other unjust. Why? On the answer depended the peace of Bob's conscience. Of course he would resign rather than be forced to prosecute Welton. He loved this life, this cause. To give it up would be to cut himself off from all that he cared for most and cast him into the drudgery of new and uncongenial lines.

He was not quite ready to submit the matter officially, but he wished very much to talk it over with someone. Glancing up, he caught sight of the glitter of silver and the satin sheen of a horse. Star was coming down through the trees, resplendent in his silver and carved-leather trappings. In the saddle lounged the tall, homely figure of old California John, clad in faded blue overalls, the brim of his ancient hat flopped down over his lean brown face and his kindly blue eyes. Bob signaled him. California John swung from the saddle. They sat on the same log whereon Oldham and Bob had conferred.

"John," said Bob. "Oldham has been here, and I don't know what to do."

California John listened without a single word of comment while Bob detailed all the ins and outs of the situation. When he had finished, the old man slowly drew forth his pipe, filled it and lit it.

"Son," said he. "I'm an old man, and I've lived in this state since the early gold days. That means I've seen a lot of things. In all that time the two most valuable idees I've dug up are these: in the first place, it don't never do to go off half-cock; and in the second place, if you want to know about a thing, go to headquarters for it."

He removed his pipe to blow a cloud.

"Half of that's for me and the other half's for you," he resumed. "I ain't going to give you my notions until I've thought them over a little: that's for me. As for you, if I was you, I'd just amble over and talk the whole matter over with Mr. Welton and see what he thinks about his end of it."

XX

THIS advice seemed so good that Bob acted upon it at his earliest opportunity. The lumberman's red, jolly face lit up with a smile of real affection as he recognized Bob, an expression quickly changed, however, as he caught sight of the young man's countenance.

"What's up, Bobby?" he inquired with concern; "anything happened?"

"There have come into my hands some documents," said Bob, "that embarrass me a great deal. Here they are."

He handed them to Welton. The lumberman ran them through in silence.

"Well," he commented cheerfully. "They seem to be all right. What's the matter?"

"Don't you see what I'm up against?" said Bob. "It will be in my line of duty to open suit against the Wolverine Company for recovery of those lands."

"Suit!" echoed Welton. "You talk foolish, Bob. This company has owned these lands for nearly thirty years, and paid taxes on them. The records are all straight, and the titles clear."

"It begins to look as if the lands were taken up contrary to law," insisted Bob, "and if so, I'll be called upon to prosecute."

"Contrary to your grandmother," said Welton contemptuously. "Some of your young squirts of lawyers have been reading their little books. If these lands were taken up contrary to law, why so were every other timber lands in the state."

"That may be true, also," said Bob. "I don't know."

"Well, will you tell me what's wrong with them?" asked Welton.

"It appears as though the lands were taken direct from many small holders in hundred and sixty acre lots," explained Bob.

Welton stared at him.

"Well, will you tell me how in blazes you were going to get together a piece of timber big enough to handle in any other way?" he demanded. "All that one firm could take up by itself was a quarter-section, and you're not crazy enough to think any concern could afford to build a plant for the sake of cutting that amount! That's preposterous! A man certainly has a right under the law to sell what is his to whomever he pleases."

"But the 'colonists,' " said Bob, "took up this land merely for the purpose of turning it over to the company. The intention of the law is that the timber is for the benefit of the original claimant."

"Well, it's for his benefit, if he gets paid for it, ain't it?" demanded Welton ingenuously. "You can't expect him to cut it himself."

"That is the intent of the law," insisted Bob. "What shall I do about it?"

"Quit the game!" said Welton, promptly and eagerly. "Come on back in a sensible business. We'd get on fine!"

Bob shook his head.

"Then go ahead, bring your case," said Welton. "I don't mind."

"I do," said Bob. "It looks like a strong case to me."

"Don't bring it. You don't need to report in your evidence, as you call it. Just forget it."

"If Baker took that land up for other purposes than an honest intention to mine on it, the title might be set aside," said Bob.

"You'd have a picnic proving anything of the sort one way or another about what a man intends to do," Welton pointed out.

"Do you remember one evening when Baker was up at camp and was kicking on paying water tolls for his irrigation works? It was about the time Thorne first came in as supervisor, and just before I entered the service. Baker told us then that he had a way of beating the tolls, and mentioned this very scheme of taking advantage of the mineral laws. At the time he had a notion of letting us in on the timber."

"Sure! I remember!" cried Welton.

"Well, if you and I were to testify as to that conversation, we'd establish his intent plainly enough."

"Sure as you're a foot high!" said Welton slowly.

"Baker knows this; and he's threatened, if I testify against him, to bring the Wolverine Company into the fight."

Welton turned on him a troubled eye.

"Bob," said he. "There's more to this than you think. If Baker has this case looked up, there's something to it. Resign! Nobody knows about what you know."

A vision swept before Bob's eyes of a noble forest apparently safe for all time devoted by his silence to a private greed.

"But concealing evidence is as much of a perjury as falsifying it—" he began. A second vision flashed by of a ragged, unshorn fugitive, now in jail, whom his testimony could condemn. He fell silent.

"Let sleeping dogs lie," said Welton earnestly. "You don't know the harm you may do. Your father's re-election comes this fall you know, and even if it's untrue, a suit of this character—" He in his turn broke off.

"I don't see how this could hurt father's chances—either way," said Bob, puzzled.

"Well, you know how I think about it," said Welton curtly. Rising, "You asked me."

Bob, camp, unsaddled and
sought cabin-mate was stolidly
awa the single doorstep.

"My friend that was going to leave me some money in my bunk was coming to-day," said Jack Pollock. "It ain't in your bunk by mistake?"

"Jack," said Bob, wearily throwing all the usual pretense aside, "I'm ashamed to say I clean forgot it, I had such a job on hand. I'll ride over and get it now."

"Don't understand you," said Jack, without moving a muscle of his face.

Bob smiled at the serious young mountaineer, playing loyally his part even to his fellow-conspirator.

"Jack," said he, "I guess your friend must have been delayed. Maybe he'll get here later."

"Quite like," nodded Jack gravely.

XXI

BOB made the earliest chance to obtain California John's promised advice. The old head ranger was unlettered, but his understanding was informed by a broad and gentle spirit and long experience of varied things.

"Bob," he began, "I'm an old man, and I've lived through a lot. When I come into this state the elk and deer and antelope was running out on the plains like sheep. I mined and prospected up and down these mountains when nobody knew their names. There's hardly a gold camp you can call over that I ain't been in on, nor a set of men that had anything to do with making the state that I ain't tracked up with. Most of the valley towns wasn't in existence those days, and the rest was little cattle towns that didn't amount to anything. The railroad took a week to come from Chicago. There wasn't any railroad up the coast. They hadn't begun to irrigate much. Where the Redlands and Riverside orange groves are, there was nothing but dry washes and sagebrush desert. It cost big money to send freight. All that was shipped out of the country in a season wouldn't make up one shipment these days.

"Of course by and by the country settled up a little more; but even then nobody ever thought of timber. You see, there was no market to amount to anything out here, and a few little jerk-water mills could supply the whole layout easy. East, the lumber in Michigan and Wisconsin and Minnesota never was going to give out. In those days you could hardly *give* away land up in this country. The fellow that went in for timber was looked on as a lunatic. It took a big man with lots of sand to see it at all."

Bob nodded, his eye kindling with the beginnings of understanding.

"There was a few of them. They saw far enough ahead, and they come in here and took up some timber. Those fellows started things for this country. Just the fact that the Wolverine Company bought big; and other big men come in—why it give confidence to the people! The country boomed right ahead. There can't nobody beat me in wishing a lot of good forest land was under the service instead of being due to be cut up by lumbermen. But I've lived too long not to see the point. You can't get benefits without paying for 'em. The United States of America was big gainers because these old fellows had the nerve just to come in and buy. All the rest of these little operators and workmen and storekeepers and manufacturers wouldn't have found their way out here in twenty years if the big fellows hadn't led the way. And while it's the big fellow that gives the lead, *it's the little fellow that makes the wealth of the country!* In my notion all this timber land in private hands is where it belongs. It's the price the government paid for wealth."

"And the basin—" cried Bob.

"What the hell more confidence does this country need now?" demanded California John fiercely; "what with its mills and its trolleys, its vineyards and all its big projects? What right has this man Baker to get pay for what he ain't done?"

The distinction that Bob had sensed, but had not been able to analyze, leaped at him. On one side he saw the pioneer, pressing forward into an unknown wilderness, breaking a way for those that could follow, holding aloft a torch to illumine dark places, taking long and desperate chances, waiting in faith for the fulfilment of their prophecies. On the other he saw the plunderer, grasping for a wealth that did not belong to him, through values he had not made. This fundamental difference could never again, in Bob's mind, be gainsaid. Nevertheless, had not these men broken the law, and is not the upholding of the law important in its moral effect on those that follow?

"In the old days," continued California John, "if a man wanted to get enough timber to go to operating on, his lawyer would

explain to him how to do it; any of his friends that was posted would show him the ropes; and if he'd take the trouble to go to the land-office the clerk would say, 'No, Mr. Man, I can't transfer to you personally more'n a hundred and sixty acres, but you can get some of your friends to take it up for you.' Now will you tell me how Mr. Man could get it any straighter than that?"

Bob was seeing a great light. He nodded.

"They've changed the rules of the game!" said California John impressively, "and now they want to go back thirty year and hold these fellows to account for what they did under the old rules. It don't look to me like it's fair. You don't need to tell me that you believe for one minute when he took up this Wolverine land, that your father did anything that he, *or anybody else*, courts included, thought was off-color."

"My father!" cried Bob.

"Why, yes," said California John, looking at him curiously. "You don't mean to say you didn't know he is the Wolverine Company!"

XXII

BOB stared at the old man so long that the latter felt called upon to reassure him.

"I wouldn't take it so hard, if I was you, son," said he. "I don't have the slightest notion in the world but what the whole thing will blow up in smoke."

"I haven't either," said Bob. "Though you never can tell, and defending such a suit is always an expensive matter. But here's the trouble: my father is congressman from Michigan; he's been in several pretty heavy fights this last year and has some powerful enemies, and he is up for re-election this fall."

"Suffering cats!" whistled California John.

"A lot could be made of a suit of that nature," said Bob, "whether it had any basis, or not. What is your advice?"

"Son, I ain't got none," replied the old man.

That very evening a messenger rode over from the mill bringing a summons from Welton. Bob saddled up at once. He found the lumberman alone in the office. As Bob entered his former associate turned a troubled face toward him.

"Bob," said he at once, "they've got the old man cinched, unless you'll help out."

"How's that?"

"You remember when we first came in here how Plant closed the road and the flume right of way on us because we didn't have the permit?"

"Of course."

"Now, Bob, you remember how we was up against it, don't you? If we hadn't gone through that year we'd have busted the business absolutely. It was just a case of hold-up, and we had to pay it. You remember?"

"Yes."

"Well!" burst out Welton, bringing his fist down. "Now this hound sends up his slick lawyer to tell me that was bribery, and that he can have me up on a criminal charge!"

"He's bluffing," said Bob quietly. "I remember all about that case. If I'd known as much then of inside workings as I do now, I'd have taken a hand. But Baker himself ran the whole show. If he brings that matter into court, he'll be subject to the same charge; for, if you remember, he paid the money."

"Will he!" shouted Welton. "You don't know the low-lived skunk! Erbe told me that if this suit was brought and you testified in the matter, that Baker would turn state's evidence against me! That would let him off scot free."

"What!" said Bob incredulously. "Brand himself publicly as a criminal and telltale just to get you into trouble! Not likely! Think what that would mean to a man in his position! It would be every bit as bad as though he were to take his jail sentence. He's bluffing again."

"Do you really think so?" asked Welton, a gleam of relief lightening the gloom of his red good-natured face. "I'll agree to handle the worst river crew you can hand out to me; but this law business gets me running in circles."

"It does all of us," said Bob with a sigh.

"I concluded from Erbe's coming up here that you had decided to tell about what you knew. That ain't so, is it?"

"I don't know; I can't see my duty clearly yet."

"For heaven's sake, Bobby, what's it to you!" demanded Welton exasperated.

But Bob did not hear him.

"I think the direct way is the best," he remarked, by w aloud. "I'm going to kee adquarters.

I'm going to write father and put it straight to him how he did get these lands and tell him the whole situation; and I'm going down to interview Baker and discover, if I can, just how much of a bluff he is putting up."

"In the meantime—" said Welton, apparently not noting the fact that Bob had become aware of the senior Orde's connection with the land. "In the meantime I'm going to postpone action if I can. They're summoning witnesses for the basin trial."

"I'll do the best I can," concluded Bob.

Accordingly he wrote the next day to his father. In this letter he stated frankly the situation as far as it affected the Wolverine lands, but said nothing about the threatened criminal charges against Welton. That was another matter. He set out the great value of the basin lands and the methods by which they had been acquired. He pointed out his duty, both as a forest officer and as a citizen, but balanced this by the private considerations that had developed from the situation.

This dispatched, he applied for leave.

"This is the busy season, and we can spare no one," said Thorne. "You have important matters on hand."

"This is especially important," urged Bob.

"It is absolutely impossible. Come two months later, and I'll be glad to lay you off as long as I can."

"This particular affair is most urgent business."

"Private, of course."

"Not entirely."

"Couldn't be considered official?"

"It might become so."

"What is it?"

"That I am not at liberty to tell you."

Thorne considered.

"No, I'm sorry, but I don't see how I can spare you."

"In that case," said Bob quietly, "you will force me to tender my resignation."

Thorne looked up at him quickly, and studied his face.

"From anybody else, Orde," said he, "I'd take that as a threat or a hold-up, and fire the man on the spot. From you I do not. The matter must be really serious. You may go. Get back as soon as you can."

"Thank you," said Bob. "It is serious. Three days will do me."

He set about his preparations at once, packing a suitcase with linen long out of commission, smoothing out the tailored clothes he had not had occasion to use for many a day. He then transported this—and himself—down the mountain on his saddle-horse. At Auntie Belle's he changed his clothes. The next morning he caught the stage, and by the day following walked up the main street at Fremont.

He had no trouble in finding Baker's extensive ground-floor offices behind plate-glass windows. Here were wickets and railings through which and over which the public business was transacted. A narrow passageway sidled down between the wall and a row of ground-glass doors on which were lettered the names of various officers of the company.

Bob entered the door held open for him by a uniformed boy and found himself in Baker's presence.

[TO BE CONTINUED]

Read the first chapter of "The Spell," a new novel by the Williamsons—C. N. and A. M.—whose books thrill and entertain. It opens on page 653 and will continue through the coming year.

Siberian cousins. "Why not use reindeer as the Siberians do?" asked Dr. Jackson. He started to investigate. The success of this inquiry has not been well understood except by those who have been there. Dr. Jackson and Captain M. A. Healy of the United States revenue cutter *Bear* decided to inaugurate the project. The experiment has thriven until now it is one of the great industries of northern Alaska and affords food for the natives and transportation for the whites who visit the arctic regions in search of gold. The white man can still kill walrus, seals and fish with his bombs and repeating rifle, and the Eskimo, who lived there long before he came, can with his reindeer get food, shelter, clothing and transportation. The success of the plan is unquestioned, though many persons unacquainted with the country and the difficulty in dealing with the natives have looked askance upon it.

When Dr. Jackson first started the project he met with opposition, but at last he was able to convince people that the moss which the wild Alaskan reindeer lived on was the same that nourished the Siberian animals, and friends raised over two thousand dollars to import reindeer to this country. Even with this money the good doctor had no use for it, for the natives of Siberia from whom he wished to purchase deer did not use money and he was forced to obtain an assortment of goods with which to barter. He and Captain Healy were obliged to coast over fifteen hundred miles along Siberia and to visit many villages before they could obtain sixteen animals. The reindeer men of Siberia looked with suspicion upon them and many feared that if the industry were established in Alaska they could no longer sell deerskins in exchange for oil.

The success in obtaining these sixteen deer encouraged Congress to appropriate several thousand dollars for an industrial reindeer school in that part of Alaska nearest to Bering Straits. Siberian herders were imported to show the natives how to care for and raise the animals and later a colony of Lapps were brought over from northern Europe because of their superior intelligence. They aroused much interest wherever they stopped while traveling overland from New York to Alaska. Their route from Lapland was over twelve hundred miles.

These Laplanders were unique people. The whole ship was given up to the men and their families, the reindeer, Lapland dogs, and thousands of bags of moss for fodder. The men were dressed in great fur coats with bright red borders trimmed with a fringe. Their hats were four-cornered, stuffed with moss and trimmed with fiery red cloth, their trousers were of fur and they wore moccasins with tops of gay flannel to match the color of their clothes. Men and women dressed much alike, except that the women wore rings and bangle bracelets of brass and silver and the men had large knives in their belts. This was one of the most remarkable transportations made by Uncle Sam, but though the Laplanders remained in this country and many became miners, the animals died after reaching Seattle because proper moss was not provided from there to the north.

After we had obtained about three hundred reindeer it was discovered that there was a much larger and stronger animal in Siberia, capable of bearing a man on its shoulders, and it was decided to import some of these to give them a trial. E. P. Bertholf, a first lieutenant in the revenue cutter service, had had much experience in Bering sea. He had taken reindeer to the starving whalers who were caught in the ice near Point Barrow. This was a perilous undertaking. Eight whaling ships were imprisoned in the ice and four hundred seamen were without food, nor could they hope to get it until the spring break-up. No vessel could go nearer than two thousand miles—a distance of weeks—nor could provisions be dragged overland. The reindeer were only one thousand miles from them and the government dispatched a revenue cutter from Seattle, which landed men halfway. There they took a dog team and reindeers and after a journey of three months reached the whaler in time to rescue the imprisoned men. No wonder Congress gave a vote of thanks to the rescuers, and since that time reindeer have been kept at Point Barrow.

When Bertholf, the hero of this episode, expressed himself as willing to go to Siberia to get some of the large reindeer, he was at once detailed for the service. Armed with passports from St. Petersburg, he went by rail and rivers to the country of the Okhotsk sea and obtained two hundred large animals, which he landed at Port Clarence. He traveled fifteen hundred miles to do this and suffered hardships innumerable, but

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Reindeer pawing snow from the moss upon which they feed

as a result there are to-day fifteen reindeer stations and nearly ten thousand animals, half of which belong to the natives. Though Alaska may never export reindeer meat like Russia, or can it like Norway, or supply smoked hams like northern Europe, it is established that it could do this, for the country is large enough to provide for ten million of these animals. One important aid they now render is in connection with the postal service. Road trips north of the arctic circle, west to the Nome region and east to Yukon valley are made with these animals, which cover a distance of twelve hundred miles through a trackless waste.

An important essential in the success of the reindeer industry is the methodical way in which the animals are tended. Early in the history of the enterprise small herds, usually one hundred, were loaned to mission stations as an equipment for the industrial training of the Eskimos. The loan was to be repaid to the government in five years by an equal number of young deer, the mission retaining the increase that had accumulated in the meanwhile.

At the stations the superintendents select ambitious young Eskimos, who become apprentices in the reindeer industry for five years. Every year of faithful service each apprentice receives two deer and at the close of his five years he has enough deer to start out as an independent herder. However, he must remain under the direction of the station superintendent. He cannot sell a female deer without permission of the Bureau of Education and he must ask approval to kill surplus male deer and to sell the meat for food and the skin for clothing. Often a family becomes so interested in the reindeer work that they live in the camps, but much dissatisfaction arises because after earning his deer the herder cannot kill them without permission. The wisdom of the rule is obvious, for it is desired that the industry shall remain in the hands of the natives until there are enough animals to guarantee a permanent support to the whole region.

It is not easy work for the Eskimo herder. He is usually separated from his family, and he must toil many years for his stock of deer; but in the meanwhile he learns many things besides deer culture, such as how to make sledges and seal and walrus-hide reins. One of the wealthiest of reindeer owners is Sinrock Mary, who owns three hundred animals. These were left her by her husband, who was a herder. Her home, or "igloo," is at Unalakleet, near the Swedish mission, and she keeps boys to guard the herd. These boys are usually accompanied by *malmalute* dogs, the wolf-dogs which came from Siberia. While they protect the deer from other animals, strangely enough they show no affection for the deer but will chase them and often injure them when they flounder in the snow.

The Alaskan reindeer travel rapidly and in one day can cover a hundred miles. They run by night as well as in the light and often carry a hundred and fifty pounds. Sometimes it is hard to get a pathway in the unbroken snow, and after starting one deer, which breaks the surface by leaping and bounding, several other deer are sent after him. Then animals carrying boys and girls follow until the deer with heavy loads have a fairly good path. They browse as soon as the trip is over, and dig up the snow with their hoofs to get at the moss. In summer they live on grass and mushrooms. All are branded with the owner's mark.

In following a herd over the arctic wastes with the thermometer at sixty below zero, the Eskimo shows great hardihood and seems senseless to the cold. When he does "turn in" to his home it is built of snow and is a marvel of architecture. The snowbank selected from which to dig blocks must be formed by a single storm, that the blocks may be perfect, and these are cut with an ivory knife. Usually they are three or four feet square and are laid upon each other so that the house when finished is shaped like a beehive. Slabs of the ice form the window and the hut is lined with the skins of animals. Outside of this dwelling the Eskimo boy stakes his animals, which may spar with each other but seldom run away, so that one herder can care for many hundred.

It takes about a week to train an animal to drag a sled. Usually it is hitched single file and guided by one "jerk rein." The fauns are very healthy and when the old ones are butchered in the fall for food the deer who haul their dead brothers through the snow realize they are pulling a funeral train. Gold and supplies for the mining-camps, however, are the usual load. The importance of these animals to miners has only recently been appreciated. While every divide, valley and knoll has bunches of wild deer or caribou roaming the woodlands or barren ground, these animals are difficult to domesticate, though experiments have been tried for years.

The domestic reindeer in our far north is what the camel is to Africa. The greater the degree of cold, the better he seems to like it. He can trail with two hundred pounds, up and down mountains and over passes with no beaten path to follow. He can help the prospector to penetrate regions hitherto unexplored and can carry communication with the outside world—all this without taking into account that the reindeer cow gives good milk and every part of the carcass can be utilized. Some Alaskans laughingly predict that the time will come when reindeer trains will roll into Seattle from the North Pole. At any rate a conservative estimate shows that in thirty-five years this country could have ten million head of reindeer and some persons wonder why private individuals do not enter the reindeer business.

Some idea of the value of these animals to the far north may be understood when it is known that often it is as early as October that the last boat leaves Dawson for communication with the "outside." During the shut-in period the people try to be cheerful, as evinced from the following taken from the Dawson *News* issued in October:

THE LAST BOAT HAS WENT.
THE CORK IS IN.
LOOK ABOUT AND BEHOLD THE SHUT-INS.
COUNT NOSES.
BE CHEERFUL.
BOOST.

Yet Dawson is not as shut-in as Nome and the people of the Seward peninsula, who are cut off from the world for eight months. Bering sea is frozen for hundreds of miles and the only connections are the telegraph and an occasional bi-monthly mail. Supplies cannot be shipped during the long cold winter. To the people of the north the reindeer are an undoubted blessing.

Bering Strait unknown, seen from the Siberian side

Fairy Stories From Real Life

Old "Si" Jones

By HENRY M. HYDE

HE who writes fairy stories should always stick tightly to fiction. The moment he drops into real life, what he sets down becomes disconnected, visionary, absurdly impossible. Facts are always incredible. Any fairly talented liar can get plenty of people to believe him, while prosaic honesty must back his testimony with an oath and produce documentary evidence in support of every item.

Take the strange and wonderful story of old "Si" Jones. At the mention of his commonplace name the glamour fades. Consider the further facts that he was a harness-maker in a small Nebraska village and a mean, penny-squeezing, narrow-minded, small-souled, little man of fifty, married to a slatternly woman, as pinched and petty as himself. What chance has one to make the hero of a fairy story of him? And yet . . . .

The real prince in the village of Goose Neck Ridge was Colonel E. Clarence Prettyman. He was tall, handsome, dashing, liberal, fascinating—everything that a prince should be. He lived in a great brick house, surrounded by a grove of tall elm-trees. "Si" Jones's three-room cottage had never even been painted. He let the grass grow long in the dooryard for the sake of the hay. The colonel made much money in an easy, speculative way. "Si" and his wife half-starved themselves to add two or three dollars weekly to their small hoard. The colonel wore a long frock coat, a fancy waistcoat and a silk hat; "Si" stuck to his patched alpaca and an advertising cap, with the name of somebody's pills printed on the visor. Colonel Prettyman was respected and popular; "Si" Jones was the object of ridicule and contempt.

"Si" Jones and his wife had $3,000 invested in a farm mortgage. That was the sum total of their savings after thirty years of married life. They had no children. The colonel spent twice that amount yearly and he was surrounded by a bevy of blooming daughters and big sons. "Si" hated and envied the colonel with all the strength of his small nature. The colonel simply ignored "Si's" existence except when he brought his silver-mounted harness into the shop to have new straps put on the bridles.

On one such occasion Colonel Prettyman happened to remark that he was about to step over to the bank and borrow $3,000; he had an opportunity to get in on the ground floor in a very good thing. The colonel had an impressive way of casually referring to his large financial operations. Into the envious mind of "Si" Jones as he listened came a crooked thought. What a gratifying thing it would be to feel that the great Colonel Prettyman owed him money—of course, on good security.

"What you goin' to borrow it on?" he asked, slyly. The colonel laughed in his hearty way. "I expect a six per cent mortgage on my house would be good for the cash, eh Si?" he said. To get his clutches on the finest house in town! To hold a mortgage on the homestead of the man he most envied! "I've got a mortgage falling due to-morrow," "Si" ventured. "I might let you have the money myself."

"Well, by Jove! I congratulate you, sir!" patronized the colonel. "You wouldn't be too hard on a fellow about foreclosing and that sort of thing, eh?" It was a Homeric jest. At noon, instead of going home to dinner, "Si" went over to the courthouse and ran through the books in the recorder's office. The title to Colonel Prettyman's big house was unclouded. Next day the mortgage was made and the money paid over. Of course "Si" was far too shrewd to record his mortgage. That would have brought the assessor down on him.

For a year and a month "Si" enjoyed himself. As the colonel dashed by his shop, the harness-maker, squinting out through

the dirty window, gloated over the thought that he held a mortgage on the great man's house. Then one morning Colonel Prettyman was found dead in bed. There were rumors that his demise had been hastened by the contents of a bottle which stood empty on the floor. "Si," being uncommunicative and grouchy, did not hear the startling news until toward evening. By that time the courthouse was closed. Early the next morning he rushed down to record his mortgage. Already three other prior liens had been recorded, amounting in the aggregate to twice the greatest possible value of the property.

For once people almost felt sorry for the man. He cried like a child; he cursed, he threatened violence; that night the neighbors were kept awake by the sounds of a furious quarrel between "Si" and his wife.

The colonel's estate was left in a shocking condition. There were duplicate mortgages on everything he owned and all that was left to show for it was a big tin box full of wildcat mining, oil and rubber stocks. All that "Si" got out of the settlement was a bundle of nicely engraved mining-stock certificates, with a face value of $250,000. By way of grim jest someone offered him $25 for the lot and "Si" was so far crushed by his loss that he simply broke down again and cried. The whole town treated it as the biggest joke of the century.

For five years the harness-maker and his wife lived along, starving their souls and bodies, torturing each other with accusations and complaints. "Si" was just starting home one evening when a stranger dropped into the shop. He had come from the city to see the old creditors of Colonel Prettyman. He was prepared then and there to pay "Si" Jones the full sum of $3,000, with compound interest at six per cent. He would call at the house that evening, pay over the money and take back the worthless mining stock. People still talk of the way in which "Si" ran home that night. They thought surely that the old woman must be dying. He rushed into the house and his wife turned to meet him, startled at the look of joy on his weazened face.

"They're going to pay the Prettyman loan to-night," he cried. "Go get out that stock."

Mrs. Jones stood still, staring hard. Then she walked across to the cupboard, lifted a row of tin cans out of the way and picked from the back corner an old cigar box. On the kitchen table she emptied the contents and sorted the papers over—once, twice, three times. Turning, she looked at her husband with terror in her eyes. He sprang forward with an oath and seized the box from her hands. Over and over he shuffled the few papers. She had dropped back into a chair, her hands falling helpless on either side. "Si," with another oath, rushed to the cupboard and frantically tore out its contents, throwing tin cans and glass bottles alike on the floor. When it was bare and empty he went back to his wife and stood over her, as she still sat, white and nerveless, in the kitchen chair.

"Where is it?" he demanded.

"I don't know," the old woman answered, shaking her head, helplessly. Over and over again she repeated the one sentence. The knock of the visitor from the city interrupted them.

"Well, here's the money," he said, glancing at the scene of riot, and displaying a certified check for more than four thousand dollars. "Now, if you'll just hand me that stock certificate we'll call it quits."

"Si" reached out for the check, which the caller held firmly. "Well, my wife here has mislaid the stock," he stammered. "We were just looking for it when you came."

"Mislaid the stock?" The stranger frowned. "Of course, then—"

"We'll find it all right," pleaded "Si." "Besides," he went on with an attempt at a grin, "I reckon it wouldn't be much loss nohow."

"But I must do things in a business way," the caller answered. He folded up the check and put it in his pocket. "I'll be in town until to-morrow night. If you find the stock before then you can bring it to me at the hotel." In spite of "Si's" pleading he declined to wait until a more thorough search of the house had been made.

Almost all night, until every inch of the little cottage had been searched over and over again, "Si" and his wife kept at the work. All the reproaches which Mrs. Jones had heaped on her husband during the last five years were paid back to her in double measure. When daylight came "Si" crept about the yard on hands and knees, seeking vainly for the missing bit of paper. His wife, mean[illegible] sat inside puzzling her achi[illegible] had cleaned house a m[illegible]e trash and rubbish [illegible]ed up she had packed

into baskets and carried down to the village dump-pile, two blocks away. Perhaps . .

She waited until her husband without a word to her had left the house and gone down to the hotel to make a final plea to the stranger before he started back to the city. Then she put on her sunbonnet and crept cautiously down the back way to the dump-pile. There, on hands and knees, she groveled and dug in the heaps of trash and filth, looking pitifully for the lost fortune. When her husband came home that night he said nothing to her. She was afraid to ask him questions but she knew from his looks that the stranger had gone back to the city without paying over the money.

So, every morning for a week, after her husband had limped silently away, she hurried down to the dump-pile and renewed her search, always coming back in time to cook dinner and supper and get the meals on the table before "Si" got home. Presently some of the townspeople saw her crawling about the dump and the story spread that she was crazy. One evening she found "Si" waiting when she got back from the dump.

"Well, Mary," he began, looking at her in a shamefaced way. "I've found that stock."

She stood, staring at him, and her face grew very white. "It was pinned inside that black coat of mine," he went on. "I sort of remember now taking it out of the box."

Mrs. Jones raised one dirty fist, tightly clenched, and started to speak. Then she toppled and fell forward onto the floor. "Si" carried her to the bed, bathed her face with cold water and finally brought her back to consciousness with the aid of the hartshorn bottle. It would have cost money to call in a doctor.

"And I telegraphed that fellow in the city before I came home," was the first thing he said to her when she looked up at him.

In the morning "Si" Jones stopped at the postoffice before he went to the shop. The clerk handed him out a single long envelope. It contained a newspaper clipping, pasted to a torn sheet of paper on which was written the two words: TAKE WARNING. The clipping itself was from the financial column of a big city newspaper. Underlined in blue pencil was a paragraph which read as follows:

> The feature of the day was the sensational advance in the stock of the Calumet and Hecla Mining Company. At the close $500 a share was bid for it, with no offerings. A few months ago this stock was a drug on the market. Within the last fortnight immense deposits of copper have been uncovered and it is predicted that the present price, high as it is, will be shortly doubled.

"Si" Jones gasped for breath, leaned back against the wall and with infinite caution unfastened the safety-pin which held the stock certificate in his pocket. "Calumet and Hecla Mining Company" was printed in big letters across the top of the parchment. Everything grew red before him. Clutching the stock certificate so tightly in his right hand that the nails bit into the flesh, he staggered across the street and for the first time in his life entered the swinging doors of a saloon. In a voice he did not recognize he ordered whisky. The glass he drained was full to the brim. The hot liquor ran through his veins like fire. He threw a quarter on the bar and walked out without waiting for his change, walking on air. He was worth more than a million dollars.

At the harness shop the man from the city was already waiting. "So you've found the stock?" was his greeting. "Si" smiled craftily.

"Yes, and I'll let you have it back for an even million dollars," he said.

The stranger's face reddened. He forced a laugh.

"So you've been reading the fool stories in the city papers," he said. "I've got a draft here for $4,300. Do you want it or will you keep that stock? I'm going back on the noon train."

In the end "Si" hung onto the stock. The stranger went home angry and discomfited. "Si" sold out when the price passed six hundred and banked more than a million and a half dollars.

On the Lake Shore Drive in Chicago stands a big stone house. It has two lonely inhabitants, Silas Jones, the well-known capitalist, and his old wife. Only the name is not Jones. In telling a fact-fairy story one must beware of the law of libel.

San Francisco the Hospitable

Nearly a Quarter of a Million Guests May be Luxuriously Housed Within the City's More Than Three Hundred New Hotels

By DAVID H. WALKER

THERE are more new hotels in San Francisco than in any other city in the world. They are all new in fact, every one of them, from foundation to roof top. There is not a stick of timber in any one of them that ever did duty before the period of reconstruction that followed the fire in 1906. There is not a piece of furniture nor a curtain, nor the minutest fragment of anything that is not entirely new. So far as the history of the present hotels is concerned, it begins with 1906. Of no other great city can this be said. Everything is fresh; everything is spick and span; everything is up-to-date.

If any factor were needed to assure the peoples of the world that their comfort would be best secured in San Francisco during the International Exposition that will mark the opening of the Panama Canal and commemorate its construction, this alone would be convincing to the most fastidious. There is but one rival to San Francisco for the Exposition, and that is New Orleans. The Louisiana city finds its old landmarks, including its old-time hotels, to be something to advertise. On the western rim of the continent, on the shore of the Pacific ocean—the natural place to celebrate the wedding of the two oceans—the boast is not only that every hotel is new, but that the same applies to every business house; to every bank; practically to every office building; to every stock of goods; to each and every appurtenance used in trade and commerce.

The fact that the San Francisco hotels are all new does not imply that they are few in number by any means. They are, on the contrary, larger than any that preceded them and they are much more numerous. There are more hotels in San Francisco of pretentious scope and plan than in all the other cities between the Rocky mountains and the Pacific ocean. An example was given of the hotel impetus in this metropolis of the Pacific Coast, when the walls of the former Palace Hotel were razed to the ground, the old foundations were obliterated, and a large sum was devoted to placing the most splendid and modern structure that could be devised through competition among architects, upon the site. Similarly, when the reconstruction of the Hotel St. Francis, on the west side of Powell street, was under consideration, it was decided to increase the size of the hotel very greatly. The three great hotels of the city, the St. Francis, the Fairmont and the Palace, jointly represent a cost of much more than $10,000,000.

One effect of the fire of 1906 was to compel fireproof construction in a very large area, in that which is locally known as the fire limits. By this designation is meant the hotel and retail and wholesale sections, embracing square miles in extent. Owing to this fact it was certain that costly real estate devoted to hotel sites, would not be encumbered by cheap or flimsy construction. Into the composition of the new hotels entered steel frames, brick and stone exteriors, the deepest and most solid and most costly of foundations. At the same time luxury was considered. On every street that is comparatively level, beginning a few blocks from the east shore of the city, tall and splendidly equipped buildings sprang up almost with magical speed. In every department they were provided with the most modern furniture and paraphernalia. As they opened their doors to the public, one after another, wonder and admiration continually increased. Lavish expenditure went hand in hand with solid provisions for safety. Nothing was omitted that could provide for comfort, for health, for elegance.

Market street is the axial line of San Francisco. It was formerly thought that the best hotels, and indeed all high-class hotels, were north of that street. Simultaneously with the reconstruction of the streets south of Market, and the placing therein of scores of splendid and costly buildings devoted to purposes of trade, hotel construction south of Market street began.

The costly bath of fire that swept north of Market street clear of all impurities and all relics of a bygone time, performed the same service for the region south of Market street. All crowded neighborhoods that had harbored small tenements and lodging-houses; all lanes and byways that had been characterized by an over-congestion of population; and the arterial thoroughfares that trended from the waterfront to the centers and residential areas, stood forth in the sunshine, full of fresh air, new and ready for better things. Hence it was brought to pass that in hundreds of blocks where it had been impossible to find fitting surroundings for good hotels before 1906, the sites for first-class hostelries were found to abound. The significance of this is contained in this, that practically an unlimited hotel area was opened up, and that the character of this area was permanently confirmed by the automatic action of building laws that will forever shut out cheap wooden buildings.

From this it appears that there is hardly a limit to the extent of the accommodation that can be supplied to any visiting multitude of people. There is ample room and there are congenial surroundings for other hundreds of hotels if they are required. There is ample money in San Francisco to construct these hotels. No one is able to competently forecast the size to which San Francisco will attain; but as a world-center of trade, which is its destiny, and is a great magnet to draw to it "globe-trotters" and people of all sorts of occupations and aspirations from all parts of the globe, it is interesting to know that there cannot be a time in many years when the hotels will be unable to supply conveniences and comforts for any crowd, however vast.

The hotel builders have many practical considerations in view and these will appear at once to any careful inquirer. In the first place San Francisco is possessed of an equable climate, which insures physical comfort during and throughout all seasons. It is never too cold, nor ever too warm for comfort. The city is situated between two great bodies of water—one an ocean six thousand miles wide, and the airs that blow in from the west, passing over this vast body of water, with no intervening obstructions to pollute it, are absolutely pure. The prevailing wind is from the west, which must not be put out of mind in thinking of San Francisco.

The city is at a place toward which world travel and travel from all parts of the Pacific Coast, must gravitate. At the wharves in San Francisco large and splendid steamships represent the traffic and travel connected with the Orient; with all American ports on the Pacific Coast of the United States—including Alaska; ships that ply regularly between San Francisco and Mexico, Central America and South American ports. The great sailing ships of the world, flying the flags of many nations, sail in and out of the Golden Gate.

While thus steamships and sailing-vessels keep San Francisco continually in touch with all portions of the globe, long and splendid lines of steam-railways, railroads that span the continent and railroads that, with connections, penetrate into the heart of Mexico, find their termini in San Francisco. There are three transcontinental systems that run their trains in and out of the San Francisco littoral, and these extend to Puget Sound, to the southern boundary of the United States, to all parts of the Pacific Coast; that cross the high Sierra in several places, and that with a network of feeders and branch lines, supply all the populous centers on the Pacific Coast with transportation facilities. There are through trains that run across the continent without change. These cross the great Mississippi valley and put the millions of people on the Atlantic seaboard of the United States, and the populations on the other side of the Atlantic, into immediate touch with this city.

Volumes might be written on the subject of San Francisco as a hotel center, without exhausting the subject. No tourist comes to the Pacific Coast, nor no winter dweller, who does not ultimately find his way to this city. In this is found attestation of the fact that those who build hotels largely and splendidly do well, for all the world may, collectively, be said in a sense to be San Francisco's guest at one time or another.

If one should talk with the San Francisco hotelkeeper, he would speedily be aware of many reasons, all of which will appeal to guests, why San Francisco hotels possess a permanent lure. The title of "garden of the world" has generally been conferred upon California and its fitness is very obvious. Whatever fruit or vegetable or fish or game-bird or beast or any delicacy whatsoever that exists to please the palate of the epicure, either is produced in California or is continually to be found in the hotel menu.

Not only is this true of the great variety of food, but the long summer season and the mild winter season alike extend the period when the garden and the orchard and the vineyard are opulent in supplies. Strawberries and raspberries at Christmas time may easily be had. In midwinter hundreds of orchards are yielding oranges, of which trainloads are hurried East to satisfy the Christmas market in New York and other great centers of population. Each and every product that is characteristic of the sunny lands that border the Mediterranean has become indigenous to California. The fig of Smyrna, with the aid of the Blastophaga, now matures as perfectly in California as in its native clime. Thousands of acres of vineyards are yielding wine and table-grapes and raisins. Square mile upon square mile of young and vigorous orchards hold up ripening apricots, plums, prunes, nectarines, pomegranates, apples, peaches and other fruits, to name any of which would make the mouth of an epicure water.

From the grapes floods of wine are continually extracted, the purity and excellence of which have pleased connoisseurs for years. Berry farms yield blackberries, loganberries, raspberries and strawberries in boundless profusion. Shining groves of olives supply a pleasing element of gastronomy. Thousands of orchards rich in the fruitage of almonds, walnuts, pecans and other edible nuts supplement the goodly store. And here, close at hand, rolls a fishpond that abounds in fish, and that is thousands of miles wide and thousands of miles long, in which the most delicious fishes known by man are to be found easily and reliably. Inland rivers running for hundreds of miles through valleys that are of enormous extent, have been stocked with salmon and other gamy fish, and in the creeks and brawling rivers that hasten through the mountains are mountain trout. Extensive wildernesses furnish shelter to deer, to bears and to other animals that were provided for man's use.

San Francisco is a center of scenic marvel. Beginning with the illimitable extent of the Pacific, and looking shoreward, one passes through a narrow strait, the Golden Gate, which is bastioned on one side by mountains and by lofty hills on the other and enters into a bay that is as blue as the skies and that washes the shores of a score of fertile counties. One may look north, south or west and see mountain

ranges. If he will climb to the summit of Mount Tamalpais, comfortably seated in a train that traverses the crookedest railroad in the world, he may under favorable circumstances view within a few seconds the far-distant and snowy tops of the Sierra Nevada; the great congregation of hills known as the Coast Range; and to the north looms the great mass of Mount St. Helena.

Into the Bay of San Francisco the San Joaquin and Sacramento rivers, after a confluence, pour their congregated waters. Between the Coast mountains and the Sierra there are very large and splendid valleys, each of which was once the bed of an inland sea—and, using San Francisco as a base, travels in any direction need not lack variety or interest.

Throughout the long summer one may live, if he will, in the open air, in the mountains or in valleys, undisturbed by thought of rain or any change of climate. In the winter months he shall see the hills cast off their garments of russet and become green with the tender hues of springtime. San Francisco is at one end of a peninsula that is bordered on one side by the Pacific ocean and on the other side by the Bay of San Francisco. South of the city, there is a tier of counties that abound in handsome villas and in attractive towns and cities; and in farming districts wherein more varieties of splendid fruit are raised than could easily be enumerated. Not far from San Francisco to the south is the Leland Stanford Jr. University, which was founded by Senator Leland Stanford and which is maintained by funds derived from the estate of Senator and Mrs. Stanford. On the opposite shore of the Bay of San Francisco, and not more than ten miles from this city, there are congregated more than two hundred thousand people in the three cities of Oakland, Berkeley and Alameda.

Berkeley is the seat of the University of California. This institution is sustained by the state. It has been enriched by liberal donations and it has many fine buildings and a building scheme has been devised, and is in course of execution, which will make its campus structurally noteworthy. The university stands on a slope, dotted with gigantic oaks, having sufficient altitude to overlook the Golden Gate, the Mount Tamalpais range of mountains, the city of San Francisco, and to secure glimpses of the open ocean. The site and its adornments are wonderfully picturesque.

Each and all of these factors tend to the prosperity of San Francisco hotels. There are many more features in San Francisco to delight visitors than any other city of similar size can boast. The system of street-railways and automobiles and taxicabs bring every portion of the city within speedy and convenient reach. From the Bay of San Francisco, toward the west, the land slopes upward into imposing hills, which are succeeded by valleys and other ranges of hills and broad avenues lead up and down until they reach the culminating glory of frontage on the Pacific ocean. On the extreme north of the peninsula are the grounds of the Presidio for United States military reservation. These are hundreds of acres in extent. On their western verge the heights are crowned with batteries containing long-distance guns. Splendid roads lead to the Presidio Heights, which furnish a remarkable diversity of views and which afford to pedestrians and to all others many sources of delight.

If the Presidio alone furnished all the park acreage of San Francisco, it alone with its varied scenery and its moving and warlike pictures, would be sufficient to give fame to San Francisco; but south of the Presidio, and separated only by a distance of a few blocks, is the famous Golden Gate Park, of nearly two thousand acres. This great pleasure-ground fronts on the ocean. It has many miles of finely improved roads, bordered by trees and shrubbery imported from all parts of the world, and adorned with beds of flowers that lend color and bloom to the landscape throughout the entire year.

In a great aviary—an inclosed space surrounded by glass—a thousand canaries live in an absolutely natural condition, without cages, flying at their will; existing through all seasons of the year in a pleasing grove of native oaks, where they mate and nest, and live in absolute security. The sundown song of the thousand warblers is worth traveling miles to hear. Securely imprisoned behind stout iron bars, there are native grizzly bears and their progeny. On open moors herds of deer move gracefully to and fro; and in a large paddock a herd of American bison, with large and liquid eyes, look out upon representatives of the peoples of all lands.

Between the Golden Gate Park and the Presidio, there is a lofty cliff, at the base of which the ocean foams and frets continually. Just off the shore at this point are the famous seal rocks, upon the steep and granitic surfaces of which sea-lions gambol and sleep and thousands of sea-gulls make up a discordant chorus.

With the climate of San Francisco, as might be expected, all varieties of flowers grow throughout the year. It is not uncommon to see a fuchsia bush ten feet high. The calla lily opens its blossoms fearlessly at Christmas time, secure from danger of any violent change of temperature. On sunny exposures the heliotrope grows luxuriantly, in the form of bushes, trained up to walls throughout the year. Around the shores of the Bay of San Francisco, oranges and lemons grow and ripen in the open air, but not in the parks. In the pleasure-grounds great flocks of California quail make the air musical with their peculiar cry. Artificial lakes supply convenient places for rowing, for races between miniature yachts and for the growth of eastern water-lilles. The climate is illustrated also by the annual custom of the Olympic Club of San Francisco, which on Christmas sends out a large party of its members to bathe in the Pacific ocean near the cliff.

Visitors to San Francisco are astonished at the size of the retail stores, at their lavish furnishings and at the unusual stocks of goods that they offer for sale. These are unsurpassed in any city of the world. The splendor of the banking structures,

that were erected solely for bank uses, built on lines of Grecian architecture and costing millions of dollars in the aggregate, likewise occasion surprise.

There are more than three hundred hotels—all new—in the city of San Francisco. Those close to the business center of the city include more than twenty-five thousand rooms. Every one of these hotels is easy of access by street-car line, and the majority are within a short distance of Market street, on level streets. In addition to the hotels there are more than three hundred apartment-houses, situated similarly, that contain at least twenty-five thousand rooms more. In the same district there are five hundred lodging-houses. In the available hotel area, there are unoccupied sites for many more structures of the first class. In fact there could be and would be twice as many hotels, apartment-houses and lodging-houses, situated eligibly for all purposes, within a period of a very few months, if necessity demanded them. Scores of new hotels and apartment-houses are now planned. Private homes contain thousands of rooms that would be let to accommodate a crowd. There are enough accommodations existing for any sized attendance that could be expected at an international exposition. Speaking personally the men at the heads of the various San Francisco hotels are competent to please the public, and it is due to their exertions and skill, knowledge and experience, that the fame of San Francisco has been more effectively extended since the fire of 1906. The names of the San Francisco bonifaces are known in all cities in the world. They are as well known as are their hotels.

Taking all the facilities now provided it is clear that in San Francisco and immediately adjoining, not less than two hundred thousand visitors can be accommodated simultaneously. This capacity will be very largely increased as soon as the city is officially recognized in Congress as the site for the Panama-Pacific International Exposition. The state of California has voted to issue bonds for millions of dollars as an evidence of its interest in the Exposition Project. Almost before the ink in this sentence shall become dry, the voters of the city of San Francisco will take similar action in behalf of this municipality. The sentiment of California and of all the cities and towns in California is strongly in favor of the Exposition. In the list of those who have individually lent encouragement to the enterprise the names of the leading hotel men are included.

Back of the hotels are the leading moneyed men of the city—bankers and others of prominence. Equally with the builders of banks the various corporations that have engaged in hotel building have manifested their faith in the future of San Francisco. The advantages offered to them by their viewpoint for accurate estimation of the future, makes their acts as hotel builders very significant.

Among the large array of San Francisco hotels are a number that may be taken as type, all illustrative of the enjoyments and conveniences that the city holds out to all visitors.

The famed Palace Hotel, which was frequented by "globe-trotters" for many years prior to 1906, is found in a new and more attractive guise. The old structure of the same name was razed to its foundations and on the site on Market street, occupying an entire block, a hotel now stands that, with furniture, equipment and land, represents an estimated value of approximately $6,000,000. To the well-known features that have been pictured all over the world in past years, new attractions have been added. Every modern idea that has been embodied in hotel construction in any part of the world is found in the new Palace. This is central to business and is on the chief thoroughfare in the city and within a block of three morning newspaper offices. It includes six hundred and eighty-five rooms. The hotel is eight stories high.

The Hotel St. Francis front is almost the entire width of Union Square. The St. Francis represents millions in the cost of construction and equipment. It has received the admiration of thousands of discriminating tourists on its merits. Before it stands the Dewey monument that commemorates the American victory in the waters of Luzon during the Spanish-American war. This tall column is in the center of Union Square, a public ground of handsome proportions. The St. Francis was in existence before the fire of 1906, but it has been entirely rebuilt since that date and a great wing has been added which has given the present structure, which may yet be extended by another wing, seven hundred rooms. The St. Francis stands on the west side of Powell street, and extends along Geary street.

The Fairmont is on the crest of Nob Hill and occupies an entire block that is bounded by California, Sacramento, Powell and Mason streets. It is directly opposite the Institute of Art and across the street from the Pacific Union Club, which occupies the former Flood mansion as rebuilt. The immediate neighborhood once furnished sites for the homes of Senator Stanford, Collis P. Huntington, and others identified with large affairs in California. The view from the Fairmont is believed to be unrivaled in the world. The Fairmont went through the great fire and suffered like other costly structures. The walls stood. The interior is entirely new. The elegance of the furnishings and general equipment are noticeable. This hotel is in the class of those that have cost millions of dollars to construct and open. It has five hundred and eleven rooms. The height is six stories.

The Hotel Stewart is on the south line of Geary street, opposite one side of the St. Francis Hotel, and but half a block from Union Square. This site was formerly occupied by business structures. Its eligibility and convenience to places of amusement and the retailing sections of the city induced the construction of a handsome hostelry, which has been equipped in proportion to the cost of building and to fit the class of patronage due to a central and advantageous locality. The largest and finest theater in San Francisco is near, on the same street in fact. The Hotel Stewart is near Market street, on the Geary street railway and but a few steps from

the Powell street cable-road. Its height is seven stories. The rooms number two hundred and seven.

An aftermath of the fire of 1906 was the changing of the centers of population to a large extent. This led to the establishment of a series of important hotels in neighborhoods that have not enjoyed hotel facilities of the first class earlier. Among the newer structures that are ranked as typical is the Hotel Granada, that stands at Sutter and Hyde streets, the heart of a very important district of the city, which was formerly very largely covered with private residences of high cost, but is now central to club-houses and its distance from the business heart of the city is but a few short blocks. The Granada is one of the large hotels of the city and it represents correspondingly high cost and completeness. It has two hundred and thirty-two rooms and is eight stories in height.

Powell street has been termed a leading hotel street. That character was assumed many years ago when the former Baldwin Hotel was constructed by "Lucky" Baldwin on Market, Powell and Ellis streets. On Powell the St. Francis and the Fairmont have frontages. Included in the array of hostelries along that thoroughfare is the Manx, which stands on a corner of Powell and O'Farrell streets. Formerly a market building occupied the site. In this place has risen a fine seven-story hotel with two hundred and eighty-five rooms.

Still another indication of the new order of things is the erection of a modern hotel at the corner of Fourth street and Pioneer place. This hotel naturally enough carries the name of the Argonaut. Directly to the west of the hotel the old structure of the California pioneers, erected with means derived from a banquet by James Lick, formerly stood. Prior to 1906 there were no hotels of importance in that neighborhood. Now another hotel center has been established. The Argonaut is only half a block from Market street and accessible to all the lines of the street-railway system of the United Railroads. In accordance with the spirit of San Francisco's rebuilding scheme, the Argonaut is large. It is credited with three hundred and seventy-eight rooms, which are distributed through six stories.

There has been a strong tendency to extend the hotel areas along streets that are nearly level and consequently easily of access, for blocks west of Union Square. Sagacious men of money have selected a location for the Bellevue at a corner of Geary and Taylor streets. Thereon they have placed a hotel building of large size and imposing appearance, that contains more than two hundred and fifty rooms. In this a large sum of money has been placed in building and the necessary adjuncts for a modern and attractive hotel of the modern type. The Geary street car line passes the front. Taylor street is but little west of Powell street. The corner of Taylor and Geary is near Market street.

Where the Pacific Union clubhouse formerly stood, on the north side of Union Square, a modern hotel has been erected that is known as the Union Square. The structure corners and fronts on Stockton street, which is one block west of Kearny, that for many years has been known as a leading retail street. The Union Square Hotel, like the St. Francis, has a large frontage on Union Square. Around this square, in addition to the hotels, there are clustered many costly buildings that are devoted principally to the retail business that has naturally found the locality attractive because of its central position and other circumstances, one of which is that there are car lines operating on three sides of the square and all within a few blocks of Market street. The Union Square Hotel is seven stories high with one hundred and twenty-seven rooms.

Northward from Market street there is a series of streets that are nearly level for a number of blocks and it is natural that, in the new order of things, they should be favored for hotel uses. Among these are Eddy and Leavenworth streets. At a corner of these two streets the Hamlin Hotel constitutes a type of present conditions. The Hamlin has one hundred rooms and is six stories in height. Like a majority of the hotels, it is of brick construction. Within the fire limits all the hotels are necessarily of a class to guard against fire. This is true of all those that have been mentioned and of a great number which it is expedient to take notice of here.

In the same general district is the Grand Hotel, at Taylor and Turk streets. This is five stories high and includes one hundred and sixty rooms. The neighborhood immediately adjoins Market street, at once the artery and magnet to attract business because all street-car lines run some of their length on Market street and that is the center of a transfer system that covers transit in all parts of the city.

The Golden West Hotel, which is known all over the Pacific Coast because it existed for years at Powell and Ellis streets, is a new and modern structure on the old site, directly opposite the Flood Building, in which are the general offices of the Southern Pacific Company. It is within a block of Market street. This hotel is six stories high and contains one hundred and sixty-one rooms.

The Turpin is on Powell street, near Eddy street. There are in the Turpin two hundred and twenty-five rooms, so that it has ample accommodations for a large number of guests. The hotel structure is six stories high, which is a favorite altitude in San Francisco hotel construction, the greater portion of the hostelries having about that average elevation.

On Ellis street, a short distance west of Powell street, is the Continental, which has one hundred and thirty-eight rooms, and is five stories high. Ellis street at this point is central. Along it runs an electric railroad, part of the United Railroads system and the site is very convenient.

On Van Ness avenue, which was formerly a leading residential part of the city, is situated the Richelieu. Fine club buildings and a Scottish Rite Temple of large cost and handsome architecture and a string of hotels have become features of the avenue. The Richelieu is one of the larger hotels of its part of the city. It contains one hundred and eighty rooms. The site is at Van Ness avenue and Geary street.

VOLUME XXV

SUNSET

NUMBER 6

THE MAGAZINE OF THE PACIFIC AND OF ALL THE FAR WEST

313 BATTERY STREET, SAN FRANCISCO, CALIFORNIA

CHARLES SEDGWICK AIKEN, Editor
CHARLES K. FIELD, Associate Editor
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DECEMBER

COVER DESIGN BY RANDAL BOROUGH

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Southern Pacific Company Passenger Department, Publishers. Jas. Horsburgh, Jr., General Passenger Agent, Flood Building, San Francisco, California. One dollar and fifty cents a year, fifteen cents a copy, foreign subscriptions one dollar additional for postage. Canadian subscriptions fifty cents additional. Entered at the San Francisco postoffice as second-class matter

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◆

"San Francisco—Exposition city"—many pages are filled with that theme in this number—pages of pictures and pages of words—all colorful and convincing. It seems only yesterday that Bill Irwin, beloved vagabond from California, wrote a tearful threnody, "The City that Was." When San Franciscans read it they sent marked copies to their bankers and began piling up bricks. Then a doughty writer rose and wrote, "The City that Is," and the chorus sang. It all happened in four years—the city rebuilt, palatial hotels and shops, people waiting for something new. Like New York, San Francisco is already an exposition, but its citizens, backed by the state and all the western states, propose in 1915 to show the world a few things. In this number, Mr. Steele—the same writing warrior who answered Bill Irwin—tells a few things he knows of

Mrs. A. M. Williamson

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Notwithstanding the manifest superiority of the sets in the new India paper form—their smaller bulk and reduced weight—the publishers do not wish to force the improvement upon subscribers, but have determined also to issue sets in the usual style. Customs change slowly, and it is impossible to foresee how readily the public will take to the new idea.

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THE new edition (now on the Press) has been written on the same lines of comprehensiveness and unquestioned authority which have given the *Encyclopædia Britannica* a world-wide reputation since the issue of the First Edition in 1768–71. It constitutes an entirely new survey of universal knowledge to 1910. No completely new edition has appeared since the Ninth (1875–1889). It consists of 28 volumes and index, comprising 40,000 articles, 7,000 text illustrations, 450 full-page plates, and 417 maps. The entire contents of the work have been under editorial control before a single page was sent to the printer, so that all the volumes are of even date, all are being printed at one time, and all will be delivered to subscribers at virtually the same time. The number of contributors is more than 1,500, including scholars, specialist authorities, and practical experts in all civilised countries; £230,000 ($1,150,000) has been paid (to contributors and editors, as well as for plates, maps, illustrations, type-setting and corrections, office expenses, etc.) before a copy is offered for sale. The new work combines comprehensiveness with brevity; many thousands of short articles having been introduced for the first time. For quick reference, the *Encyclopædia Britannica* (Eleventh Edition) is the most useful work ever published. Among the new features are dictionary definitions (dealing with technical or scientific words), biographies of living celebrities in all countries, a complete history, under alphabetical headings, of classical antiquity, bibliographies of all important subjects, exhaustive accounts of all new countries, the first connected history of modern Europe, detailed and authoritative articles on industries and all practical subjects, and the latest results of archæological research, of exploration, and scientific discovery. The new work contains more than twice as much information as the Ninth Edition, in little more than the same space, and, in the opinion of the University of Cambridge, it is the most comprehensive and most authoritative repository of knowledge in existence.

MANUFACTURING PROBLEMS

MORE than 450,000 sets of the last completely new edition of the *Encyclopædia Britannica* (including imperfect reprints sold in the United States and Canada) are now out of date, and will be superseded and displaced by the new Eleventh Edition (which is copyrighted in the United States, and cannot be reprinted or reproduced in whole or in part).

The offer of the work is world-wide, and it is expected, considering the extraordinary sale of the *Encyclopædia Britannica* in the past, that from 25,000 to 50,000 applications will be received by the Cambridge University Press within the next few months. In the case of previous editions, libraries, Government offices, schools, colleges, universities, clubs, learned societies, and various other institutions, as well as the numerous class of educated persons (now larger than ever) have always subscribed for the *Encyclopædia Britannica* as soon as a fresh edition was ready.

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from the Ferry Building, an obvious *Depart* for the service lines of a peninsular metropolis, the rails of the San Francisco trolley systems glide and wriggle through the wide streets, over the hills, across the sand-dunes and out through the country like a huge web, spun with infinite patience and a fine eye to detail by a master builder. Twenty-four different lines, bearing away to almost every corner of the city's heart, run down Market Street and converge on the big loop in front of the Ferry Building. Three others dart off from the side nearest the Golden Gate, penetrating to the Presidio, the ean beach and the Pacific Mail docks, via inatown and the Barbary Coast. Four ers, starting from the other side, tap the ion, Potrero, Stock-Yards and Twin districts; while two blocks up Market n independent cable system awaits to sengers over the steep hills to Sutro d Golden Gate Park. No district rlooked and to none of them does e commuter or the tourist have ything more than the modest equipment of the San Shortly after the United Railroads

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Transportation—In the Concrete

By E. D. BURROWS

A famous Washington newspaperman—one of the foremost and most indefatigable seekers after fact and fancy in this or any other country—made a remarkable statement to me at the Palace Hotel a month or so ago. We had just finished a tour of the city, via the network of trolley and cable lines which wriggles and twists in every direction from the Ferry Tower, and were discussing the ability of San Francisco to properly transport a crowd of unusual dimensions to and from a given point.

"Are you people out here," he queried, "aware of the fact that the suburban transportation systems running in and out of San Francisco—not counting your trolley lines or the intermittent services maintained by your river boats—carry more passengers than any other group of interurban or suburban systems in the world?"

Now I am not going to bore you with statistics or fatigue you with figures—no matter how interesting and appalling they seemed to me. The fact remains that the transbay ferry systems, the Southern Pacific peninsular lines and the Ocean Shore electric trains disgorge at the gates of San Francisco more units of humanity than any of the famous suburban systems running to and from any of the great cities of the world! Yes, and with a comfortable margin to spare! Between the hours of six and nine every morning some fifty or sixty thousand persons rush, scramble or leisurely approach the terminals of San Francisco. Between the hours of five and eight every night some fifty or sixty thousand persons rush, scramble or leisurely retire from the busy whirr of the city to the less strenuous atmosphere of their suburban homes. Add to these some twenty thousand more who daily travel to and from the city and you may have some idea of what the Washington newspaperman was driving at.

But what to do with this great army which daily hustles through the facades of the Ferry Building and the depots of the peninsular lines? That is a question over which many men—experts reared in the midst of local conditions or imported from other great metropolii where the transportation problem has been well solved—have pondered, debated, worried; and which they have eventually solved.

Between fifty and sixty thousand persons, as I have said, are delivered at the various terminals of San Francisco every morning. Fully sixty per cent of these persons (between thirty and forty thousands) desire immediate transportation to their places of business. Added to these are fully twice as many who live in the outlying districts and need the street-cars to reach their places of occupation. Another twenty thousand, on pleasure bent, desire the use of a widespread trolley system throughout the day and night. To provide all of these clamoring "nickels" with safe, comfortable, adequate and rapid transit has been the work of the United Railroads of San Francisco, aided by one or two independent lines—and it is only fair to that corporation to declare that the work has been splendidly done.

Starting from the Ferry Building, an obvious *point de depart* for the service lines of a peninsular metropolis, the rails of the San Francisco trolley systems glide and wriggle through the wide streets, over the hills, across the sand-dunes and out through the country like a huge web, spun with infinite patience and a fine eye to detail by a master builder. Twenty-four different lines, bearing away to almost every corner of the city's heart, run down Market Street and converge on the big loop in front of the Ferry Building. Three others dart off from the side nearest the Golden Gate, penetrating to the Presidio, the ocean beach and the Pacific Mail docks, via Chinatown and the Barbary Coast. Four others, starting from the other side, tap the Mission, Potrero, Stock-Yards and Twin Peaks districts; while two blocks up Market Street an independent cable system awaits to carry passengers over the steep hills to Sutro Heights and Golden Gate Park. No district has been overlooked and to none of them does the resident, the commuter or the tourist have to "pungle up" anything more than the modest five-cent fare.

A word about the equipment of the San Francisco trolley system. Shortly after the fire of 1906 (which cost the United Railroads close to twelve millions of dollars) the corporation adopted a new and commodious type of street-railway car which has since been generally approved by its patrons. Some two hundred of these cars were purchased in 1906, another hundred in 1908 and another in 1910. These, together with such of the other cars as were deemed "fit" to travel in such company, make up the equipment of the system, with possibly another hundred on the independent lines. The cars are large and powerful, with wide passageways and entrances, are all ideal for the service to which they are dedicated.

In short, whatever emergency the trolley system of San Francisco may be called upon to meet, in whatever part of the city—be it Panama-Pacific Exposition in Golden Gate Park; the hurried transportation of soldiers and sailors to the defenses of the Golden Gate; or the Republican National Convention in 1912; it would seem today that the city is the possessor of a transportation system which may be depended upon to meet the demands of the moment—and meet them in a manner which will be entirely creditable to the great city of which they form a part.

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In these valley lands every kind of fruit grown in California except the tropical kinds grow splendidly.

Apples, pears, plums, peaches, prunes, cherries, almonds and walnuts are all grown successfully.

Many of our farmers get fine income from Irish potatoes, the production being heavy and quality extra fine.

Forage crops are profitable and Siskiyou is an ideal dairy and cattle country.

Siskiyou is a great gold-mining country, over a million dollars a year being taken out of the quartz and gravel.

Great copper ledges have been uncovered in this county and other mineral wealth awaits development.

Three million dollars a year is the lumber output of Siskiyou County. Great areas of pine and fir constitute a latent source of wealth.

In every line of industry the openings in Siskiyou should prove very attractive to every man of energy.

The climate and natural surroundings make it the most delightful place for a home in all California.

For Facts about Siskiyou County, address

Clerk, Board of Supervisors, Yreka, California

or Montague Promotion Committee, Montague, California
J. A. Glendenning, Glenview, California
Sisson Promotion Association, Sisson, California
Yreka Improvement Club, Yreka, California
Geo. F. Helmuth, Callahans, California

Do you understand

Dairying?

if you do you should come to

SHASTA COUNTY

California

The demand for dairy products far exceeds the supply all the year round and the dairyman is assured a constant market for his output at good prices.

Shasta has a fine mild climate, both summer and winter. Forage crops of every kind produce splendidly. Pure clear mountain water for the herds and plenty of it for irrigation.

Shasta is at the northern end of the celebrated Sacramento Valley, and produces all the fruits for which the Valley is known, including citrus varieties: oranges, lemons and grapefruit. Better learn about Shasta County lands if you want a home in California. Very good mineral deposits also. Shasta copper production puts California third among the copper states.

A new official illustrated booklet, comprehensive and authoritative, prepared at great expense, is available for the asking. Address, Clerk, Board of Supervisors, Redding, Shasta County, Cal.

To Men Who Can Sell Things

Among our representatives are Life Insurance, Real Estate and Professional Salesmen, Bank Cashiers, Merchants, Doctors, Farmers and Bankers. They have made a great deal of money.

We have sold our offering in thirty-eight states to hundreds of representative and prominent business men—it is an enterprise both safe and sound, founded on individual ownership of land, and assures quite unusual profit—profits which are permanent and increase as the years go by.

An opportunity is extended to representatives to handle the investment. Learn of it and analyze it. You would buy it yourself and can confidently suggest it to your friends. All your time is not required, yet the earning is most liberal.

This Corporation is solidly established, Capital and Surplus over $300,000.00. I will take pleasure in furnishing fullest information to earnest and representative correspondents.

F. D. CORNELL, SECRETARY, 356 South Broadway, Los Angeles, Cal.

A Great Dairy Center

WHERE EVERY CONDITION MAKES FOR THE GREATEST YIELD OF BUTTER-FAT AT THE LOWEST COST

Exceptional Value

The Price—
$125.00
per acre

The Sacramento Valley Irrigation Company has started a big dairy movement in *Glenn* and *Colusa Counties*. Dairymen from all over the United States are interesting themselves in these lands, where alfalfa produces 7 to 12 tons per acre and silage corn from 25 to 30 tons. In fact, all crops grown in California make big yields in the *Sacramento Valley*. Oranges, walnuts, almonds, peaches, prunes, grapes and fruits of all kinds yield in the greatest abundance.

Unequalled Opportunity

The Terms—
$15.00
per acre cash, the balance in 10 annual installments

Write at once for new
DAIRY LITERATURE

Sacramento Valley Irrigation Company

H. L. Hollister & Co., Sales Agents, Willows, California

345 Fourth Ave., Pittsburgh, Pa.
205 La Salle St., Chicago, Ill.
506 Central Bldg., Los Angeles, Cal.
412 Market St., San Francisco, Cal.

In answering this advertisement, please mention SUNSET Magazine, addressing your inquiry to Willows, California.

Sunset Homeseekers' Bureau of Information

Planted Orange Groves

In Southern California

¶ ADJUDICATED GRAVITY WATER RIGHT. FROSTLESS AND ABSOLUTELY FREE FROM SCALE. 5 acres planted to Washington Navel or Valencia Orange Trees, Lemons or Grape Fruit. $300 CASH. Balance of principal in 4, 5, 6 and 7 years. $25 monthly cares for grove, pays interest, taxes and water assessment. UNIMPROVED ORANGE LAND, WITH WATER RIGHT, $250 PER ACRE.

LOCATION: Fontana lands are located in Rialto District near San Bernardino, Redlands and Riverside. Two Transcontinental railroads cross the property.

Write for full particulars and terms

FONTANA DEVELOPMENT COMPANY

515 Wilcox Building, Los Angeles, California

Home Office: Rialto, California

Forty-one Million

For facts about Sierra County, address

The Loyaltonian
Loyalton, Sierra County, California

The Mountain Messenger
Downieville, Sierra County, California

Clerk, Board of Supervisors
Downieville, Sierra County, California

Forty-one million feet of the finest of soft lumber, white, yellow and sugar pine, cedar, fir and spruce, are annually cut in the great forests of

Sierra County

California

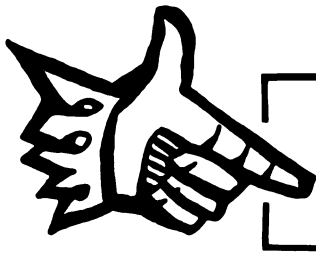
The timber-covered uplands provide an ample supply for many years to come at the same and even increased rate of cutting. Many good opportunities in the lumber business.

Sierra is also a great gold-mining country, over two hundred millions having already been extracted from its hills and gravel beds. And systematic mining has only started.

But the greatest source of wealth in Sierra County is its rich black loamy soil valleys with ideal conditions of climate for all fruit, forage and garden-truck culture.

The land is as good as any in California, land prices are lower than in the more thickly settled districts and the opportunities for success are greater. Better see Sierra County before settling on a western home.

Sierra County scenery is world noted. A great vacation country with splendid hunting and fishing.



$21,619,375.37

These figures represent the value of the fruits of the earth, grains, sundry vegetable products and other food-stuffs which have been imported into Mexico for the fiscal year 1909-1910.

The staples, *corn*, *wheat* and *beans*, are among the most important items on the list. Mexico is capable of more than supplying its own demand for these products, and the Government, being fully aware of this fact, has established an import duty on them for the protection and encouragement of the local producer.

The district tributary to Hermosillo is at present producing these crops in large quantities, and the local farmers are reaping the benefit of the high prices caused by the import duty. As yet, however, only a small part of the area capable of being made to yield these staples is in use.

Doesn't it look like a good business proposition to acquire some of this land at present lying idle, and go into the business of producing the staples for Mexico's needs right in Mexico, where all the expense of importing them—freight charges, import duties, etc.—increases your margin of profit?

It certainly looks that way to us. Write and we'll tell you why. Address the Secretary,

Camara de Comercio
Hermosillo, Sonora

[Illustrated booklet on request]

Yuma County, Arizona

has

Sunshine Soil and Water

The three necessities for a successful irrigating country. We have them in abundance. Our products cannot be beaten.

—Alfalfa —Sugar-cane
—Barley —Melons
—Wheat —Onions
—Corn —Beans
—Milo Maize —Cabbage

And our citrus fruits are far superior to any raised in the United States.
Oranges, Lemons and Grapefruit from four to six weeks ahead of any other point.
These lands can be purchased for from $30 to $200 per acre.
All irrigated by the great Laguna Dam.

Mines and Minerals

Yuma County contains the largest and richest mineral formation in the United States—Gold, Silver, Copper, Lead.
There is room for everybody and great opportunity for making money. For further information address

A. B. MING

Immigration Commissioner *YUMA, ARIZONA*

walnuts

Have you ever investigated the money-making possibilities of a Walnut Grove?

The area for walnut-growing in America is a very limited one. The best section in the whole country for this profitable crop is

San Luis Obispo County

One of the Pacific Coast Counties of California

Walnut trees grow rapidly here; they begin to produce the second or third year and increase their production constantly for generations. Seven to eight hundred pounds of nuts from a mature walnut tree is not at all extraordinary. The demand far exceeds the supply and a market is assured at good prices for all you can produce.

Grain, fruit, poultry, dairy, stock, all provide sources of splendid income in this richly fertile district. And good land can still be had at reasonable prices.

For detailed information about walnut-growing or any other of the opportunities of this county, address:

CHAMBER OF COMMERCE

San Luis Obispo, California

Does Fruit Land at $6 per acre interest you?
You can get some mighty good land
at that price in

El Dorado County

California

and of course, better land at higher prices but all at figures which will prove a surprise to you if you are accustomed to the values prevailing in the more thickly populated portions of the country.

You can raise fruits, grains, forage, almost any kind of a crop. If you are coming West this Fall, you ought to write us at once for authentic, detailed information about the lands and business, the facts and possibilities in this California county.

If interested in mining, you will find here some of the richest gold-mines in the land, and many prospects which will yield fortunes with scientific systematic development. You will find here a climate which enables a man to work in comfort every day of the year, and feel good all the time. That alone is well worth enjoying.

Booklet and full information regarding any special feature of this county's opportunities can be had by addressing

EL DORADO COUNTY BOARD OF TRADE

PLACERVILLE, CALIFORNIA

Attalia
Washington

Is in Walla Walla County, a district famous for the excellency of its soil products. Irrigation has here produced wonderful results. Transportation facilities are ample and the beautiful Columbia River is in close proximity. If interested in intensive farming—in growing fruit and garden products—in raising poultry—in becoming independent—you are interested in Attalia.

Write **Commercial Club** to-day for full information.

Investigate John Day Valley
Central Oregon

PRAIRIE CITY, OREGON, is located in Grant County in what is commonly known as central Oregon. It is the present terminus of the Sumpter Valley Railroad, which connects with the Oregon Railroad and Navigation Company at Baker City, the county-seat of Baker County, and the metropolis of eastern Oregon.

The John Day Valley is an exceedingly fertile section, part of which has been under irrigation for some years with great success. Owing to the lack of transportation facilities in the past, stock-raising has been the principal industry. There are at present no commercial orchards in the valley, but it has been demonstrated that pears, prunes, plums, strawberries and apples can be produced successfully and on a commercial scale to compete with the old established fruit districts. There are unusual opportunities in the section of the John Day Valley immediately contiguous to Prairie City, for those who wish to reach out along agricultural and horticultural lines. This is also true of dairying and allied industries. Alfalfa is grown successfully and on account of the rich soil comparatively few acres of land will support a good dairy.

Prairie City is the leading town of the county, which in 1909 had an estimated population of 6,000. The county has an area of 5,472 square miles, 2,922,200 acres, and unreserved 45,480 acres. Lands adjacent to Prairie City are held from $50 upward. The total value of taxable property in Grant County in 1909 was estimated to be $4,731,194. The lumber industry at present is one of great promise. The principal growth is the yellow pine, the tamarack and fir. There are a number of gold mines in the immediate neighborhood of Prairie City, the annual production of gold for the county being approximately $100,000. Manufacturing products of the county for 1909 estimated to be $1,500,000; livestock was worth $1,500,000; farm products $100,000; orchard products $50,000; 700,000 gallons of milk were produced in Grant County in 1909 and 100,000 pounds of butter and cheese. The county also produced 1,500,000 pounds of wool; 60,000 bushels of potatoes; 50,000 bushels of corn and other grains; had 29,613 head of cattle with a value of $239,238; 117,895 head of sheep with a value of $235,554.

The town of Prairie City has experienced no boom on account of the coming of the railroad and its growth is likely to be steady and substantial. The business men of the community have united to carry on a publicity campaign in order that the world may learn something of the possibilities of the John Day Valley. A number of attractive booklets are in course of preparation and inquirers will be cheerfully furnished with information. Address

Secretary, Prairie City Commercial Club
Prairie City, Oreg

Do you?

Do you want to improve your condition?
Do you want to live among earnest, honest, industrious people?
Do you want to live amidst beautiful scenery?
Do you want to live in a locality where your efforts will bring the maximum returns?
Do you want to get away from rigorous winters and excessively hot summers?

If you do

Come to The Dalles!
We invite you to write for our beautiful booklet, and to ask questions regarding any feature of life at The Dalles. We can prove to you that here is indeed a good place to live.
Address the Business Men's Association

The Dalles Oregon

...ne of "THE BIG RED APPLE"

NO subject connected with the development of the West is attracting more attention than the great profits Oregon apple growers are making. Other states produce far more apples than Oregon, but Oregon leads the world, according to the largest dealers in apples in this country, in quality of product and high prices received for same. Oregon is a great apple state, and Salem (the Willamette Valley) is the original home of the big red apple that is making a stir throughout the world.

The largest producing apple orchard in Oregon is located near Salem, the vicinity of which is also noted for its prunes, cherries, hops and small fruits.

Salem is the center of Oregon's prune industry, Oregon producing 90 per cent of the "Italian" prunes grown in this country. Salem is the center of Oregon's hop industry, and Oregon produces 40 per cent of the hops grown in the United States. Salem is known as the "Cherry City of the World," the Willamette Valley, of which Salem is the center, originating more commercial varieties of cherries than any other section of this country.

If you *are* interested in fruit growing, dairying, poultry raising, manufacturing possibilities, or general farming you make a big mistake if you overlook Salem. Salem is the capital city of Oregon—a vigorous, beautiful, progressive community. Write to-day for more information about Salem. Address Secretary, Board of Trade, and mention that you saw this advertisement in SUNSET Magazine.

Medford, Oregon

The amazing growth of Medford upon modern substantial lines is due to the great development in the Rogue River Valley.

Medford now has 9,200 people, an increase of over 3,000 in twelve months; building operations in 1910 have cost over $5,000,000 and will include five hundred residences, and more than $1,000,000 in business structures; $1,000,000 is now being expended to complete twenty miles of asphalt pavement. Two of the largest and best hotels in Oregon are now being erected, each costing in excess of $100,000. $500,000 water system in operation, one of the finest and purest in the United States. Federal building costing $110,000 authorized by Congress. One of the largest natatoriums in America just completed.

Bank deposits increased thirty-seven and one-half per cent since January 1st. Clearing house organized August 12, 1910. Postal receipts increased thirty-six per cent over corresponding period one year ago.

Southern Pacific is now completing the largest depot in Oregon outside of Portland.

The Rogue River Valley

Has more than 65,000 acres of apple and pear orchards. The quality of Rogue River apples is unsurpassed. Its pears have no equal in the world. The perfect climatic conditions, elevation and peculiarly rich soils are responsible for the superior quality of the fruit here. New York and London fruit experts declare it to be the finest and most valuable produced. 1910 crop is the largest on record by over sixty per cent. Size and quality is unexcelled and market conditions are the best.

There are no fogs, frosts, droughts or windstorms in the Rogue River Valley. No sagebrush, alkali or dust. It is an open valley and upland country made especially for high-grade fruits. There have never been any crop failures.

Eastern capital has recognized the immense opportunities in the Rogue River Valley in railway construction alone to the extent of over six and one-half million dollars in the last year. The Hill system has completed and reconstructed thirty-two miles of steam railroad into eight billion feet of timber, tributary to Medford. An electric interurban line serving all points in the Valley, fifty miles in length, has been financed by New York capital, and will be completed in less than two years. An irrigation system costing $2,500,000 is being built and will cover 55,000 acres of land.

If you are interested in the apple and pear industry, or small fruit and garden truck farming in the most perfect climate in America, write to manager

Medford Commercial Club, Medford, Oregon

for detailed information and pamphlets. For six cents postage we will send copy of our 64-page beautifully illustrated booklet.

Medford Wins First Prize for Apples. The Rogue River Valley has taken part in two International Apple Shows.—In 1909 a car of Spitzenbergs defeated all comers at Spokane; in 1910 a car of Newtown Pippins defeated all comers at Vancouver, B. C.

Oregon Wheat Farms

Grain Farming Pays in Sherman County

Sherman County soil is a rich volcanic ash, very deep and containing all important plant foods. The summer fallow system of farming is generally practised. The National and State Agricultural Departments have established an Experimental Farm at the town of Moro, one of the objects of which is to develop a still more profitable use of the land for the summer fallow year. Assistance from this source and with a broader development of animal industry should greatly improve conditions and returns in Sherman County. Good schools, good roads, with automobiles displacing horses, churches and well-equipped towns and pleasant living conditions are features of Sherman County. The Dalles, Hood River and Portland are within easy access for supplies not obtainable locally.

60,000 Acres Now Offered for the First Time in Farms of 160 Acres and Upward

This entire tract of 60,000 acres is now under cultivation. We can offer only every alternate section in the territory included, as every other section is owned and operated by proprietor farmers. This land has been improved and in cultivation for years; the methods of farming and returns have been tested by ample experience. Every farm is improved and in cultivation; all sections are fenced and many have houses, barns, wells and other improvements.

Transportation by Rail and Water

Transportation facilities are ideal. The Columbia Southern, a branch of the O. R. & N., runs directly through the property. The Northern Pacific Railway and Harriman System are building lines paralleling the tract and along the Deschutes River. The Columbia River (navigable) flows across the upper end of the property. The wheat raised in Sherman County is splendid hard milling grain and is in demand in all parts of the world. Ocean carrying vessels re-ship it at Portland, while the Northern Pacific and Union Pacific System carry it to eastern points.

$25 to $50 per Acre. Easy Terms

This choice land is now being offered in farms of 160 acres and upward from $25 to $50 per acre, according to location. Terms are one-fourth cash, one-fourth within one year, when a deed will be given and a mortgage taken for the balance for a period of five years or more. This is an exceptional opportunity. Many of the present farmers net over several thousand dollars a year on small farms. For complete information, statistics, maps, etc., address:

Eastern Oregon Land Co.

Care of Balfour, Guthrie & Co., Agents, Board of Trade Building, Portland, Ore.

For a Man's Christmas

Is there anything that so delights a man's heart as a fine watch—one that permits him to speak the time with authority? It is refined and beautiful, as a gift should be, and besides is his most personal and useful possession. For years he carries it wherever he goes.

But his satisfaction depends upon its being an exact timer. Among watches there is one, though *moderate* priced, which has come to be conspicuous for its *close timing*—accurate as only high-priced watches have been.

A Superior Watch

Ingersoll-Trenton

7 and 15 Jewel Models

$5 to $15

No handsomer watch has ever been made. It will keep time for a generation. Your home jeweler can sell you an Ingersoll-Trenton and he will stand behind it. It is sold at our advertised prices by all who handle it and our price ticket is on each watch.

The I-T is sold exclusively by *responsible retail jewelers*, because fine watches should not be bought by mail nor from those who do not understand them and their adjustments. Over 9,000 good jewelers now handle it.

Go to your own jeweler's and examine it before buying any watch. If, by chance, he hasn't the I-T, we will gladly send the name of one nearby who has. Our booklet, "How to Judge a Watch," is the best explanation of a watch ever written, and is free on request. The $5 Ingersoll-Trenton has 7 genuine jewels and is in a solid nickel case.

The $15 Ingersoll-Trenton has 15 jewels and is in an I-T 25 year guaranteed gold-filled case of the highest quality.

Equally accurate models in a variety of I-T cases at $7, $8, $9, $10 and $12.

Robt. H. Ingersoll & Bro. **29 Frankel Bldg., New York**